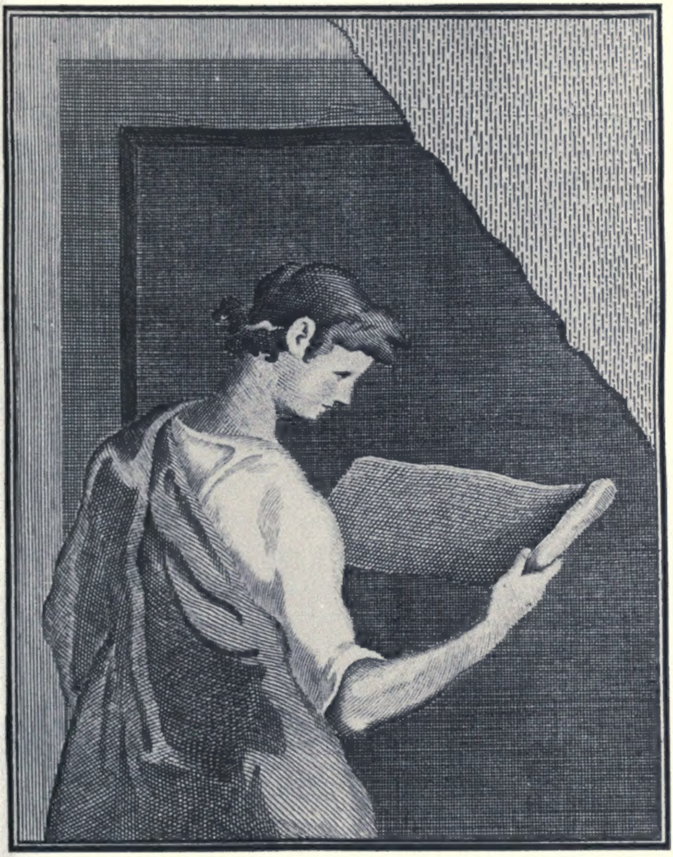

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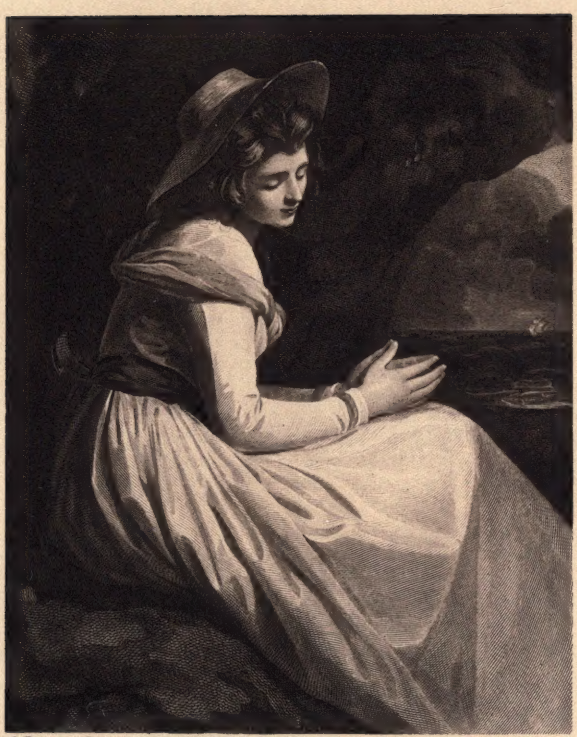

G. Romney, Pinx.

Allen & Co. Sc.

Lady Hamilton.

(as Ariadne.)

NAPLES IN 1799

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1799 AND OF THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARTHENOPEAN REPUBLIC

BY CONSTANCE H. D. GIGLIOLI
(NÉE STOCKER)
AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE ACTS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—VIRGIL, *Æn.* I.
(Last words of Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel)

LONDON
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1903

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TO THE LIGHT-BEARERS OF MANKIND

WHOSE VICTORY IS OFTEN IN DEFEAT

THIS MEMORIAL

OF THE NEAPOLITANS OF 1799

IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

IN writing the following pages the intention of the author has been to present to English readers a sketch of the men who formed the Neapolitan Republic of 1799, together with sufficient outline of their surroundings, and of the condition of the kingdom of Naples at the close of the eighteenth century, to make their position clear. The writer can lay no claim to original research, and has merely endeavoured to bring within the knowledge of English readers, who have not the means of studying the ample Italian literature of this subject, that side of the drama of 1799 which English literature has been too apt to ignore. This drama has been generally regarded in England as a mere background to an episode in the life of Nelson; and when it has been handled at all, has often been handled with heat, often with gross unfairness and gross ignorance, or at best presented in chips and fragments which do no justice to the subject, however they may serve to illustrate the argument of the moment—an argument which generally assumes Nelson to be the person principally concerned.

By means of contemporary evidence, letters, diaries, and so forth, with which the patient industry and research of Italian writers have so amply furnished the present generation, the chief actors in those scenes live, move, speak, and even think aloud in our presence; the lights and shadows and the colouring stand out before us scarcely dimmed by the lapse of a hundred years.

The writer has endeavoured to make a whole of the picture hitherto seen piecemeal both from the English and, in less degree, from the Italian side; and although unable to attempt more than a sketch, has striven that as far as it goes it may be true to life, so that English readers may know not only the four or five apparent disposers of these events, round whose lives and characters their interest has centred too exclusively, but also the Naples of that day, and her chief men, and the real position of those who were assumed to be rebels, and suffered to appease the terrors and satisfy the blind, brutal vengeance of the Court whose policy alone, helped on, alas! by Englishmen, had brought about the whole manifold disaster of 1799.

The author's hearty acknowledgments are due to the Società di Storia Patria di Napoli for the courtesy with which they placed their library at her service; and also to friends who have kindly lent books or taken trouble in procuring documents and information.

BADIA DI CAVA,
October 2, 1901.

Since the above was written it was decided to illustrate the text with views and portraits, and the writer desires to render most cordial thanks to Professor Michele Tedesco, of the Regio Istituto di Belle Arti at Naples; Professor Vittorio Spinazzola, Director of the National Museum of San Martino at Naples; Professor Salinas, Director of the National Museum at Palermo; Professor Ernesto Monaco, of the Royal Agricultural College at Portici; and Avvocato Luigi Fortunato, for their kind and very effectual help in procuring photographs for the purpose, many of the best of which are due to the skill of Signor Fortunato.

Permission to make and publish a photograph of the wax bust of Maria Carolina at Caserta was courteously given by the Ministero della Casa Reale at the Quirinal. No reproduction of this remarkable portrait has hitherto been published.

ROME,
August 26, 1902.

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The medallion upon the cover represents a little angel with its finger on its lip. In the Cathedral at Vico Equense, near Sorrento, in the series of portraits of the successive bishops, the place of Monsignor Natale, who was hanged in 1799, is occupied by this significant figure.

NAPLES IN 1799

CHAPTER I

KING, QUEEN, AND MINISTER

Ferdinand IV. of Naples and I. of the Two Sicilies; youth and bringing up; character—Opinion of Philip Hackert, Mrs. Piozzi, Helfert—Marries Maria Carolina of Austria—Letters of Ferdinand to his father—The Court at San Martino—The queen; policy and character; protects the Freemasons—Tanucci—Paramount influence of the queen; her preference for foreigners—Acton—Contemporary sketches of Maria Carolina—Extravagance—Character of Acton; his incapacity, ignorance, self-interest.

WHEN Carlo III. of Bourbon (Carlyle's "Baby Carlos") quitted the throne of Naples in 1759 for the throne of Spain, he left as his successor in Naples his third son, a boy of eight years old, eventually known as Ferdinando IV., King of Naples and Sicily.[1]

During the minority of Ferdinand, and indeed for many years after he was grown up and married, the government of Naples was carried on by the old ministers of Carlo III., to whom every measure was submitted for approval, and who continued from Madrid minutely to direct all the affairs of the Two Sicilies.

The education of the boy-king meanwhile was purposely neglected, and shorn down to within such narrow limits that his ignorance became a bye-word in the diplomatic and courtly gossip of the day. The intention of those who were responsible had been, no doubt, that the King of Naples should remain a puppet of the Court of Spain, and the idea was the more easily carried out in that it served to render him at the same time a puppet of his ministers nearer home; so that one man's loss was to prove to the advantage of two kingdoms, and to much family and private interest. Of course the iniquitous plan failed most egregiously as far as the plotters were concerned, but Ferdinand remained its victim to the end of his long, inglorious life.

---

[1] Ferdinand was the fourth king of his name in Naples, and the third in Sicily. In 1817 (after the Congress of Vienna) he took the style of Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies.—PIETRO COLLETTA: *Storia del Reame di Napoli, dal 1734 sino al 1825*. Capolago, 1838. Lib. VIII., Cap. 25.

Horace Mann, writing from Florence to his friend Walpole in 1768, when Ferdinand was about eighteen, says of the king that "his deficiency in delicacy and good sense is by many attributed to an organic defect, approaching to madness" (in fact, his eldest brother, Filippo, had been set aside from the succession on account of idiotcy); "but Lord Stormont assures me it proceeds totally from the want of education; and that he is now what many schoolboys are in England at ten years old. If so, the scandalous neglect may be repaired by his most excellently well-bred queen whose great propriety of behaviour and most sensible questions and replies raised admiration in everybody."[1]

Strong and active as he was, the king's cramped energies found their only scope in athletics, rough games, practical jokes which were sometimes very cruel, and above all in hunting and fishing. Hunting became and remained his ruling passion, but it was not the sport to which something of difficulty and occasional danger lend a legitimate zest; it was little more than butchery on a large scale. The king stood well protected in an uncovered sentry-box of solid masonry, of which some are still to be seen in the park at Portici, while the game was driven past, and had nothing to do but shoot as many as possible, which it is agreed he never failed to do.

---

[1] DR. DORAN: *"Mann" and Manners at the Court of Florence, 1740–1786. Founded on the letters of Horace Mann to Horace Walpole.* 2 vols., Bentley & Son, 1876. Vol. II., p. 191.

From the many glimpses that we get of him from the unconscious historians of the day, from the letters of French ambassadors and secretaries, from English travellers and diplomatists, from the notes of the German painter Philip Hackert who lived so long at Naples and Caserta painting for the king, from traits and incidents reproduced in the correspondence of men who saw and knew him before he had been called to stand at the dreadful bar of history, it appears that Ferdinand was by no means unintelligent, nor otherwise than kindly in his natural disposition when things went smoothly with him, and that he did very well those simple things to which he was allowed to turn his hand. Hackert tells us, for instance, that he cleaned the lamps very nicely in the palace at Caserta. This German artist, who painted the king's favourite views for him, and many hunting-scenes to order, was pleased and surprised at the intelligent interest which the king took in his work, and with the propriety of his occasional criticisms, having evidently been prepared by common report to find the king completely stupid and ignorant. Hackert tells how once when the king sat watching him paint at San Leucio, near Caserta, he broke the silence with a great sigh: "How many thousands would I give," said he, "to know only a tenth part of what you know! They wanted to teach me drawing, but they taught it me as they did all the rest, so that I know little. God pardon those who were my guardians and teachers! They are in paradise now."[1] Hackert was once Ferdinand's companion on a hunting-expedition, and says that out of a hundred shots the king missed only one. He was an expert fisherman, and rowed as well as the best sailor, delighting to row races with the boatmen on the gulf.

Mrs. Piozzi shows herself delighted with the easy-going king, and says he is greatly beloved among the people, "and so he ought to be, for he is the representative of them all. He rides and rows and hunts the wild boar, and catches fish in the bay, and sells it in the market —as dear as he can, too—but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly, so that no suspicion of meanness, or of anything worse than a little rough merriment can be ever attached to his truly honest, open, undesigning character. . . . This prince lives among his subjects with the old Roman idea of a window before his bosom, I believe. They know the worst of him is that he shoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni and helps himself to it with his fingers, and rows against the watermen in the bay. . . ."[1]

---

[1] GOETHE: *Philip Hackert.*

The picture of Ferdinand is a portrait. The writer only strays from truth when she calls him the representative of *all* his people, while he represented only the basest type of the nobility and the mass of the populace; when she attributes to him a "truly honest" character, and further credits him with an "old Roman idea," which things were far from Ferdinand, and only show how easy it was then for a king to enjoy men's good will.

The king wrote a capital clear hand, and said well and concisely what he had to say (which too frequently was not true), but had to submit his spelling to correction. He seems to have been polite and considerate to people about him, and generous within the limits of that kind of giving which is especially easy to kings, and may be said to cost the giver nothing. From these qualities Hackert and many others inferred that the king, with a better education, might have become the best ruler in Europe. Helfert goes so far as to declare that the mere letters of Ferdinand to the Emperor, his son-in-law, are

---

[1] MRS. PIOZZI: *Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century*. (From the "Journey.") With an Introduction by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. London, Seeley & Co., 1892, p. 227, *et seq*.

"speaking proof that this Monarch was not lacking in gifts that fitted him to fill the place in which Providence had set him."[1] But opinion is apt to be remarkably unexacting in the matter of royal virtue; a very little, or even its counterfeit, often goes a long way—did at least in those days; and to people on their knees, as has been well said, any king seems tall.

At any rate it appears that if such had been his sphere, he might possibly have made a harmless country gentleman, and gone to his grave without ever betraying those inherent weaknesses and vices of character which "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" made all too plain as years went on.

A weak man can never be a king. Ferdinand was born to be ruled by others—not so much that he had a yielding character as that he hated to be disturbed, hated scenes, difficulties, opposition, mental effort; and to avoid these things let others govern in his name. If he could have fallen into good hands, there would perhaps have been no great harm; but in an evil day for him and for Naples he was given to wife, when he was seventeen, Maria Carolina of Austria, daughter of the great Maria Theresa, sister of Marie Antoinette, of Pietro Leopoldo, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, and she lived to be his ruin and that of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples, and the scourge of the kingdom she insisted on governing.

The new queen, still in her teens, was devoured by the ambition to shine among the crowned heads of Europe, as her mother had shone and Catherine II., the famous Empress of Russia. The king, embarrassed by his conscious ignorance, and dazzled and subdued by the brilliant qualities and high spirit of his wife no less than by her violent temper, soon became to her like clay in the hands of the potter, and the queen, "consummate mistress," as Hugh Elliot called her, "in the experienced management of every female wile and snare," now by flatteries and concessions, now by furious scenes and tears, led or drove him whatever way she chose.[1]

---

[1] FRH. VON HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, Revolution und Gegen-Revolution von Neapel, November 1798 bis August 1799.* Wien, 1882, p. 488.

He complained of these things occasionally in his letters to his father, where he gives a ludicrous picture of the part he was forced to play in these domestic scenes. The queen, after some six years, and the birth of two daughters, became at last the mother of a son, and acquired thereby the right, most ardently desired, to a seat in the Council of State; after which event she considered it superfluous to have any more children. She was destined, however, in the lapse of some five-and-twenty years, to have no less than seventeen—a course of things which interfered intolerably with her extreme love of activity and amusement, for which she took her revenge in outbursts of ungovernable rage against the author of her misfortunes. "She became a fury," wrote Ferdinand to his father, "she flew upon me like a dog, and even took my hand in her teeth, of which I still bear the marks. . . . At table she was worse than ever, calling to all the servants who are maids, who could see nothing but that she was screeching like an eagle, and in language by no means decent, and I, with my head down, listened to her compliments without even opening my lips, and then without the least discomposure I rose from table and quietly went away, without saying a word, so as not to give further scandal to those maids."

"For pity's sake," he warns his father two years later, after giving another account of one of these conjugal quarrels, "take no notice of all this that I am writing to you when you answer, because, as she will want to see the letter, I shall get into a worse scrape. . . . Pardon me this unburdening of my feelings; but with whom can I do it, if not with so loving a father, who I feel sure will pity me? All Naples can bear me witness how I treat her, and that out of consideration I do nothing without letting her know, but to be maltreated thus is what I really don't know how to put up with."

---

[1] COUNTESS OF MINTO: *Memoir of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Elliot*, 1868, p. 312.

Of course it was not "out of consideration" that he did nothing without letting her know, but because he dared not for his life do otherwise. As for being maltreated, he put up with it for full forty years, until the English came to the rescue and drove the queen away. Not even in his letters can he put on a face of strength and resolution when he thinks of his terrible wife.

Debarred from books not only by his extreme ignorance, which of course might have been overcome by determined study when once he was his own master, but also by the watchful jealousy of the queen's policy, Ferdinand, even after his nominal assumption of the direction of the government, after his marriage, after the birth of sons and daughters, continued to play about, unconscious of his responsibilities, or glad to be relieved of them as mere interruptions to his pleasures and favourite pursuits. "Vous savez bien que je n'ai pas le temps," he used to say thirty years later, when, as the French *chargé d'affaires* wrote to his chief at Paris, he left everything to the queen, only giving half an hour on Mondays to State affairs.

His incurable childishness, as time wore it a little thin, gradually betrayed that malicious cruelty combined with a total absence of conscience or compunction which may be observed in idiots; but Ferdinand had not their excuse. As late as 1806, when he was about fifty-five, Hugh Elliot, then British Ambassador at Palermo, described him "as immensely enjoying this period of his life" (when the French occupied the mainland, and he was reduced for the second time to Sicily alone); "above all, rejoicing with strange gesticulations and stranger words when from some safe place he watched the artillery practice from the opposite shores; clapping his hands with glee when a shot struck some miserable vessel hugging the coast, and apparently perfectly unmindful of the fact that such boats on either side of the strait were manned by his own subjects and countrymen."[1]

The Court swarmed at all times with well-born idlers ready to follow the fashion set by the king, some joining with zest in his amusements; others, with longer heads and longer fingers, turning the royal nonchalance to their own more solid advantage.

At Portici, where the king had at one time a new fancy regiment, he set up a tavern in the camp and sold wine to the soldiers. It was at Portici also that he played the wanton and cruel trick recorded by Colletta, and referred to by Mann in one of his letters, in which he says that great indignation has been caused at Florence on hearing from Bonechi, the Tuscan agent at Naples, that two Florentine cavaliers, "personally very deserving men," have been "tossed in a blanket at the king's camp at Portici, in the presence of the whole court and thousands of spectators." Colletta speaks of only one, the young abate Mazzinghi, of noble Florentine family, who died at Rome a few months later in consequence of the mortification.[2]

Miss Cornelia Knight, in her autobiography, adds another touch to the same portrait, when the inveterate royal truant had long been a grandfather: "The King used to pass our house," she writes, "on his way to the lake where he caught the gulls that he sold to the fish-dealers. He weighed the birds with his own hands, and was very careful to be paid in good money." At other times when the king and his party had been fishing in the royal preserves of the Lago di Patria or the Lago di Fusaro, it was Ferdinand's special delight to sell his

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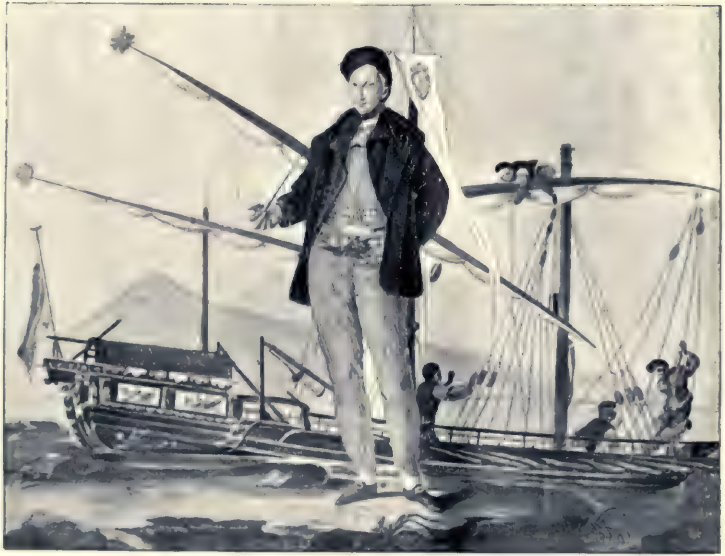
[1] *Memoir of Hugh Elliot*, p 396.

[2] DORAN: "*Mann*" *and Manners, etc.*, Vol. II., p. 213. PIETRO COLLETTA: *Storia del Reame di Napoli*, Vol. I., Lib. II.



FERDINAND IV. DRESSED AS A FISHERMAN.

(*From a picture at San Martino.*)

[*To face p.* 8.

fish, imitating the dress, speech, and ways of his friends, the *lazzaroni*, and haggling as obstinately over his prices as the most seasoned fishmonger of Santa Lucia. Tradition points out the tavern under the church of Sannazzaro's Madonna del Parto at Mergellina as having once been the scene of these diversions.

These things were commented on and caricatured all over Europe.[1] Stories of the doings of Ferdinand up to the year 1798 might be multiplied infinitely; but they are all alike, and represent always the same overgrown schoolboy on a kind of perpetual "lark," whether he be seventeen or forty-seven.

There is an amusing account, found in the archives at Turin, written by a monk of San Martino, of a visit paid to the Certosa under the Castle of Sant' Elmo in 1769 by Ferdinand and Carolina with the Emperor Joseph II.

The monks were up all night preparing a prodigious amount of sweets and *liqueurs* for the royal party, who came up next day with forty ladies and sixty gentlemen of the Court and crowds of hangers-on, and filled all the Certosa. The king ate sweets and cakes, and made the queen eat and all the Court, and forced the queen to drink. Then they betake themselves to the kitchen, and the king lights upon the common loaf of the cook; he breaks it in three, tosses a piece *per aria* to the queen, a piece to the ladies, and shares the last with six of his gentlemen. Somewhat nauseated, no doubt, with so many sweets, all the fine company are enchanted with the coarse bread, and the king says the superiors are well off, but who are much better off are the poor brothers: and the monks think it a vastly fine joke. The bread is scarcely gone when the king says he wants to try an omelette. Fra Ignazio hurries forward to make it, but the king says he will make it himself, and was beginning to set about it, but, seeing how the monk whisked up the eggs—twenty-eight, we are told—in a moment, Ferdinand says that is not his way. When it is just being dished, the Emperor complains of the smell in the kitchen, and calls the queen away, to her visible annoyance, and the king and six gentlemen devoured the omelette, Kaunitz, the great chancellor, being one of the party. The king slaps the monks on the back and digs them in the ribs, and has many a rough laugh at their expense, to their great edification and delight.

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[1] See GORANI: *Mémoires secrets et critiques des cours, des gouvernements, et des mœurs*. Paris, 1793.

While the omelette was a-frying, Ferdinand stood over the fire under the black pent of the chimney, in all the smoke and steam, and fished *maccheroni* with a long copper ladle out of the big cauldron, and ate them with his fingers *alla napoletana.* "The king," continues the monkish narrator, "lay down in Fra Bonaventura's bed, who, *per la consolazione,* is going to make us each three different sorts of sherbet." In the kitchen the king asks for cheese, and condescends to eat also *salame* and "certain bergamot pears."

The monks presented three gold reliquaries to the three royal personages, a packet of four pounds of candies to each of the bodyguard, and a parcel of choice cakes apiece for the rest who were off duty.

At the end the king was perhaps a little tired of this pastime, or may have perceived that Joseph II. was bored, and we are told that he gave a kick behind to the young Prince of Stigliano, who was standing in the doorway, and called out with rude jocosity to the crowd of courtiers, "Out of the way, out of the way, or I'll soon settle your hash for you, one and all!"[1]

In pictures like these we have Ferdinand at his best, such as it is. The rest is to come as time goes on and events lay their stress upon him.

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[1] "Scosta, scosta, o v' arremedio a quanti site."—G. CLARETTA: *Ferdinando IV. e l' Imperatore Giuseppe II. alla Certosa di Napoli nel marzo, 1769,* Arch. Stor. Nap. XVI., 2, p. 499, etc.

The queen tacitly encouraged as much as possible all these tastes that kept the king out of public affairs and allowed her to rule in his name. She gradually substituted for the policy of Carlo III. that of the royal family from which she came. The tendency of Carlo III. had been towards friendship with the kindred houses of France and Spain and enmity with England. The young queen aimed at withdrawing altogether from the Spanish tutelage, drawing closer to Austria, and looking, as time went on, to the English navy for protection by sea. This personal policy of Maria Carolina led her to disaster, and caused the ultimate ruin of the Bourbons of Naples. The queen never sought to identify herself with the country of her adoption; and as her sister, Marie Antoinette, remained always *l'Autrichienne* at her French Court, so Maria Carolina at Naples was *l'Austriaca*, nor dreamed of being anything else. All one can see in her is personal interest, and personal passion still stronger than interest. The country merely supplies the instruments or the objects of her private desires and revenges. The kingdom, in the gross, she regards as the "patrimony" of her children, and she intrigues and fights over it with the instincts of a mother-tiger rather than of a queen. She gave much to the poor, and at the same time heaped wealth and presents on swarms of utterly unworthy people—spies, informers, favourites, and persons of whom she made use in ignoble and underhand ways, besides ministers and others whom she honoured lavishly in public.

The last representative of the government of Carlo III. was the able and devoted old Tuscan minister, Bernardo Tanucci, who had ruled Naples and Sicily, king and Court, for many years from the Spanish point of view. He may be described as the last statesman under Ferdinand who to great power united a true conception of the interests of the country, which were, of course, in the long run, also those of the king and the dynasty. No love was lost between the old statesman and the new queen; and Carolina knew no peace, although the struggle lasted nine years, until she had contrived to dislodge him and topple him down, getting rid thus, once for all, of the link that bound Naples to Madrid.

The rock on which Tanucci made shipwreck were the Freemasons of Naples, whom he persecuted and imprisoned under orders from Madrid, while the queen protected them, if indeed she was not herself a member of the women's lodge. Joseph II. was a Freemason, and Pepe speaks of the custom among the Freemasons of his day, more than half a century later, of drinking to the memory of Maria Carolina.[1] The lodges of the Freemasons, of which there were several in Naples and the provinces, were the political nurseries of the rising generation, and, considering the storm that was then brewing over Europe, it is strange to find them protected by Marie Antoinette and Maria Carolina.

Ferdinand found himself placed in the dilemma of having to choose between offending his father at Madrid or his wife at home, and naturally chose to break with Madrid if only he might hope for peace within his domestic walls. The letters in which, with many transparent falsehoods and equivocations, he lays these matters before his father are characteristic and very amusing.

On October 1st, 1776, he thanks his father "for all that your Majesty says in answer to what I wrote to you about the Freemasons, protected by my Wife, who, as your Majesty too truly observes, means to govern at all hazards, instigated from Vienna and by those about her, so that I must bear it with patience; because otherwise, whatever she knows might annoy me, that she does. For my part, it is certain that I do what I can, but on the other hand, I like a quiet life [*mi piace la pace in casa*] and I try to disturb the peace as little as I possibly can."

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[1] *Memorie del Generale Guglielmo Pepe intorno alla Sua Vita, e ai Recenti Casi d' Italia, scritte da lui medesimo.* Parigi, 1847. 2 vols.

For the sake of peace Ferdinand sacrificed the old minister, and was somewhat put to it to patch together what he considered plausible excuses to his father for what he had done. Among other reasons, he gives out that his confessor has "warned him of all the evil for which he will be responsible before God" if he does not change his minister. No doubt Ferdinand, knowing the extreme religious bigotry of his father, thought this an uncommonly clever hit; but the old king knew his son well enough to take it for what it was worth. He may have felt that he himself was ere long to be set aside in like manner, and would have read without surprise the polite paragraph in Ferdinand's letter of December 10th, in which he considerately proposed for the future to submit only the affairs of greater importance to his Spanish majesty, "so as not to interfere with his Majesty's graver occupations."

Ferdinand, meanwhile, on November 12th, had again thanked the King of Spain for his advice about the Freemasons "protected by my Wife, but let your Majesty not doubt that by means of my assiduous attention we shall continue to proceed against them with all rigour; as for Tanucci, your Majesty may rest assured that though he is persecuted to the death by my Wife, and in consequence by the Court of Vienna, still what I have done has not been done at the instance of my Wife, but from pure motives of conscience, because I saw that with everything in Tanucci's hands matters were all going to ruin, and no good came of it; in fact on the contrary, things were going from bad to worse. As to my Wife," proceeds this born liar and coward, having just averred that his wife had no hand in the matter, "instigated by her own people taking courage from this change, she is straining every nerve to enter into the government, wherefore let your Majesty pray take my part, because I shall try in the most conciliatory manner to frustrate her, although she threatens me on all sides, saying finally that she will let us see who she is and who are her people, because it has been a great mercy and good luck for us to have received her into our family. Your Majesty may do me the favour, in answering this letter to affect to ignore this affair, or else, if your Majesty wishes to warn me or order anything, let it be done separately, because if she were to come to have scent of it I shall be pestered as long as I live, for she continually preaches nothing else but the confidence which must be between husband and wife, and so she wants to see and know all my affairs and read all my letters, but when I speak of wanting to see some letter she is writing to her people, or to know what she is writing, there is a battle, and if I insist she drives me away with abusive language, and for the sake of peace and quietness I am obliged to hold my tongue. Once more therefore I beg your Majesty to stand up for me when this is spoken of, because I am writing this in my lodge of San Leucio, under pretence of being gone hunting."

Would any education have produced a king out of this stuff, with all due respect for Helfert and his admiration for the royal letters?

The letters written from Naples are often in another style and tone, and may be taken to have been occasionally dictated by the queen.[1]

Not long after the fall of Tanucci, towards 1779, the growing audacity and constant depredations of the Barbary pirates drew attention to the ill-defended condition of the Neapolitan coasts, and it was decided to build a fleet.

It was suggested to the queen, never disposed to look for energy and capacity among her own subjects, to call from her brother's Court of Tuscany one John Acton, an Englishman who had won some naval and military distinction in conflict with the pirates, to be admiral of the new fleet. Acton, a son of Edward Gibbon's travelling physician, was English only in name, having been born and brought up in France, where he first took military service, but owing, it is said, to some misconduct, found it convenient to migrate to Italy. In an evil day for Naples this man came from Florence and was installed as Minister of Marine. It is said that the secret of his immediate and undoubted ascendancy over the queen lay in his fine, handsome person and in his natural indifference to her attractions; certain it is that the unstable, impulsive Carolina found at once her master and her tool in this adventurer, and for more than thirty years these two drained the resources of the kingdom to their lowest ebb, and in their own interest dragged and pushed Naples and the king from one abyss of disgrace and ruin to another.

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[1] See the account of the affair of the Freemasons by MICHELANGELO D'AYALA: *I Liberi Muratori di Napoli nel secolo* XVIII. Arch. Stor. Nap. XXII. and XXIII., where are many extracts from these letters preserved in the Spanish Archives of State at Simancas. Also, M. D'AYALA: *Angelica Kaufmann a Napoli*. Published in *Napoli Nobilissima*, Anno VII., Fasc. VII., July, 1898.

The undisguised propensity of Carolina to make favourites of the men who succeeded in gaining her confidence—a propensity which clung to her through life—gave rise to a good deal of scandal and to accusations which do not seem ever to have been either proved or disproved. M. Alquier, who was French envoy at Naples later on, describes her with French neatness as *une femme sans mœurs qu'on a pu soupçonner de tous les excès.*[1]

It is remarkable how the many descriptions and portraits given of the queen by various contemporary diplomatists and others, English, French, and Italian, correspond, almost down to the use of the same images and phrases, through a long series of years.

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[1] It is said, by people who should know, that diaries and letters of the queen, now in the keeping of the royal house of Italy, were withdrawn from the archives, by special request, lest the publication of their scandalous contents should give pain to the reigning house of Austria. Meanwhile, we are not seriously at a loss, for want of these documents, to know what to make of Maria Carolina. The exact extent of her private immorality matters little to us in comparison with her failure and her crimes as a queen.

Gorani, for instance, the Lombard adventurer, seems to know her very well when he writes thus in his open letter to Ferdinand[1]: "Since, Sire, you have never studied, you have a great idea of the learning of the queen . . . she is an absurd pedant who has read a few books without in the least understanding them, and who has no real knowledge, no talent, no virtue. . . . If this woman were nothing else but licentious and pedantic she would be merely contemptible . . . but upon her lover, upon her favourites, she lavishes the blood of your people." The queen, he says, is execrated by all her subjects, "who accuse her, and justly, of all the evils which they suffer." Gorani seems rather to have admired Ferdinand than not in those days, as a man who, however deficient in education, might at least have been open to reason and good influence. It is no wonder, he says indulgently, that Ferdinand should be covered with relics and charms, and that during thunderstorms he should walk about his apartments ringing a little bell taken from the Holy House at Loreto. But that the queen, with all her pretensions to philosophy, should be taken, on and off, with fits of superstitious devotion, he considers as a strong proof of the real inferiority of her understanding.

Miss Knight, who saw a good deal of the queen in 1798–1799, and was intimate with people who knew her very well, after remarking that she was neither well dressed nor graceful, unconsciously confirms Gorani when she says: "The queen used to be subject to fits of devotion, at which times she stuck short prayers and pious ejaculations inside of her stays, and occasionally swallowed them."[2] This is

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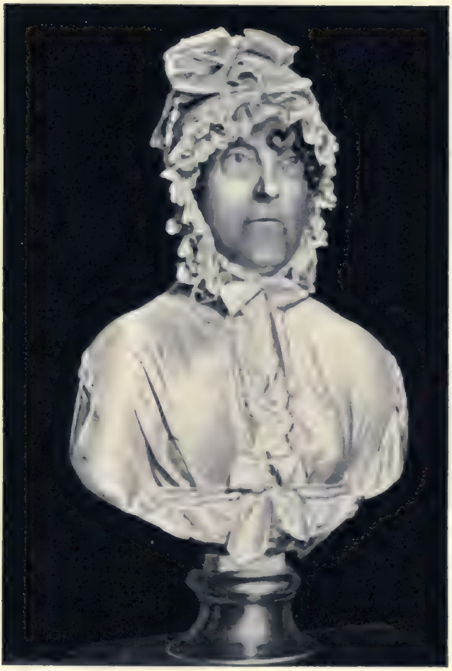
[1] G. GORANI: *Lettres aux Souverains sur la Révolution française*. Paris, 1793. MARC MONNIER: *Un Aventurier Italien du Siècle Dernier: Le Comte Joseph Gorani, d'après ses Mémoires inédits*. Paris, 1884.

[2] *Autobiography*, 2nd ed., 1861. See also Horace Mann to Walpole, at an earlier date: "I can send you nothing but such follies as these from such a country, where the most unprejudiced are *afraid to own* that they do not believe that the straw hat of



WAX BUST OF MARIA CAROLINA (AT CASERTA), IN DRESS WORN BY THE QUEEN, AND SHOWING A LOCK OF HER OWN HAIR.

(Considered the best likeness of the Queen.)

[*To face p.* 16.

no doubt quite true; such things are still sold by priests—notably at Valle di Pompei—and are bought by the credulous devout and swallowed as a remedy for bodily infirmity, not without a beneficial influence upon salvation into the bargain.

"The queen seems to devote herself to the cares of administration," wrote General Dumouriez in his instructions to Mackau, French Ambassador at Naples in 1792, "without, however, neglecting her pleasures. Amiable enough by nature, and possessing even some little culture, she might possibly do pretty well if to these qualities she united the strength necessary for conceiving and following a plan; and if, more mistress of her passions, she were capable of subordinating them to the true interests of the country where she reigns."[1]

Baron Alquier, French Ambassador in 1803, draws precisely the same portrait.[2] "At heart," he writes, "she is neither good nor bad. . . . Full of instruction, she has attempted to govern: the keenest taste for pleasure has been coupled with a passion for ruling, whence the double depravity of her political intrigues and her private conduct. . . . The life of the queen is nothing but a long series of errors and regrets. . . . The breadth and superiority of her intelligence have been greatly overrated; she will dare anything; that is all her secret. Tormented by the desire to govern, her gifts, which would have been very remarkable if she had remained within the sphere allotted to a woman, have degenerated into a habit of meddling which has been nothing short of disastrous for Europe."

St. Catherine, or the measure of her waist in a ribbon, or the eating, either dry or in sops, little scraps of paper with the word *Gesù, Maria*, or any Saint, upon it, will not cure a fever, or procure salvation."—"*Mann*" *and Manners, etc.*, Vol. I., p. 366.

[1] IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND: *La Jeunesse de la Reine Marie-Amélie.* Paris, 1891.

[2] E. D. FORGUES: *Histoire de Nelson d'après les Dépêches Officielles et ses Correspondances Privées.* Paris, Charpentier, 1860.

Compare with these the descriptions of Paget and Elliot, and finally this of Sir John Moore, written in 1807 after three weeks' acquaintance: "The Queen is clever enough; in private life she would be an agreeable and entertaining woman; but she has not ability for Publick affairs; she is governed by those about her, who are generally of the very worst description, for she is deficient in knowledge of character, and has a bad selection."[1]

From 1777 onwards it became gradually the rule to call in foreigners, among whom were many Tuscans, to fill all the principal offices in the Government, with the very natural result that patriotism disappeared from high places, and individual interests and conflicting intrigues took the place of government, causing immense expense, waste, and confusion.

G. E. Martinengo, sent in April, 1799, by the Cisalpine Government to gather information on the conditions of Southern Italy, reported that in the time of Tanucci the whole administration of all the departments of State at Naples cost 22,000 ducats a year, Tanucci himself—Tuscan though he was—never having received more than 8,000 ducats. Acton alone, in 1798, had 60,000 ducats a year, besides rich presents constantly made him by the king and queen.[2]

These figures seem exaggerated, but on turning to Bianchini, soberest of Bourbon historians, it appears that they may even fall short of the truth.[3] Bianchini puts Tanucci's highest salary at 10,000 ducats, and observes that his immediate successor, Sambuca, had 30,000, besides pensions and so forth to his family, by which they became very rich. Here we find, also, that towards the year 1789 the expenses which came under the sole head of *diplomacy* amounted to 150,000 ducats annually, without counting the salaries of the consuls. After that year the expenses increased beyond measure, "and the government at that time paid even the heavy sums which our diplomatists lost, without any political scope, at games of chance." The ambassadors, Bianchini says, were never so enormously paid as from 1790 to 1806, and never did so little for the interests of their country.

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[1] THE Rt. HON. SIR AUGUSTUS PAGET: *The Paget Papers, Diplomatic and Other Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., 1794–1807.* 2 vols. London, 1896. Vol. II., p. 338.

[2] CESARE CANTÙ: *Corrispondenze di Diplomatici della Repubblica e del Regno d' Italia, 1796–1814.* Turin, 1884–1888, p. 16.

[3] LUDOVICO BIANCHINI: *Storia delle Finanze del Regno di Napoli*, 3rd ed. Napoli, 1859, pp. 343, 350, etc.

Facts like these must be borne in mind when we find presently that every true Neapolitan who cared for his country cherished an invincible enmity to the queen and to the rapacious foreigners whom she favoured. This was a noble and just resentment—not, as may have been idly supposed, the groundless jealousy of ill-conditioned or incapable men against those more fortunate than themselves. Under this system, that was like a greedy and remorseless foreign occupation, we are not surprised to learn that by the year 1799 the *deficit* of the public treasury amounted to 28,000,000 ducats.[1]

Acton was the very prince and type of the parasites who sapped the life-blood of the kingdom. "He had no idea whatever," writes Amaury Duval, "of the interests of the Powers, of the politics of Europe, nor even of the very country which he governed," and he calls him the minister who has committed most blunders and done the most harm at Naples.[2] The common accusation—and it is a vital one—against all these foreigners was their absolute ignorance of and indifference to the conditions and interests of the country.

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[1] BIANCHINI, p. 334.

[2] See *Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Littéraires sur le Royaume de Naples*, par M. le Comte GRÉGOIRE ORLOFF, Sénateur de l'Empire de Russie, publiés, avec des notes et additions, par AMAURY DUVAL, Membre de l'Institut Royal de France. Paris, 1819. Vol. II. Duval was some years at Naples inclusive of 1790–1793.

A typical example of both ignorance and indifference in the queen and her favourite is the building of the fleet. What was wanted were light quick sailing vessels sufficiently armed to chase the Barbary pirates. Instead of this, Acton, at enormous expense, built a fleet chiefly of ships of war, so far out of proportion to the resources of the kingdom that when they were fitted out with crews, not enough men were left available for the trading vessels, with the result, reported by Martinengo in 1799,[1] that within the years '97 and '98 the pirates captured no fewer than two hundred and twenty-five Neapolitan merchant vessels.[2]

Yet such was Acton's influence with the queen, in spite of his manifest incapacity, that within a few years all the great offices of State were united in the person of this one man. He was Minister of Marine, Minister of War, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and if he was not also Minister of Finance it was because he abolished the post and entrusted the department to a council which, together with the departments of Justice, Public Worship, Police, and so forth, was subordinate to him. Acton was thus practically king, and, says Colletta, "was more feared and respected than King Ferdinand, wallowing idly in the gross pleasures of life."

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[1] C. CANTÙ: *Corrispondenze, etc.*, p. 15.

[2] Even Nelson commented on the cost of building ships at Naples in comparison with England. The difference, however, was due to the difference in honesty in the contracting and controlling departments. Practical Carlo III. had gone about in a very different way to form his fleet. Among the items of the State revenues Bianchini enumerates one called the "crusade revenue," so named because Pope Clement XII. had granted Carlo a Bull of Indulgence whereby the Neapolitans, on payment of certain sums proportioned to their condition, might buy the privilege of eating cheese, fat, and other forbidden things during Lent, and on Fridays, Saturdays, and all vigils and fast-days, the proceeds to be used for the building of a fleet. As the fleet was to be employed against the Barbary pirates, the Pope and all the other pious contractors and parties to the bargain were able to regard the undertaking as a crusade. It brought yearly 70,000 ducats into the treasury. This sale of indulgences was put into practice in 1778. (See BIANCHINI, p. 325.)

The fortune that he accumulated he invested in England, and seems to have been averse to spending in the country that enriched him. In all the strings of adjectives used by his contemporaries to paint his character, two are never wanting: *avaricious* and *double-dealing*.

Roughly speaking, these three people, the king, the queen, and Acton, were together responsible for the government of the two Sicilies for more than thirty years.

CHAPTER II

THE NEAPOLITAN PEOPLE

The feudal system—Condition of the provinces—Naples—The *lazzari*—Charitable institutions; they foster beggary and idleness—Enormous abuses—Great over-proportion of monks, nuns, and priests—The nobility—The *paglietti*; influence on public administration — The *letterati* — The queen patronises culture — Goethe — Mario Pagano — Filangieri — Conforti—Cirillo—Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel.

IT had been the curse of Naples and of all Southern Italy to be for centuries the perpetual spoil of contending foreigners: Lombards, Normans, Swabians, Angevins, Aragonese, French, Spaniards, succeeded one another in the coveted possession, while the land remained a battlefield for alien quarrels, and its people fought or suffered, all too obediently, in causes that were never theirs. Such wealth as could be wrung out of the land was the property of the ruler of the moment and his immediate dependants and supporters, and was spent in undertakings in which the interests of the country had too seldom any concern; and while the spoilers stripped away the fruit greedily with both hands, they rarely took thought for the tree that bore it. For the last two centuries and more before the coming of the Bourbons, Naples had been a mere province of Spain, governed by more or less inefficient Spanish viceroys.

The one thing that grew and flourished and drew life from the rulers on the one hand and the people on the other during those succeeding changes which brought no change at the real heart of the country, was the feudal system, which took a grip of Southern Italy such as it had been able to take in no other part of Western Europe. The kings and viceroys, distracted by interests among which Naples never came first, were at no time powerful enough to be able to put any curb on the barons; and there was no popular municipal vitality, no organised conscious civil right guarded by active and jealous communes, as in Northern and Central Italy, to offer stubborn and effective resistance. This was greatly due to the iron tyranny which crushed out of the people energy and ambition, which could serve them nothing; but, on the other hand, that tyranny found a congenial soil in the character of the population, too ready to accept an evil lot and to become indifferent to it—so that cause and effect were to be found on both sides, and interacted to the constant advantage of the strong over the weak.

The state of Southern Italy was worse—impossible as it seems that anything could be worse—than the state of feudal France described by Arthur Young in his *Travels in France.* Colletta and other Italian writers[1] have given us descriptions of its cruel tyranny that leave the reader oppressed with the suffering of those nameless millions whose existence of tormented misery went to swell the tremendous price, perhaps yet not wholly paid, for some good still only partly attained.

In 1789 and later, out of some 2,765 towns and inhabited places in the kingdom of Naples, barely two hundred were not feudal. The feudal towns, Colletta tells us, could be distinguished at first sight by the poverty of the dwellings, the squalor of the inhabitants, the absence of all appearance of civilisation, of public buildings, and the conveniences and ornaments proper to towns. Frowning over an infinity of huts and cabins were the feudal castle, the prison, the monastery, and a few vast fortified palaces, or some enormous episcopal establishment. In 1789, in one of these feudal towns, within fifteen miles of Naples, only the agents of the baron lived in houses, and the people, to the number of two thousand, sheltered from the weather in straw huts, or, like wild animals, in caves. The sole accommodation offered by these dwellings was often but a heap of straw, shared generally with pigs and fowls; the better kind had a mud and wattle partition between men and beasts, and that was all.

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[1] PIETRO COLLETTA: *Storia del Reame di Napoli.* DAVIDE WINSPEARE: *Storia del Feudalismo.* LUDOVICO BIANCHINI: *Storia delle Finanze, etc.*

The people were literally slaves of their feudal lord. Besides the legal exactions of personal service, or its equivalent in tribute, the barons wrung out extra contributions upon every sort of pretence, with the sole alternative of paying a fine for exemption; and as fast as the peasant bought himself free from one oppression another was imposed. An annual tax was known to be exacted as many as ten times over in the same year, the amount being limited only by the discretion of the exactor. The peasant could scarcely stir without incurring liability to a fine. For example, the whole of Terra d'Otranto was subject to taxes in favour of the barons upon all its natural and artificial produce; nothing, not even stones, rain-water, dead leaves, dung, could be used by the peasant until he had paid for it in money, kind, or labour. The industrial produce ranged from coarse textures woven by the peasant-women up to the work of artisans and small tradesmen; but nothing could be sold until a tenth of its value had been paid to the feudal lord.

There was a tax upon buttons, a tax on the viscera of slaughtered animals, a tax on the right to kill fowls, a tax on spectacles, a tax on the shade of trees; there was even a death-tax, so that a dead body could not be laid in the earth before it had paid one last bitter tribute to the inexorable power from which there was no escape. From time to time contributions, disguised under the name of "loans," of provisions, of domestic animals, were levied by the baron, now because of a law-suit, now for the maintenance of his family, his servants, his hounds, his mistress. There were, moreover, arbitrary prohibitions to construct dwellings, to make gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, to plant useful or fruitful trees; many of these restrictions were enforced with the view of maintaining the game undisturbed.

The feudal lord often pretended to the monopoly of every local industry and convenience; in many places no peasant might have a baking-oven, a smithy, a mill, a wine-press, a tavern, but was forced to carry his produce to the mill, the press, the oven of the baron, where, as often as not, it was spoiled while waiting among many for its turn. The wine he made, his oil, cheese, eggs and poultry could only be sold in the baron's tavern, where, of course, it paid a heavy tribute. On occasion the peasants, without any payment, were obliged to carry heavy loads upon their shoulders, or by means of their own mules, from the confines of Puglia to Naples. Any recalcitrant was liable to be clapped into prison without the prospect of being able to invoke the aid of any law which might get him out; his complaints were only likely to return upon his own head. The feudal lord had dungeons underground and *oubliettes*, discovered within this last century, where the bones of many an unavenged victim have been brought to light. The only right many whole communes of wretched peasants possessed was that of baking unleavened dough under the ashes of the fire kindled on the mud floor in the middle of their miserable dwellings; and even this was sometimes made occasion for a suit against them by the rapacious and cruel agents of the lords of the soil. It is no wonder that many of these men, in despair, took to robbery, and abandoned the cultivation of the land which profited them nothing.

This state of things was maintained by the troops of armed men whom each baron kept at his service. Those lands which belonged to the Crown were slightly better off, because the tyranny was less personal, and could always be imputed to agents and so appealed against. Thus it came about that many little communes, at the sacrifice of almost all they had, and by incurring enormous debts, contrived to buy the privilege, such as it was, of belonging to the Crown, with the stipulation that they might rebel with impunity against any attempt to sell or give them to any other feudal lord. Nevertheless, they were sold over and over again, and the Feudal Commission of 1806 found the original debts still existing.[1]

Under these conditions the misery and ignorance of a mass of slaves enabled a few rich men to live useless, luxurious lives, and a sense of patriotism was as far from one class as the other. There was no such conception as the public good; the common weal did not exist outside the pages of a few wise books, read by no one whom they concerned.

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[1] A typical instance is given by Galanti (G. M. GALANTI: *Nuova Descrizione Geografica e Politica delle Sicilie.* Napoli, 1789. Vol. III., p. 10, *et seq.*)

The city of Lanciano in Abruzzo had obtained, shortly after the year 1200, from the Emperor Frederick II., the privilege of remaining "for ever" as *demanio—i.e.* a royal fief. The original charter, in the course of five centuries, had been renewed and confirmed no less than sixteen times, and for the maintenance of this privilege the city came to pay the Crown an annual tax of 3,600 ducats. In spite of charters and the regular payment of the tax, heavy as it was, the city was sold in 1640 to a certain Genoese, Andrea Pallavicini, duca di Castro, to defray the debt owed him by the Crown as contractor for the victualling of the troops. The price was calculated at forty-seven ducats "per hearth," and for the 1,492 "hearths" in the city Lanciano was sold for 70,124 ducats. Pallavicini's agent, sent to take possession, was obliged by the popular fury to fly for his life, and Pallavicini sold his bargain in 1646 to the Marchese del Vasto.

The royal exchequer all this time obliged Lanciano to continue the annual payment to the Crown of 3,600 ducats, and when the city appealed against the flagrant breach of contract, judgment was given that Lanciano was to remain a fief of the Marchese del Vasto until such time as the city should have paid him the price he had paid to acquire it.

This, says Galanti, was the fate of all the feudal towns in the kingdom.

Against the system and its abuses there was practically no redress; the strongest arm and the longest purse were certain to be masters, and if the feudal system seethed with infinite disorders, abuses, confusions, no less so did the law itself. "The collection of the Neapolitan laws," says Count Orloff, "was a kind of chaos, to the formation of which Roman, ecclesiastical and feudal law, the constitutions of the Norman and Swabian princes, the charters of the Angevins, the edicts of the Aragonese and of the viceroys, the special statutes and privileges of the city of Naples, etc. . . . had all contributed."[1] This state of things became a school for lawyers who prolonged and revelled in litigation. The administration of justice meanwhile resided in many different centres—the barons usurping civil and criminal jurisdiction each in his own domain, the Church interfering with special privileges and immunities of its own.

Laws were passed over and over again with a view to mitigating the abuses of power by the barons, since not only was the industry of the country in a complete state of paralysis, but the nobles interfered even with the collection of the royal taxes and revenues. But of these laws not one, during many centuries, ever effectively reached the barons; they felt themselves practically independent of the kings.

Carlo III. furnished the provincial tribunals with troops for the special purpose of neutralising the armed forces of the feudal lords, which had become a power that set the State at defiance. These tribunals were instituted for the defence of the peasants, and were presided over by a military officer of superior rank. But the remedy not only did not meet the evil, but often actually increased it. This we gather from an unpublished despatch of Acton in 1797, when, on occasion of the royal visit to Manfredonia to receive the Princess Clementina, coming as the bride of the prince royal, grievances were laid before the king.[1]

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[1] ORLOFF: *Mémoires Historiques, etc.*, Vol. II., p. 153.

Complaint was made of the bands of robbers that infested the country, and of the negligence of the provincial governors, and *the complicity of the soldiers*, who were either themselves at the head of these bands, or in their company helped to rob the unoffending country people. And not only the open country was subject to these depredations, but "entire populations are infested in the very centre of their dwellings by thieves and assassins, who are among the citizens themselves, without the unfortunate inhabitants being able to obtain justice in answer to their appeals, nor defence against the losses of every kind to which they are exposed in their own homes and in the open country."

Again and again one reads of excellent and detailed provisions made by the royal Government for reforms and remedy of abuses; but they broke like waves impotent against the rock of inveterate corruption in high places, and the historian, after leading one to admire the good intentions and wisdom of the monarch, is fain repeatedly to confess, "this law was never carried into the smallest effect."

Each abuse was made the object of a special commission. The laws all took the form of royal edicts; military, naval, ecclesiastical, and civil matters were all managed in the same way, and too often the edict remained a dead letter, and all went on as before.

While Delfico, Pagano, Luigi Serio, Giaquinto spoke, wrote, and strove their utmost to bring light and order into this chaos of abuses, Acton and others in high places had a personal interest in maintaining the general corruption, always of material advantage to the few in power. Laws, edicts, commissions, all came to the same futile result. When in 1791 Giuseppe Zurlo was sent into

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[1] LUIGI CONFORTI: *Napoli dalla Pace di Parigi alla Guerra del 1798, etc.* Napoli, 1889, p. 23, *et seq.*

Calabria to report on the administration of some of the Crown lands, he compiled a detailed report in three large volumes, of which a duplicate was lodged with Acton at the ministry, the other being deposited by Zurlo at Cosenza. Within a very short time both copies disappeared! That of Zurlo was only found by accident as long afterwards as 1827.[1] Thus it may be said that the kings made laws, and their servants, the great army of middle-men, saw well to it that they should have no effect.[2]

Naples, the capital, was, next to Paris, the largest and most densely populated town on the Continent; and presented, then as now, the utmost contrasts between wealth and extravagant luxury and the most squalid poverty. Typical among the lowest population were the *lazzari*, chief essence of whose condition was the having neither fixed employment nor special habitation. In a population of some 437,000, Colletta puts the *lazzari* at about 30,000, but says they were never taken account of as such in the census. Besides these vagabonds by profession, who did not beg because they had no difficulty in exacting what they wanted out of the timid complaisance of their neighbours, there were an untold number of persons of every sort who lived at the expense of one or another of the scores of charitable institutions with which Naples abounded. Many of these institutions were extremely rich, some of them enjoying a revenue of two or three million ducats, which were withdrawn from industrial circulation, and served merely to support a greedy and dishonest army of administrators and a mass of persons who, by family connection or otherwise, acquired a right to be supported by charity. Thus, says Bianchini,[3] when the church bells rang at noon, one saw crowds of people, nearly all in robust health, flocking to the doors of the religious houses and the monasteries to receive their portion of soup. Others, without leaving their houses, received bank-tickets of a certain value on certain days; among these were many men of gentle birth, who were ashamed to exercise any profession, but were not ashamed to live on charity.

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[1] BIANCHINI: *Storia delle Finanze, etc.*, p. 304.

[2] See also *Séjour d'un Officier Français en Calabre; ou Lettres Propres à faire connattre l'état ancien et moderne de la Calabre, etc.* Paris and Rouen, 1820.

[3] BIANCHINI, p. 377.

Among these masses of artificial poor there came to be regular distinctions of class, as though mendicity itself were a profession not all dishonourable. Thus there were the poor, the beggars, the poor *a domicilio*, the *poveri vergognosi*, or poor who were ashamed of their poverty. Nor did one single institution among them all oblige the recipients of its charity to learn and exercise any industry; and even in the orphanages and asylums the inmates lived in complete idleness—and not only in idleness, but in squalor and misery, because far the greater part of the revenues were appropriated by the administrators, so that the populace had a saying: "With the money of the poor gentlemen grow rich."

An example of this kind of homicidal charity, that stood for religion among ignorant and indifferent people, was the institution of the *Annunziata* for new-born foundling children. Galanti[1] estimates that twenty-five thousand infants were abandoned annually in the kingdom, of whom some two thousand were received in the *Annunziata* in Naples. About three-quarters of these infants died on arrival. Of those who survived, the boys were kept till they were six years old, and then abandoned to themselves without any education, and furnished abundant material eventually for the prisons and the gallows; so that it were better they had died in their wretched infancy, and that the nurses, priests, secretaries, and managers had taken all the funds and given up the pretence of charity.[1]

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[1] G. M. GALANTI; *Nuova Descrizione, etc.*, Vol. III., pp. 152–158.

Enormous and widespread abuses of this sort were sheltered by their semi-religious character, which brought them greatly under the control and protection of the Church, whose secular interest was extensively involved in their continuance. Reforms, it may be imagined, took a long time to make the smallest impression here as elsewhere in the general corruption; these, by aiming at the reduction of the number of priests and monks, endeavoured to strike at the root of the great evil, and comparison of statistics shows that by slow degrees Carlo III. and Ferdinand did succeed in slightly lessening the proportion they bore to the total population.

This proportion is given by Duclos, in 1766, as being in the whole kingdom one to thirty-seven; in Naples itself one to twenty-two persons.[2] In 1786, twenty years later, the proportion, according to Bianchini, was of one to forty-eight in the whole kingdom; and an estimate for 1803, which, however, excludes Sicily, gives the proportion as one to sixty-eight.[3]

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[1] There were plenty of these hospices in the provinces, but the greater part had ceased to fulfil at all their original function, and many (for example, the one at Venafro) spent the whole endowment on their church and its priests. One of them, Guardia di Cerreto, kept twenty-two chaplains and sent all the foundlings to Naples. Some were administered for a score of years together without ever showing an account. Most of them sent the foundlings to Naples or Capua, kept their hospitals empty, and spent the endowment on chaplains, arbitrary almsgiving, and enlarging their buildings and generally increasing the comfort of a swarm of parasites. Another, neglecting alike hospital and foundlings, raised marble altars in its chapel, and lent money on usury to the syndics of the neighbouring communes.

[2] CH. DUCLOS: *Voyage en Italie.* Paris, 1797, p. 117.

[3] BIANCHINI, p. 300. GAGLIARDO: *Biblioteca di Campagna*, 1805, T. III., p. 87. G. GALANTI: *Napoli e Contorni*, 1829, p. 207. Galanti says that in 1786 there were little less than two hundred convents and monasteries in Naples itself, containing 3,644 monks and 6,416 nuns. The priests in the same year were 3,143.

This crowd of *gens d'église*, exempt from taxes and contributing nothing to any kind of labour or industry, while their various united revenues amounted to about 9,500,000 ducats, sapped the life of the population; while the multitude of religious festivals and holidays fostered idleness in the people under the universal cloak of religion.

The majority of the nobles—chiefly absentee landlords—hung about the Court, completely self-interested, and indifferent whether the ruler were Angevin or Aragonese, Viceroy or Bourbon, so long as the privileges and perquisites of life around a royal centre were theirs.

Between the rich nobility and the squalid populace, ignorant and idle alike, withering or stunted limbs of the political body, lay the potent centre of all its real vitality, beat the warm heart of its true life.

The less noble form of mental activity was represented by a host of lawyers, who lived upon the confusion of laws and systems and abuses of every sort with which Neapolitan existence was dismally and hopelessly entangled. Duclos puts these *gens de palais*, or *paglietti*, as they were called at Naples, at from twenty-five to thirty thousand in a population of 337,100—*i.e.* about one in thirteen or fourteen; but he adds that although he has known plenty of extremely estimable men among the nobility, the most cultured class are undoubtedly the lawyers. The immense preponderance of men whose occupation was purely legal gave their name to a class which included doctors, professors, and learned and cultivated men in general.

It was unfortunate that as fast as any little breach was effected in the feudal system, it was immediately mounted by the men of the law, who became the right arm of the Government, intent on reforming only those abuses which belonged especially to the feudal system or were derived from the usurpations of the papal power. Larger reforms would have brought other talents and another spirit to the front. As it was, the great road to power and fortune, in varying degrees, came to be through the law; the most useful talent, a talent for talking, arguing, persuading, which naturally degenerated into quibbling, twisting, perverting, in order to reach a predetermined goal. The endeavour to straighten the law (made for man) by the universal conscience of right and justice was completely lost sight of, and the law became a mere plastic instrument of tyranny, and came to offer protection to every sort of vileness, provided it served the turn of the ruling caprice. This element became henceforth the dominant characteristic of Neapolitan public life.

It was a development, however, which represented the shadowy side of Neapolitan culture. Happily for Naples, it had also a very brilliant side, and, indeed, enjoyed for a brief score of years an apparent golden age under the patronage of Ferdinand and Carolina.

During the profound peace of those early years the restless young queen, full of a flighty kind of cleverness, found no other scope for her ambition than to figure as a reformer and a patroness of learning and art, in imitation of her brothers the Emperor of Austria and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, who were conspicuous for the liberality of their government.

As events showed, Maria Carolina had no liberality in her composition, and but the shallowest appreciation of the literary, scientific, and educational movements which she set herself to patronise, caring, like the inferior woman that she was, everything about the *pose* and the applause, and ignoring all but the merest outside semblances of the rest.

Court patronage and the prevalent and increasing passion for everything that was French made elegance of style the great aim of Neapolitan literature. Taken up as a fashion, from the outside, it was inevitable that much of the apparent culture should be a mere reflection, not the shining of living light that could not be hid. But the atmosphere was favourable to talent and study as well as to their counterfeits, and false and true flourished side by side in the sunshine of royal patronage.[1]

Goethe found among Neapolitans, in 1787, a very widely diffused eagerness for and pleasure in culture and knowledge. "They are only too happy," he says, "to get upon the right road"; and adds, with that innocent conceit which carried him comfortably through his long life: "If I only had more time, I would gladly devote more to them." The author of *Werther* was sought after by all the young *letterati*—among others by the Marchese Berio, whose melodramatic poetry was better, eventually, than most Neapolitan poetry—"a young man," remarks Goethe condescendingly, "who seems to know a great deal."

During these fortunate early years many new chairs were founded in the University of Naples; academies of painting, sculpture, architecture, were revived or founded; libraries and museums were instituted and enriched; a school of anatomy was founded, a chemical laboratory, a botanical garden. The new Chair of Political Economy, held first by Antonio Genovesi, was the first to be established in Europe. With the hospital of the *Incurabili* were connected new chairs of physics, surgery, medicine, and obstetrics.

Mario Pagano became Professor of Criminal Jurisprudence in the University, and was invited by the Government to present projects for the reform of the criminal code. It was during these years that he wrote the *Political Essays* and various works on criminal law which became honourably known all over Europe.[2]

The position of literary and scientific men at Naples at this time could not be better illustrated than by the independent spirit of the *Saggi Politici*. The book treats, in many essays, of the rise, progress, and decadence of nations and of society, and nothing could be more liberal and even democratic than the views and arguments of the writer. Liberty and equality, not yet fallen into disgrace, appear again and again as his guiding lights; and in the knowledge of what was coming, it is not without alarm that one reads his fearless exposition of the "Effects in regular governments of corruption which brings back barbarism," his descriptions of despotism and the condition and character of the people who suffer it, his unsparing analysis of the former foreign dominions over Naples, where he points out and duly blames all that is contrary to justice as conceived in the common conscience of modern times. And the very abuses he reprobates, while manifestly regarding them as happily things of the past, are those which the next few years were to bring back, to be ere long the potent instruments of the destruction of all that for which he lived and laboured, in which he and such as he were to be involved and swept away. He describes the characteristics of a corrupt people: all their passions then, he says, are petty and feeble; each is moved by his personal interest. The love of their country, of their own nation, of humanity, are sentiments which do not stir their feeble pulse. The soft pleasures of sense, the comforts and the ease of a quiet life, are the sole objects of these "phantoms of men," as he well calls them; and then one has a glimpse of the noble thing he called a man. The more divine and inward pleasures of goodness, of liberty, of the perfecting of the spirit and the natural gifts are totally unknown to these (*i.e.* to the phantoms), because that inward sentiment is weak in them by which a man feels his own self, and those pleasures which flow from the consciousness of self and of the strength and energy of a man's own spirit.

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[1] For a full and sympathetic account of Neapolitan culture at this time, see P. ULLOA: *Pensées et Souvenirs sur la Littérature Contemporaine du Royaume de Naples*. Genève, 1858, Vol. I.

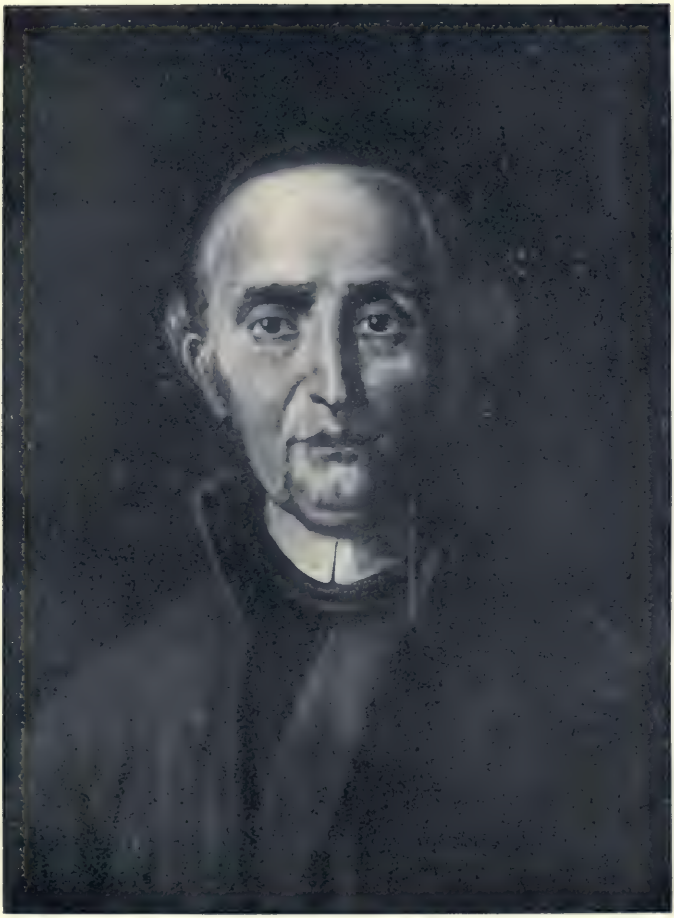
[2] MARIO PAGANO: *Saggi Politici*. Napoli, 1783.

It is no less a shock, looking back through all that happened, to find Pagano at the conclusion of his essays speaking of Ferdinando IV. as the "immortal Prince," to whom, seconded by his august and wise consort, it is reserved to carry out—according to the principles Pagano has laid down—the total reform of the national code; alluding to him as "uniting to a gentle human heart the rectitude of a penetrating intelligence, illumined by the lights of wisdom which, by means of philosophic ministers, have reached the throne itself. . . . His great aims are the reform of the legislature, of the finances, the protection of arts and commerce. The sciences and the arts, of which we were the masters in Europe, are being claimed once more by us in this century. Everything promises that we may see once more this great and beautiful province of Italy restored to its ancient splendour." This book was published in 1783, the year of the great earthquake in Calabria.

At this same time Gaetano Filangieri wrote his famous *Science of Legislation*. Goethe, who knew and greatly admired him, says that he never heard him say a word that was not worth listening to. The friends who mourned his early death in 1788 lived to thank Heaven that he had escaped the coming of their evil day.

Professor of Ecclesiastical Law was Francesco Conforti, who as Court theologian vindicated the claims of the kingdom to independence of the See of Rome.

Foremost among the scientific men was Domenico Cirillo, heir to a name and to talents which had shed lustre on Neapolitan science and culture for two generations before him. Nicola Cirillo, his grandfather, was a famous physician and botanist; his uncle, Sante, a painter and a naturalist. Domenico, born in 1739, brought up in a brilliant scientific surrounding, and profiting by the education of his uncle and by the society of learned men such as Nicola Capasso and Francesco Serao, became, at the age of twenty-one, Professor of Botany in the University of Naples. Before long he graduated in medicine also, and soon came to stand at the very front of both professions.



FRANCESCO CONFORTI, COURT THEOLOGIAN, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

Hanged, December 7, 1799.

[*To face p.* 36.

In these early brilliant years he visited France and England, and enjoyed the society and friendship of many of the foremost scientific men of both countries. Before he was thirty he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the *Philosophical Transactions* of those days contain some of his scientific observations. Among his many connections with great men in other lands was a friendship and passionate admiration for Linnæus, with whom he corresponded. He put up a monument in his honour in his botanical garden, while Linnæus honoured the enthusiastic and gifted Neapolitan botanist by calling a family of American heathers, after his name, the *Cyrillæ.*

Cirillo's *Discorsi Accademici*, published first in 1789 and again in 1799, are still pleasant reading, although something of the inevitable diction-making of the day hangs about their polished style. Among them is a translation from Rousseau's beautiful description of his ideal of a contemplative life—a description pervaded with the dreamy leisure of a long summer's day which evidently went home to every fibre of the translator's nature.

One sees in Cirillo a man whose soul was a perpetual overflowing well-spring of admiration, sufficient resource to himself, to whom no solitude can ever be a burden. He feels rather that an eternity of solitude, under the open eye of Heaven, would scarcely give sufficient scope for the thoughts that rise within him when he looks into an open flower. He has that pure, passionate delight in Nature that makes the charm of Wordsworth. He delights in the rural moods of Jean Jacques, in Young's *Night Thoughts*, in Gray's *Elegy*, in Ossian ; and full to the brim as his life was with hard study and active labour, one marks that his natural disposition was always towards *la fisica tranquillità.*

Among the *Discorsi* is one on the prisons of Naples, in which the writer tells of a visit he paid to a dying prisoner, and gives a horrible description of the thick darkness of the underground vaults, the suffocating atmosphere, the stench, the troops of living ghosts and skeletons that crowd round the unwonted apparition of a free man among them. Dwelling on the horrors of the place, and reflecting how many hundreds of innocent persons were here confounded with criminals, Cirillo inveighs against the futility and cruelty of such a system of repression of crime.

Again he speaks of the hospitals; and while Galanti and Bianchini have set forth the reforms attempted, Cirillo paints the reality which no reform ever reached. His first description shows us his ideal of a hospital; his second tells us what they were in fact. The Bourbons, on paper, might pass for reformers; but the corruption they fostered penetrated widely and deeply throughout all the public service. The hospitals were a miserable makebelieve, and their endowments went the same way as all the rest of the public money. Cirillo calls the attendants and nurses "a troop of insensible persons, the vilest on the earth, chained to the service of the miserable by their most wretched pay, and indifferent to the tears and sufferings of others." The food, he says, is such as a beggar might reject; the medicines are old remains of useless drugs; cleanliness and air are far to seek.

Galanti paints the same picture, and speaks of the *Incurabili*, which was the model hospital, as a pestilential place where simple disorders become complicated by infection, and every sort of evil accumulates and multiplies; and he further brackets together prisons and hospitals as the *cloaca* of a nation.[1]

Meanwhile, at Court and in society all the talk was of reforms, improvements, of the advancement of science, art, and literature. Now it was that Eleonora de Fonseca Pimentel, the most gifted and enthusiastic of the ladies about the queen, wrote the panegyrical sonnets and other occasional pieces which are all that the irony of fate has preserved of the poetical writings of her who became one

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[1] G. M. GALANTI: *Nuova Descrizione, etc.*, Vol. III., p. 141.

DOMENICO CIRILLO.

Hanged, October 29, 1799.

(*Attributed to Angelica Kaufmann. From a picture in the Museum at San Martino.*)

[*To face p.* 38.

of the leading spirits of the Republic. Her poetry is the cultivated and elegant Court poetry of the day, modelled on Metastasio—full of classical allusions, appeals to the muses, and similar affectations then in fashion, the first youthful expression of a literary talent which eventually took a very different direction as the strong individuality of the writer grew to maturity.

It was during these years that the houses of the noble and wealthy classes filled with costly furniture and rich plate and other appointments, and it became the fashion to collect artistic objects, pictures, jewels, books, porcelain; to patronise painters and musicians, and in general all that might contribute to add comfort and elegance to the luxurious but effeminate life of the dilettante aristocracy.

Such, all too briefly set forth, was the hopeful spring of Neapolitan culture, which might well have come to be the seedtime of real reform, but was destined to remain an isolated oasis in the waste of Bourbon mismanagement.

CHAPTER III

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

Effects in Naples of the French Revolution, especially on the attitude of the queen—Royal marriages—Mesdames de France—Reaction and persecution—Spies—Wholesale imprisonment—Ettore Carafa; goes to France—The Rights of Man—Naples refuses to receive the ambassador of the French Republic—A French fleet in the Gulf—Characteristic action of the queen—The supper at Posilipo—Results—Secret societies—Carafa; his arrest—State trials—Sentences of death—Execution of De Deo and his companions—Arrest of Pagano, of Ciaja—Preparations for war against France—Political shuffling.

THINGS were thus in Naples when the great storm of revolution, long gathering, broke over France. The old despotism and the new rights of man made France their dreadful battle-field, the nations watching from far and near with intensest anxiety and admiration; while every sovereign felt the Bourbon cause to be his own, and none more keenly than Maria Carolina, sister of the unwise, unfortunate Queen of France.

The year 1790 marked an epoch for the Neapolitans, and saw the crumbling of all the best hopes of the nation, the end of their flattering dream of a golden age.

The preceding year had seen the meeting of the States-General at Versailles—had witnessed the destruction of the Bastille and the transformation of the States-General into the National Assembly; and its close had seen the king at the mercy of the Assembly, and both practically at the beck and call of the mob of Paris, with the whole seething, surging, half-articulate, but vociferating, portentous mass of the nation at its back.

Maria Carolina, reading these signs of the times by the dim light of her narrow royal mind, regarding the people in general as the natural enemies of kings, and further blinded by panic which left no room for reflection and judgment, resolved, as a beginning, to meet the approach of danger by a threefold alliance between her own children and those of her brother Leopold, who had just passed, by the death of his brother Joseph II. in February, 1790, from Tuscany to the Imperial throne of Austria.

The king and queen went to Vienna on the occasion of this triple festival, in great pomp and at enormous expense, and remained absent from Naples many months. Maria Teresa, the eldest of the Neapolitan princesses, was married to Francis, heir to the Imperial crown; Maria Luisa to his brother Ferdinand, now become Grand-Duke of Tuscany; and Francesco, heir to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, was betrothed to Maria Clementina, sister of the two Austrian princes, too young to be married for the present.

This visit marked for Naples the turn of the tide which had been advancing so peacefully during the last twenty years and more.

The Emperor was preparing to make war against the French, with a view to restoring the old monarchical order. Leopold was a good and liberal-minded man, and anxious to grant reforms where he understood the necessity; but he was far from admitting the idea of the rights of the people—his reforms were to be the fruit of his own royal sagacity and bounty conferred freely upon grateful subjects.

The King and Queen of Naples came home in a frame of mind which reflected, within narrower limits, that of the Emperor. At Rome they had found Mesdames de France, the aunts of Louis XVI., Adelaide and Victoire, who had succeeded in escaping the fury of the Revolution, and now held their little Court under the protection of the Pope. From the two old princesses the queen heard new, more vivid, and more alarming accounts of the atrocious position of the royal family of France and of the outrages and insults inflicted upon them by the Revolutionists; something, too, she learned of the unpopularity of her sister, and all—coloured by her own personal terror and mingled with a thirst for vengeance which grew sharper from this time forward—she laid at the door of the class that reads and thinks and writes.

After the customary popular rejoicings at the return of the sovereigns, a Council of State was held, at which, as usual, the wishes of the queen overruled the nonchalance of the king and the prudence of his wiser councillors; and it was resolved to prepare for war against France, to be declared when time should seem ripe. Meanwhile, short work was to be made of revolutionary tendencies within the kingdom.

While work in the arsenals went briskly forward day and night, new ships were built, and new cannon, arms, and munitions of all kinds were prepared and got together. New levies of recruits were made on every commune, and the barons were called upon to supply horsemen and horses, and volunteers were hired at high pay, not only within the kingdom, but from Switzerland and Dalmatia, and many foreigners of high rank came to serve as officers in the new army. The queen, on her side, was not idle. "Such was the change in the methods of government," says Colletta, referring to the return of the sovereigns from Vienna, "that one would have thought there was another king in Naples and another Government."

The queen determined to suppress pernicious opinions. For this end the number of police was greatly increased, and they were provided with headquarters in every division of the city, presided over by a "commissary," who had the faculties and authority of a judge. At the head of the police was Luigi de' Medici, a clever young man belonging to the ancient Neapolitan branch of the great Florentine family, anxious to get on, and not scrupulous about anything that lay between him and his goal.

Besides this visible police, there sprang up at the same

MADAME ADÉLAÏDE DE FRANCE.

(From a portrait by Nattier in the Gallery at Versailles.)

[*To face p.* 42.

time, organised and paid by the queen, an immense secret force—increasing from year to year as the system developed —of spies, who infested and disturbed every rank of society. Harmless professors in their laboratories and lecture-rooms, musicians and artists in their studios, poets, lawyers, theologians, doctors, all who were worth anything in Naples, who had been working and studying in peace all these years, congratulating themselves upon their golden age and their enlightened queen, thinking no evil, and limiting their wildest dreams to the hope of peaceful progress under a beneficent royal rule,—all these benevolent and studious persons suddenly found themselves surrounded by an army of prying informers; the familiar ways of daily life had all at once become set with snares and pitfalls, and no wary walking could avail to keep an honest man long from falling. No group in the market-places, no public or private meeting, no place of amusement, theatre, or *café*, but spies were there, and reports of what was said and done all over the city were carried to the queen. The most harmless speeches were construed into treason; the innocent extravagances and enthusiastic chatter of boys and students reached the royal ear as evidences of Jacobinism—indications of conspiracy, terrible signs of coming revolution.

The queen, convinced that it was learning that lay at the bottom of the distemper of men's minds, was especially jealous now of all that she had formerly sought to stimulate, and regarded all cultivated persons with deep suspicion. She withdrew from the Freemasons, and henceforth the persecution of everything that was liberal, were it never so harmless, became the ruling passion of her life. The spies, the police, the new judges (among whom Vanni and Castelcicala distinguished themselves as especially infamous), had the lives of the citizens in their hands, for they could put any construction they chose upon the simplest fact—and many were the private grudges paid off by means of the police. "A trifle was enough," writes Ricciardi,[1] "to send the most respected citizens to prison; a word, for instance, considered somewhat liberal; a sign, believed to be the token of a secret society; a letter that might be construed equivocally; and even a dress or a fashion copied from France. *À propos* of which," he continues, "let me record the case of Antonio Guardati and Anastasio Cafieri, imprisoned only for having shown themselves, the one in the theatre, the other in the street, with long trousers and the *queue* cut off."

During the next years, when events in France culminated in the execution of the king and queen and the horrible massacres of those who were suspected of leanings towards royalty and monarchism, the prisons in Naples were gradually filled to overflowing with "suspected persons," who languished there for years without trial; many died of the close confinement and the rough treatment they received—many more remained with broken health. The number of these unfortunates rose to many thousands, if we may trust the public prosecutor, who reported to the king in 1794 that he held certain proof of the guilt of twenty thousand persons, while he put the number of the "suspected" at fifty thousand.

The French shopkeepers and others who lived in Naples were the objects of a special persecution—not official, but connived at underhand by the Government. "They lived for many months," writes Amaury Duval, some twenty years later, "in perpetual terrors; they dared not quit their houses; every day it was announced to them that in the following night all the French would be assassinated at a signal bell from St. Elmo. And so the moment darkness fell, they gathered together in the house of one or another of their number, whither beforehand they had caused arms to be carried, determined to sell their lives dearly. What wretched nights I have passed in those secret gatherings!"[2]

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[1] G. RICCIARDI: *Martirologio Italiano dal 1792 al 1847.*

[2] *Mémoires* of Count Orloff, Vol. II. Note by Duval.

The judicial and inquisitorial satellites of the queen, anxious to earn their pay and maintain their hold upon the royal favour, magnified their own fidelity and importance by constant reports of fresh conspiracies, to which the queen lent a ready ear, and retaliated upon the supposed conspirators and disaffected by arrests and imprisonment, and multiplied the vexatious restrictions and prohibitions which were gradually creating the thing she sought to destroy. When the reading of foreign books was forbidden, together with the introduction of French newspapers, what more natural than that every young fellow of spirit should make a point of dabbling in French philosophy, and reading in secret the French prints that circulated underhand, in spite of the police?

"From the moment," says Ricciardi, "that French literature and French journals were forbidden, the desire to read them became an intolerable craving." French fashions were banished from the Court, and got their followers into serious trouble, which therefore added a zest to the wearing of them quite unimagined hitherto. We read of the queen's sending for the Duchess of Andria to complain that her son, Ettore Carafa, had appeared in the theatre of the Fiorentini in a scarlet waistcoat. The writer of a contemporary memoir[1] speaks with pompous horror of the scandalous novelties of the day: "Here," he writes, with some confusion of metaphor and even of grammar, "since 1792, when the celebrated French Revolution was at its height, that pestiferous seed went winding about; to which end the Government kept their eyes well open, to hold afar off this turbulent spirit from these parts. . . . One can believe what precautions the Government took to extirpate that bad set which was working the desolation of the State. And how great pains were taken by Don Luigi Medici to banish from the capital so pernicious an idea, and notwithstanding an unlimited rigour, even in the New Theatre there were arrested [here let all good people's hair stand righteously on end!] five young rascals in long trousers who were glorying in their new and singular bravery." Ettore Carafa escaped arrest for the time because his mother was mistress of the robes to the queen, and his father the king's major-domo.

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[1] *Anarchia Popolare di Napoli dal 21 dicembre 1798 al 23 gennaio 1799*, manoscritto inedito dell' abate PIETRABBONDIO DRUSCO, ed i *Monitori Repubblicani del 1799* corredati di note del medesimo autore per chiarire la verità dei fatti, a cura del cav. Michele Arcella, Napoli, 1884.

The supposed MS. of Drusco is a mere plagiarism, with occasional modifications for the benefit of the Bourbons, of the *Memoria degli Avvenimenti popolari seguiti in Napoli in gennaio, 1799*, in Napoli l' anno VII. della Libertà, reprinted by DUMAS among the *Documenti* which form the Appendix to the first four volumes of his *Borboni di Napoli.* The *Memoria* is attributed to Emanuele Palermo. (See B. CROCE: *Studii Storici sulla Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799*, Roma, 1897, pp. 35 and 81.)

Scientific and literary meetings were forbidden; the queen's *réunions* were broken up; the very fugitives from France, although anything but Revolutionists, were at times denied a refuge in the city, lest they should bring new tidings of the pestilent doings beyond the Alps. Of course, men who might not meet in public found means to meet in secret, and the forbidden themes of the French Revolution, the French Constitution, the Rights of Man, the philosophy of Voltaire and of Rousseau were discussed the more fervently in the new atmosphere of secrecy and danger.

A number of young nobles and students undertook to print and distribute an Italian translation of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. At the head of the enterprise was Ettore Carafa, lofty, impatient, audacious, looked up to with fearful admiration by his companions because he had actually passed a stolen year in Paris—the year 1787—and had seen with his own eyes and watched with passionate sympathy the early breakings forth of the coming Revolution. His decorous and conservative parents, to complete his education, and possibly also to keep him out of mischief at home,—for he was restive and scornful among the meannesses of the Court which his position obliged him to frequent,—sent the young man with his tutor on a tour through Northern Italy, "in order to enlarge his mind." Ettore wanted to go to France, but this was forbidden. By the time, however, that the two reached Perugia, the young count had succeeded in persuading his tutor to accompany him to Paris. A friend was found to connive at their escapade by receiving and re-directing their letters, and the two set out. Hitherto this Ettore Carafa, Count of Ruvo, wealthy, elegant, and handsome, had found no better outlet for his overflowing energy than in sporting the latest French fashions and in the training of horses and feats of horsemanship. It is recorded of him that he had a horse which he had taught to mount the stairs of the Carafa palace at San Marcellino in old Naples, an achievement which he delighted to show to his friends. His tutor, Franco Laghezza, a man of strongly liberal ideas, no doubt thought these occupations a serious waste of power in a young man of Carafa's ability and character, and eagerly welcomed the opportunity of giving a higher direction to the uncommon ability he knew to underlie the restless unmanageableness of his pupil.

Ettore came back to Naples with his mind "enlarged" very far beyond anything his parents had contemplated for him. One can fancy how he chafed and fretted under the thousand daily tyrannies that were curbing and goading all young Naples when he returned. It was at his expense that two thousand copies of the "Declaration" were printed. By night part of these were distributed through the streets of the city; two copies even found their way into the very apartments of the queen. Many arrests followed, and, among other young men of the very highest nobility, Giuliano Colonna and Gennaro Serra di Cassano were imprisoned in St. Elmo; whereupon Carafa and a companion, thrusting all the remaining copies into old sacks, and disguising themselves as porters, tramped after sunset through the most crowded streets, and threw them into the sea among the rocks of the Chiatamone. For this desperate achievement they were hailed by their comrades with enthusiastic applause, "as though they had saved the republic." Out of smouldering embers and harmless sparks like these the panic-stricken queen, seconded by Acton, coldly following his own interest, contrived to fan a flame that was never more to be put out.

The Court of Naples in 1793 refused to receive the ambassador of the new French Republic; whereupon, before long, a French fleet, under Admiral La Touche, anchored in threatening array in the Gulf, and sent on shore politely, but firmly, demanding explanations, and offering disagreeable alternatives: immediate acceptance of the ambassador, or war with France. The queen (for the Government of Naples represented little else but the impulses of Maria Carolina), preparing for war, and burning with implacable hatred, by no means relished the look of the enemy spread out under the palace windows; and though there were manly voices in the council in favour of accepting the challenge and attacking the fleet, the queen urged immediate concession to every demand, declaring that the kingdom was full of Jacobins and revolutionists, and deferring war to a more propitious moment. The Government therefore renewed friendship, and yielded on all points. La Touche accordingly set sail; but a storm forced him to put back shortly afterwards for repairs, water, and provisions. All young Naples made a point of going on board the *Languedoc* and the other French ships and fraternising with the objects of their admiration and envy; they gave a supper to the French officers at the Villa Roccaromana at Posilipo, and in their enthusiasm came away each with a little red cap of liberty paraded on his breast. The French who went marauding over Europe in those days seem to have been always ready with tricolour cockades and caps of liberty for the million. This harmless supper actually figured in the sentences of 1799, as a kind of preliminary proof of general guiltiness.[1]

The queen knew very well what was going on, but waited with prudence until the dreadful fleet should be safely out of sight before venturing to take vengeance on the young "Jacobins of Posilipo," as they were henceforth called, in allusion to the famous supper. But scarcely had the fleet disappeared when, under cover of night, many who had been in communication with the French, notwithstanding the fact that peace had just been formally renewed between the two nations, were arrested, besides many others said to be suspected of treason. An additional gloom overhung their fate, inasmuch as it was not known for a long time what had become of them, and it was whispered that they had been put to death in secret, or perhaps exiled to the prisons on some of the islands of Sicily. Later on their friends discovered that they were in the underground dungeons of St. Elmo—St. Eramo, as it is called in the earlier writings of the time—fed on bread and water, lying on the bare ground, each in his separate *fossa*, or living grave.

It was immediately after the visit of the French ships that the *Società Patriottica* was formed, chiefly out of the *débris*, as it were, of the lodge of the Freemasons, now no longer permitted to exist openly. After about a year this society was dissolved, and resolved itself into two clubs, one called *Romo* (a title compressed out of its motto *Repubblica o Morte*), to which belonged the more uncompromising revolutionists; and the other called *Lomo* (from its motto *Libertà o Morte*), which embraced those liberals who desired constitutional government, but would have retained the monarchy. These clubs were mere nurseries of opinion, many who were members of the one or the other admitting afterwards that their means were totally inadequate to the ends they had in view.

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[1] ALFONSO SANSONE: *Gli Avvenimenti del 1799, nelle Due Sicilie. Nuovi Documenti.* Palermo, 1901, p. 265.

One of these writers, looking back in 1799, puts the members of the club *Romo* at no more than three hundred, and another says, "less than two hundred, and nearly all youths."[1]

The French ambassador Mackau seems to have patted all these budding revolutionists on the back and given them some vague encouragement—a circumstance which did not escape the spying queen, who, with characteristic indifference to the sacredness of international rights, had all the papers at the French Embassy secretly seized, and searched for evidence of plots and lists of conspirators, but discovered nothing.

Ettore Carafa had escaped imprisonment thus far thanks only to the special regard in which his parents were held at Court and to the influence of his uncle, the Captain General Pignatelli. At midsummer, 1794, however, the Duke of Andria died, and the king conferred the vacant badge and scarf of the Order of S. Gennaro upon the new duke. Ettore Carafa declined the proffered distinction. The queen was extremely indignant, and complained angrily to the duchess, reminding her at the same time of her son's preference for French fashions and other grave misdemeanours. The duchess took her son to task, and endeavoured to force him to accept the badge. Carafa declared that his heart and his conscience forbade him to accept distinction from a hateful and tyrannical Court. They argued long and hotly, and parted in great anger on both sides. Carafa, in a passion of violent rebellion, strode down into the chapel hard by, where ancestors of his house lay buried, seized a brush and paint that came to hand, and with a few hasty strokes blotted out the armorial bearings of the Carafa with one mass of black. He felt himself a man, and knew that no gilding laid on by royal hands could add one jot to that manhood; he would have none of it, neither borrowed from his dead forefathers nor presented to himself.

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[1] B. Croce: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 238

After this it was only a matter of time, and in August the blow fell. Driving one day to Portici with his younger brother Carlo, Carafa fell asleep, and woke suddenly to find the carriage surrounded by armed police, who arrested him in the king's name. Resistance was useless, and he had barely time to embrace his brother, whispering to him to hurry home and burn every paper he could find, before his captors hurried him away to St. Elmo.

Then, as later, timely bribes could effect a good deal in Naples, and Carafa, one of the richest of the Neapolitan nobility, soon enjoyed, within the walls of the fortress, a fair measure of liberty. It was characteristic that he made use of it to preach his gospel of political freedom among his fellow prisoners, stimulating them by the magic of his powerful personality into an enthusiasm which he diffused about him wherever he went.

Meanwhile, public opinion, feeble and half asleep as it was wont to be, was roused at last into something like indignation under the goadings of the constant outrages upon the liberty of the citizens. The prisons were full, innocent men went in daily fear of their lives, the arrests went on, and year after year there was no word of trial, no prospect of any resolution of a state of things that even the most ignorant and least persecuted classes began to find intolerable. Acton at last perceived that popular sympathy was likely to veer towards the political prisoners, and the king, who without any special sentiment of humanity or justice shrank indolently from taking any decided step, was persuaded to appoint a *Giunta di Stato*, or High Court of State, to try the prisoners.

Looking back across a hundred years, one divines a glimmering of common sense at this time, a something of easy, surface good-nature in the king which separates him from the queen and her minister. But he has no character, his shallow natural virtues avail him nothing,—he would like existence to be one prolonged *battue*, with intervals for refreshments. But they worry him with tales of

Jacobins and conspiracies at which he is at first disposed to laugh. Alas! he is not allowed to laugh. He kicks feebly against the constant prickings of those remorseless two, and we know from the letters of M. Denon, French *chargé d'affaires* at Naples, written to his superiors at Paris, that there were perpetual quarrels, tears, and "scenes" between the king and queen, with the invariable result that the king gave way, and let things be done in his name in which in reality he had at first little part or sympathy. "The king's first impulse is always a right one," wrote M. Denon,[1] "but he is afraid he may be mistaken, gives ear to representations, and lets himself be led, or gets bored."

In the king's name, therefore, the Junta was appointed. It was composed of seven judges and a public prosecutor, all known for their severity—Vanni, celebrated later on for the infamous injustice and cruelty of his condemnations, being one of them. The proceedings of the Junta were carried on in secret, in absolute independence of law, the methods resembling those of the Inquisition. The secret denunciations of paid spies were accepted as valid evidence, the accused was not suffered to speak, and the defence was committed to advocates appointed by the king, but often chosen by the queen and Acton, and was written, not spoken. It appears, from the latest light thrown on these trials, that many of the accused were also defended by friends; and Mario Pagano incurred further suspicion by his strenuous defence of some of them on this occasion. The sentences were of death, imprisonment for life, or exile, without appeal, to be carried out immediately. In the autumn of 1794, after some six months spent in compiling the processes in one hundred and twenty-four volumes, the prosecutor demanded sentence of death for thirty of the accused, "guilty of high treason against God and the king," who were to be tortured first, in order to wring from them the names of supposed accomplices.

[1] *La Jeunesse de la Reine Marie-Amélie*, p. 38, etc.

Eventually three were condemned to be hanged before the Castel Nuovo, and a number of others to be imprisoned in the islands and fortresses for varying terms of years, to be followed by perpetual banishment, under pain of death if ever the condemned should be found within the boundaries of their country.

Amaury Duval, in his valuable *Notes and Additions* to the *Mémoires* of Count Orloff, speaks of this supposed conspiracy. He lived in Naples at the time, and, though a much younger man, was a devoted friend of Mario Pagano. He describes the victims as a handful of the more cultured students, who, in conversation among themselves, had possibly nourished aspirations after an improved form of government in their own country, while following with enthusiasm the course of events in France, "but never," he writes, "had the idea of conspiring against the king or of seeking to establish another order of things when no element of revolt existed around them, when they neither had, nor could have, the people on their side . . . never had such an idea entered their thoughts. . . . On the other hand, there was not the smallest reason to fear that the French would come all the way to Naples to revolutionise the country."

On the contrary, at that moment everything pointed to the probability of peace with France. Even Bianchini, who admires the Bourbons one and all, speaks of the great number of young men who in those days studied science and literature at Naples, and says that some of them, inexperienced and ignorant of the condition of the people, thought it might be possible to change the political form of the government. "But they had no force either of soldiers, money, or public opinion ; and yet, their plan being discovered, the conspiracy and incitement to rebellion were taken to be of great importance, it being supposed that they were supported by secret relations with the revolutionists of France." These suppositions grew and flourished in the malignantly disordered fancy of the queen, and were carefully nursed and tended by all who saw their way to profit by the public distress.

Even Hackert, the Court painter, observed the great change for the worse that came over the social and political atmosphere of Naples at this time, but he held his tongue, Goethe writes, "because all right-thinking people who did not take up the tone that hatred and party spirit had initiated, but judged reasonably and dispassionately, became instantly suspected, and were in danger of languishing for years in prison without a hearing." [1]

The three young men who were now chosen at random among many equally harmless were literally sacrificed to an iniquitous experiment in terrorism. Their "conspiracy," such as it was, was of so infantile and amateurish a kind, confined to the talk, the suits and trappings of conspiracy, without anything in the actual surroundings which could support it or give it substance, that it could never have been taken by cool heads to form a serious danger to the State. "They had no fault," says Colletta, "beyond aspirations, discourses, and hopes."

The names of these three are at the head of the long list of the martyrs of Neapolitan liberty: Vincenzo Vitaliano, the eldest, was twenty-two; Emanuele De Deo was twenty; and Vincenzo Galiani only nineteen. They were well known in the schools for their talent; otherwise unknown. Vitaliano it was who by his imprudence unwittingly betrayed the existence of their conspiracy. Galiani, when arrested, was weak enough to denounce many of his companions in the hope held out of saving his own life. Emanuele De Deo showed a constancy and quiet heroism that left his name a beacon and a watchword to the patriots in the coming time of darkness and struggle. The queen, still unsatisfied with the enormous lists of the suspected, thought to wring from De Deo names of companions who might be yet at liberty. She sent for his father, telling him to promise

[1] GOETHE: *Philipp Hackert*, "*Kriegsunruhen*."

the lad life and freedom if only he would reveal the conspiracy and the names of the conspirators. The old man found his son already *in cappella*—that is, in the chapel where the condemned spent their last hours, assisted by the *Bianchi*, a confraternity of Neapolitan priests of noble birth whose office it was to comfort and prepare the souls of those condemned to death. They were so called from their white disguise covering the whole person and the head and face, having only two holes for the eyes to look forth, similar to the dress of the confraternities often seen at funerals now in Naples. But the young man's soul was strung to heroic pitch, and neither the tears and prayers of his father, nor the promises of the queen, nor the dreadful trappings of approaching death were able to move him; he held "honour far more precious dear than life," and went tranquilly next day to meet his fate.

It had been rumoured—of course by those assiduous fomenters of trouble whom the queen's system brought to the front—that fifty thousand Jacobins were going to rise in arms to free their companions and kill the king, and the royal pair were trembling at Caserta thirty miles away, and had given orders to surround the city with soldiers and to mount cannon at the head of every street, with instructions to fire on the people at the first sign of tumult. The gallows was erected within range of the guns of the Castel Nuovo, in the Largo del Castello, now Piazza del Municipio. These precautions did not prevent an immense crowd from gathering to see the execution. The first, Galiani, was already hanged, "with a humble and contrite heart," writes one of the monks of San Martino who attended the *Bianchi* at the execution; and the second, De Deo, likewise; and the third was about to be hanged when there was heard, no one knew whence nor wherefore, a musket-shot towards the hoarding which surrounded the gallows. The crowd, panic-stricken, began to fly in all directions, crushing and trampling upon one another, so that "not a few were seen to return home, some without shoes, some without buckles, some without wigs." Many were shot down by the troops in a counter-panic, and Vitaliani was hanged in an almost empty piazza. This incident illustrates the state of tension that prevailed, showing the helplessness of the supposed Jacobins, the terror of the king and queen, and the mischief that was wrought daily and hourly by the Government system of over-precaution and exaggerated suspicion.

In consequence of his intrepid defence of these three young men and others only a little less unfortunate, Mario Pagano was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained four years. It was characteristic of his serene and noble nature that during this imprisonment he wrote a discourse "On the Beautiful," whose tranquil peace and purity of thought are in touching contrast with the cruel surroundings in which it was conceived and brought forth.

Ignazio Ciaja, the poet whose gentle and lofty spirit still lives in the few poems and letters that remain of what he wrote, was another of the many distinguished men who were arrested about this time and languished for the next four years in prison. Ciaja was in St. Elmo, as appears from the date of some of his verses. From two letters written from prison, one to his father and the other to his mother, we gather some idea of the heroic, but by no means high-flown, frame of mind of this young man and of many of his companions, whose example and conversation, he says, recall him to his better self when he has been giving way to natural despondency. "Your letters console me," he writes to his brave father; "the spectacle of courage is the loftiest a man can witness, and I delight the more in yours in that it becomes an example to me." His mother, on the other hand, was full of despair: "Your favourite argument," he writes half-playfully to her in a long letter full of manly tenderness and patience, "is that our hopes will always be illusive, because so they have been hitherto. But this is not an argument. You might as well say that I shall always be thirty, because I have been so once." He tries to persuade her to imagine that he is only away from her as he used to be, studying in Naples, and that in a few months he is coming to kiss her hand. "I do not exaggerate," he writes, "when I say that I pass the more part of my days in perfect forgetfulness of my ills. If you were to see me, I am certain that you would be surprised at the cheerfulness of my spirit. . . . Do not let us form too great a notion of ourselves. I look at our species, I put myself into my place, and I find myself an atom. Is it possible that to this atom a universe is to conform? Let us give things then their value, but let us begin with ourselves. But I don't want to moralise . . ." And he breaks off and enters into the news of the home circle, with affectionate messages to one and another, not forgetting the servants.[1]

If the Jacobins and persons in sympathy with the French Revolution had hitherto been few and of little account, every new act of oppression now increased not their number only, but the strength of their convictions. Innocent blood had been shed, thousands of innocent persons languished in prison and lay always in danger of their lives, and it was inevitable that indignation should range upon the side of the oppressed all that was best in Naples. When the queen began her persecutions it may be fairly said that there were no revolutionists in Naples; in a few years all the flower of her subjects were ranged against her, and saw no hope but in France.

At the end of the four years, in 1798, when Joseph Dominique Garat was ambassador at Naples, he wrote to Talleyrand, "As for the prisons, they are filled, as everyone knows, with men who either entered them as, or in them have become, revolutionists; it is universally considered in this country that they are the most enlightened men in Italy." Garat was the man who had notified to the unfortunate Louis XVI. his sentence of death, and had since been Minister of Justice. Needless to say that the Neapolitan Court hated him with a deadly hatred, at which one cannot wonder.

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[1] VITTORIO SPINAZZOLA: *Gli Avvenimenti del 1799 in Napoli, da nuove ricerche e documenti inediti del Museo di S. Martino.* Napoli, 1889, p. 133, *et seq.*

During these years, while combating, according to their system, all sympathy with France within the kingdom, the queen and her minister were unremittingly pushing forward their preparations for war. For the disposing of men's minds the queen relied on the priests and on their absolute dominion over the masses. Inspired by one common personal apprehension, and subsidised lavishly by the queen, priests and monks, from confessional, pulpit, and street corner, spread with the utmost diligence and conviction the doctrine that the French were breakers of all laws, human and divine, robbers, assassins, infidels. Lovers of things French were to be held as Frenchmen, unfit to live; crimes against such were to be crimes no longer, but virtues. These evil counsels were the seed of infinite disaster. The people were taught that all their heavy burdens, taxes, scarcity of food and money, the taking of their sons to swell the new regiments—all this was owing to the French. Full of real grievances, the people cherished a hatred against the French, sanctioned by all they held holy and by their own fears, which was one day to cost them very dear; and if it scarcely served the cause it was bred for, it was because they were deserted in the day of trial by those who had urged them on. Amaury Duval tells how "a kind of semi-religious chants [*des espèces de cantiques*] used to be sung in the streets, provoking men to murder and assassination? . . . The Neapolitan Court," he goes on to say, "excited the populace . . . which always ranges itself on the side of those who persecute," and, he should have added, "of those who pay." Tumults were frequent, especially

MADAME VICTOIRE DE FRANCE.

(*From a portrait by Nattier in the Gallery at Versailles.*)

[*To face p* 58.

on saints' days, when there were processions, and crowds gathered together; on these occasions the least disturbance would excite a panic, because of the general tension, and then thieves and mischief-makers profited by the scrimmage.

The new regiments, meanwhile, were collected in camp at San Germano, near Monte Cassino. In the diary of Marinelli—a doctor full of moderation and good sense (who kept a journal in those days)—we read day by day of the different regiments leaving for the camp; of the king's being there; of the queen's going backward and forward between Naples, Caserta, and the camp. Acton also goes, and it is characteristic of his astounding incapacity that presently we read: "Owing to the bad air of the place, and the soldiers being badly lodged and worse clothed, an epidemic made havoc among them. Over sixteen thousand perished. There remained only a few to guard the spot."[1] One day he speaks of seven hundred volunteers passing on their way to the camp, armed with iron-tipped staves. "After two days a part of these volunteers returned in confusion to the city, it is said, because of a skirmish between them and some regiments of veterans, for insulting words said in Aversa. Perhaps," adds cautious Marinelli, "perhaps there was some cowardice." Probably the "veterans" had made merry over the primitive weapons of the volunteers. In Marinelli's pages one breathes the very air of those years. There are perpetual rumours, alarms, arrests, false tidings; perpetual arming, and calls upon the people to come to the aid of their king against the French; a priest is arrested one day, and it is said that the archbishop has taken no breakfast because this was his favourite chaplain. There comes a report that a Madonna at Rome has opened its eyes, whereupon "the Neapolitans, being unwilling to fall short of the Romans, on the 19th of July, on a Tuesday, 1796, it was said that the *Ecce Homo* situated in the street of Forcella had opened its eyes. This was an illusion of the faithful . . . nevertheless in these days there was a *furore* among the populace of Madonnas and Christs that opened and shut their eyes. Wherever there was a Saint they looked at its eyes."[1]

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[1] Popular report is apt grossly to exaggerate in the matter of numbers, from the common incapacity to appreciate their value beyond a very narrow limit; sixteen thousand is therefore probably an over-statement. Colletta, however, who was an officer, and competent to deal with figures, puts the number of deaths at ten thousand. (See COLLETTA: *Storia, etc.*, Vol. I., Lib. III., Cap. 22.) The epidemic was probably typhoid.

At last, after all these preparations for war and the useless and stupid sacrifice of thousands of men, on December 9th, 1796, comes a courier from Paris with the ratification of peace with France. On the 11th a solemn *Te Deum* is chanted in the Duomo for the peace, and on the Monday all the city rejoices, and Marinelli notes with pride that "the city"—*i.e.* the ancient municipal body, "received a despatch apart." "It is certain," he adds, "that the people encamped at S. Germano, for the discomfort and the malaria, have nearly all perished. Some say to the number of fifteen thousand, and some twenty thousand. The desolation was universal for so great a loss, and for those who had lost many of their kindred."

The peace referred to by Marinelli was the occasion of the recall of four Neapolitan cavalry regiments from Lombardy, where they had distinguished themselves fighting with the Austrians against the French, but had at the same time conceived a great admiration for Buonaparte, which admiration the young Neapolitan officers brought home with them.

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[1] The Abate Benedetti, at Rome, noted the event in his diary for July 7th. "The princess writes that the Madonna at the corner of the palazzo Bonaccorsi has opened its eyes. I should like to see who would not open them in these times!" (*Vorrei vedere chi è che non l'aprisse di questi tempi!*") The comment is truly Roman.

Nevertheless, preparations for war went on as before, just as if no peace existed; and in concert with the Pope, Pius VI. (also ostensibly a sworn friend of France, but equally indifferent to his engagements), the king proceeded quietly to occupy territory on the Roman frontier. But French threats, supported by the marvellous and rapid successes of Buonaparte in the north, soon reduced the Pope to new protestations of friendship and the king to abject prayers for peace.

The terms were sufficiently humiliating: Naples was to pay the Republic 8,000,000 francs, and all French subjects imprisoned for their opinions in Naples were to be set free. The French agreed to give no countenance to revolutionary movements in South Italy, and nothing was said about the Neapolitan prisoners of State. This was a bitter disappointment to the prisoners, who, more or less in touch with all that went on in the outer world, had set their hopes on the help of France—that help which was to fail them again and again in their hour of need.

Colletta says that the last two clauses were secret, and were obtained by means of bribes and presents to the amount of another million of francs, paid, of course, ultimately, by the over-burdened Neapolitans.

And so arrests went on with impunity. M. Trouvé, Secretary of Legation at Naples under General Canclaux, writes to Talleyrand on July 26th, 1797: "They have just arrested, imprisoned, and transported to the Isle of Ustica, near Sicily, a young man, a great lover of music, who has never troubled himself about politics, because he was intimate with a celebrated French artist, the citizen Krentzer. They had surrounded him with spies. As he objected to being followed, they seized that as a pretext, and his process has been carried out in twenty-four hours. There is such a dread of being met in French company that the consul of the United States himself told us that he did not dare invite us to his *réunions*, lest his house should be instantly deserted."[1]

This kind of nominal peace was maintained up to the autumn of 1798, but it was nothing more, and deceived no one. Meanwhile, Buonaparte, having intercepted proofs of the Pope's bad faith, seized the occasion for sending a French army into Rome, and occupying the three legations, as it were to keep the peace. In Rome, as elsewhere, there was constant hostility between the patriots, or Republican party, and the supporters of the old clerical order. In spite of new pretences of peace, tumults broke out and were encouraged in the city, and certain patriots fled for refuge into the French Embassy. They were pursued by the populace inside the palace, where, by all law, they were safe. General Duphot was killed there, and even the French ambassador, Joseph Buonaparte, was threatened. Letters of remonstrance addressed by the ambassador to the Papal Government remained unanswered, with the result that the French left Rome, and war was openly declared. In less than a month General Berthier, refusing to receive the Pope's ambassadors, or to listen to the representations of the Courts of Vienna, Spain, and Naples, again entered Rome. On February 15th, 1798, the Roman Republic was proclaimed, and the Pope, eighty years old, was escorted by French cavalry out of Rome, whither he never returned, but died in France a prisoner of the Republic.

Of the priests and cardinals and other persons who had been of note in the late order of things, the greater number fled to Naples, where their presence tended to deepen popular sympathy for the clergy, and to feed the hatred against France.

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[1] *La Jeunesse de la Reine Marie-Amélie*, p. 114. Observe also the queen's characteristic maxim in a letter to Lady Hamilton, July, 1799: "Homme qui craint l'espion est signe qu'il fait quelque chose de douter."—R. PALUMBO: *Maria Carolina, Regina delle Due Sicilie, Suo Carteggio, con Lady Emma Hamilton*. Napoli, 1877, p. 210.

Berthier now sent a messenger to the Government of Naples demanding the exile of the French refugees, the dismissal of the English ambassador, and the expulsion of General Acton—the English being at that time among the chief enemies of France and by far the most potent allies of the King of Naples. Berthier further pointed out that the king, having formerly paid tribute to the Pope, now owed the same to the Roman Republic, and requested the immediate payment of 140,000 ducats of arrears owing. He did not add, but Ferdinand heard the news by other channels, that the Farnese estates belonging to the King of Naples had been seized as property of an enemy. Rumours reached Naples at the same time that the fleet, lately of Venice and now of France, having taken Malta (of which Ferdinand was the suzerain), was preparing to attack Sicily.

These blusterings led for the present to no open rupture. Ferdinand entered into closer alliance with England, Austria, Russia, and Turkey, all bent on checking the power of France, and went on recruiting soldiers by every possible device.

Whether it was owing to some temporary pressure of fear of France, or some fleeting perception that it was dangerous in present circumstances altogether to alienate the sympathy of the richer classes, certain it is that in the summer of 1798 the Marquis Vanni fell into disgrace and was relegated to his own lands in Abruzzo, and a certain number of the political prisoners were set free. Marinelli notes a report that their liberation was due to French pressure, and possibly it was the price of some temporary advantage to the shifty Court of Naples. It was now that Pagano, Ciaja, Fasulo, the young Colonna and Cassano were set free. Carafa had escaped from St. Elmo the year before by means of a heavy bribe to his guards, and had joined the French army in the north.

These are the people alluded to by Jeaffreson as "a number of persons who had been *convicted of political offences against Ferdinand's government*,"[1] and then he quotes the following very characteristic comment of Lady Hamilton, writing to Nelson: "The Jacobins have all been lately declared innocent, after suffering four years' imprisonment, and *I know they all deserved to be hanged long ago*; and since Garat has been here, and through his insolent letters to Gallo, these pretty gentlemen, *that had planned the death of their Majesties*, are to be let out on society again." As we have seen, not one of these people had so far been convicted of any offence at all; there was nothing to show that one of them deserved to be hanged, nor ever was there discovered the smallest evidence that one of them had ever dreamed of "planning the death of their Majesties."

Now came a very brief period when the liberals of Naples began to breathe a little more freely, and then the terror closed round them once more.

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[1] See JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.* London, 1888, Vol. I., p. 325. The italics are mine.

CHAPTER IV

THE CRASH

War suddenly resolved upon—Effect at Naples of the battle of Aboukir—Lady Hamilton; antecedents—Nelson's hatred of the French; his arrival at Naples; extravagant rejoicings in his honour; he urges on the war; perceives the corruption in the public service—Lady Hamilton's position in public affairs—Popular feeling—Public distress—The wretched army—Mack—Marchese di Gallo—Nelson adopts the Bourbon-Hamilton opinions; is deceived by the Court—War—The march on Rome—Fiasco and flight—Advance of the French—Sentiment in Naples—Royal terror—Massacres—Flight to Palermo—Caracciolo.

THE burning impatience of the queen to inflict a blow on the French was tempered, and her desire for action hampered perpetually, by a most feminine timidity in curious contrast to the aggressiveness with which it went linked, and not always in proportion to the events which occasioned it. She cannot resist persecuting the French in Naples and insulting the ambassadors, but she will swallow any humiliation the moment France shows signs of active resentment. She gathers her rabble army and fondles the enemies of France, but pretends always to be observing the peace, and makes the most barefaced denials of her hostile intentions, which only served her purpose because France was in no hurry to carry her arms so far south.

At last, after years of dallying, behold the great step taken! The moment should then be indeed propitious! Not at all. Winter is coming on; the roads are almost impassable for mud after heavy rains; the Emperor has most steadily and explicitly refused to move before spring—

cannot move, indeed, because of the snow and unusual severity of the season. The Neapolitan army, moreover, is barely recruited, by no means drilled nor provisioned;[1] the artillery has to be drawn by oxen (of all creatures!); the obedience of the unwilling soldiers the queen considers doubtful—their courage more doubtful still. Nevertheless, war is almost suddenly resolved upon.

What lay at the bottom of the queen's access of spirit and decision was the arrival of Nelson at Naples, fresh from his splendid victory at Aboukir, where he had destroyed the French fleet, leaving the redoubtable Buonaparte safe in Egypt with an army of twenty-three thousand men, unable to interfere for the present on Italian soil.

The queen was almost beside herself with joy when Captain Capel, forerunner of Nelson and bearer of despatches for England, brought the glorious news to Naples on September 3rd, 1798. "What Happiness, what glory, what a Consolation for that unique, great and illustrious Nation,"[2] she writes in French, with many capitals and neither stops nor accents, to her friend Lady Hamilton on the evening of the glorious day; "How obliged and grateful I am to you. I live again Embrace my Children my husband. These news have given me life." And Lady Hamilton wrote upon the letter: "Received monday evening Sept. 3rd 1798 the happy day we received the joyfull news of the great victory over the infernal French by the Brave gallant Nelson."

The queen never alludes to the French without an epithet: "ces coquins de Français," "ces monstres nos voisins," "les infames Français," and so also Lady Hamilton: "cursed France!" "the infernal French!"

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[1] There is an unpublished despatch, dated October 7th, 1798—just two days before Mack's arrival—ordering the purchase of shirts, sheets, and mattresses for 30,000 men who were to march within six weeks. See CONFORTI: *Napoli dalla Pace di Parigi, etc.*, p. 206.

[2] R. PALUMBO: *Carteggio, etc.*, p. 176.

This is that Lady Hamilton who had written in the spring of 1795 to her old lover Mr. Greville: "Send me some news, political and private; for, against my will, *owing to my situation here*, I am got into politicks, and I wish to have news for our dear much-loved Queen, whom I adore. Nor can I live without her, for she is to me another friend and everything. If you cou'd know her as I do, how you wou'd adore her! For she is the first woman in the world; her talents are superior to every woman's in the world; and her heart is most excellent and strictly good and upright. . . . She loves England and is attached to our Ministry, and wishes the continuation of the war as the only means to ruin that abominable French council."

As fate would have it, here was another irresponsible foreign adventurer pursuing her own pleasure and advantage with a cool head and cool heart among issues whose high import it was not in her to conceive. Daughter of a Welsh blacksmith, and of extraordinary beauty, Amy Lyon, who later called herself Emma Hart, had come in her early teens to London, been a nursemaid for a time, and become the mother of an illegitimate child before she was seventeen. After this she became in turn the mistress of various gentlemen, until she fell into the hands of the Hon. Charles Greville, with whom she lived, as his mistress, for several years, and appears to have been as much attached to him as it was in her shallow nature to be. To him she owed the beginnings of an education which, with the accomplishments attained by lavish expense and assiduous study later on, enabled her to pass muster in the by no means fastidious surroundings of the Bourbon Court at Naples. When eventually he had to choose between his beautiful mistress and his worldly ambition, Mr. Greville chose the latter; and when his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at Naples, came to London, and showed himself enchanted with the beauty of the girl who stood in the way of his nephew's settlement in life, Greville professed himself ready to be relieved of his toy, and at the same time confided to his uncle his financial embarrassments.

Sir William was a widower and childless, and Greville hoped to be his heir; so that among the interests brought to bear upon this transaction, not the least powerful was Greville's perception of the fact that it was to his own future advantage that his uncle should enter into a relation which would probably prevent his marrying again. While the poor girl was apparently kept in ignorance of how she was to be disposed of, the two aristocratic *connoisseurs* made a friendly agreement which resulted before long in improved arrangements with Mr. Greville's creditors, and his being named heir of Sir William Hamilton's Welsh estate.[1] Sir William returned to Naples, and was followed thither before long by Emma Hart and her mother, who were to be his guests, the ostensible plan being that the girl should study music and otherwise improve her education in expectation of Mr. Greville's coming later on to fetch her back.

During the next few months it gradually dawned upon the girl that her lover had played her a trick, and the letters she wrote to him under the first bitterness of this impression are full of a genuine womanly affection and indignation that win her for the time all the reader's sympathy. However, when she fully understood that Mr. Greville had betrayed her, and was by no means to be brought back, she did what under all the circumstances it was certain she would do—became the mistress of Sir William Hamilton, with, moreover, the determination to win her way to a legitimate position as his wife. She threw herself with unremitting energy into the study of singing and music, dancing, drawing, Italian and French, in all of which her great natural talent enabled her to make astonishing progress. In six months

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[1] J. C. JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.* London, 1888. Vol. I., Chap. vi.

LADY HAMILTON.

(From a portrait by George Romney in the National Portrait Gallery.)

[*To face p.* 68.

she was writing love-letters to Sir William: "One hour's absence is a year . . . my friend, my All, my earthly Good, my Kind home in one, you are to me eating, drinking and cloathing, my comforter in distress. Then why shall I not love you?" These words paint the woman and her ideals, and nothing can add a missing touch to the picture. Five years of most assiduous self-schooling, during which she never lost sight of her great object, brought her to her goal. "Her influence over him," wrote a friend to Mr. Greville in 1791, "exceeds all belief. His attachment exceeds admiration, it is perfect dotage." That summer Sir William Hamilton married her, and from this time she became intimate with Maria Carolina, with whom she maintained a constant correspondence, even at times when they were seeing each other every day.

Lady Hamilton was a born actress, and took on readily a good deal of superficial education, while the vulgarity of her mind and her total absence of real culture were no drawback in the corrupt and dissolute society in which she was for many years a very brilliant star. Perhaps she really adored her "dear, much-loved queen," as she calls her; there was nothing in Emma Hamilton to make it impossible or even difficult to admire Maria Carolina. The queen, on her side, saw every reason to attach to herself the beautiful, impressionable, unscrupulous woman, whose influence over the English ambassador increased as years went on, till at last, as Nelson wrote to the queen in 1804, "Your Majesty well knows that it was her capacity and conduct which sustained his diplomatic character during the last years in which he was at Naples." Lady Hamilton's letters exhibit a naïve self-complacency in her own unique position which is not surprising, but, taken with the contents and tone of her letters generally, would lead one to tremble for the results of her light-hearted, amateur interference in serious matters.

If Maria Carolina feared and hated the French, Lady Hamilton threw herself energetically into all the fears and hatreds of her friend; and when Nelson arrived with the victorious English fleet at Naples, they found him animated by a hatred as deadly as their own, backed up by a power and decision which rendered him a very god for their occasion. "Down, down with the French!" was his constant prayer. For him, as for the gross of the British public in those days, the French were "unbelievers"; he calls them "infidels, robbers, and murderers"; his "blood boils at the name of Frenchman." He considers them "enemies of the human race," and himself in some sort an instrument in the hand of God for their just destruction. "I wish them to perish in Egypt," he wrote, "and give a great lesson to the world of the justice of the Almighty." His advice to a young midshipman was characteristic: "You must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." "I hate a Frenchman," he says with fierce personal passion; "they are equally objects of my detestation whether royalists or republicans: in some points, I believe, the latter are the best." So that the sentiment was not purely a political one.[1] Again, speaking of the French army in Egypt, after Aboukir: "I have little doubt but that Army will be destroyed by plague, pestilence and famine, and battle and murder, which that it may soon be, God grant." And again, writing to Mr. Wyndham in March, 1799: "Thank God, the plague has got into both the French Army, and into their Shipping—God send it may finish those miscreants!"[1] His frame of mind is that of Samuel "hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord": "His all-powerful hand has gone with us to the Battle, protected us, and still continues destroying the unbelievers." His ferocity is most devout, but his God is at most but the God of the Briton bold; at times He dwindles, as we shall see, to the special patron of Nelson alone, no greater than the little lead Madonna inside the brigand's cap.

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[1] Nor indeed a religious one. Observe the curious letter to the English Consul-General at Tripoli, *Despatches*, III., p. 301, where Nelson boldly asserts that he feels it his duty to "defend the Mahometan faith against all who assist the French in striving to destroy it," and says that the English are "supporting the Grand Signior and *the Faith* against atheists, assassins, and robbers." In response to this letter, the Bey of Tripoli very naturally styled the English "the saviours and protectors of the Mahometan faith," as long as the British man-of-war was in sight.

On September 22nd the *Vanguard* came in sight, with two or three other ships of the English fleet; and the English Ambassador, accompanied by Lady Hamilton and followed by the king, with music and every imaginable display of rejoicing, sailed out to meet Nelson in the Gulf. The bands had learned *Rule Britannia* and *See the Conquering Hero Comes* for this occasion. Lady Hamilton —not all unprepared, one may imagine, in the three weeks that had elapsed since the result of the battle had been known at Naples—"flew up the side" and threw herself upon the hero's breast—had to be carried fainting to a seat, and burst into tears. The simple-hearted Nelson wrote to his wife that it was "terribly affecting." Then came the king to wring his hand and call him his deliverer and preserver, while shouts went up in his honour from an immense concourse of spectators in the barges that crowded near.

Although Naples was technically at peace with France, the fact was completely ignored, as usual, and the English ships were harboured and provisioned, while the officers were fêted and entertained everywhere; and Nelson became the object—it is not too much to say the victim—of an intentional and systematic adulation which evidently palled a little upon him before the poison of that corrupt atmosphere entered into his moral being. The king presented him with a splendid sword, the queen with a diamond ring. Wherever he went, the *lazzari*, instructed in their part, and encouraged by presents from the queen, thronged about him with cries of *Viva Nelson! Viva il nostro liberatore!* The Hamiltons spent enormous sums upon magnificent entertainments in his honour, where every guest wore a button or a ribbon marked with the letters of his name and the words, "Glorious first of August, 1798." Poetasters were paid to write verses in praise of the hero.

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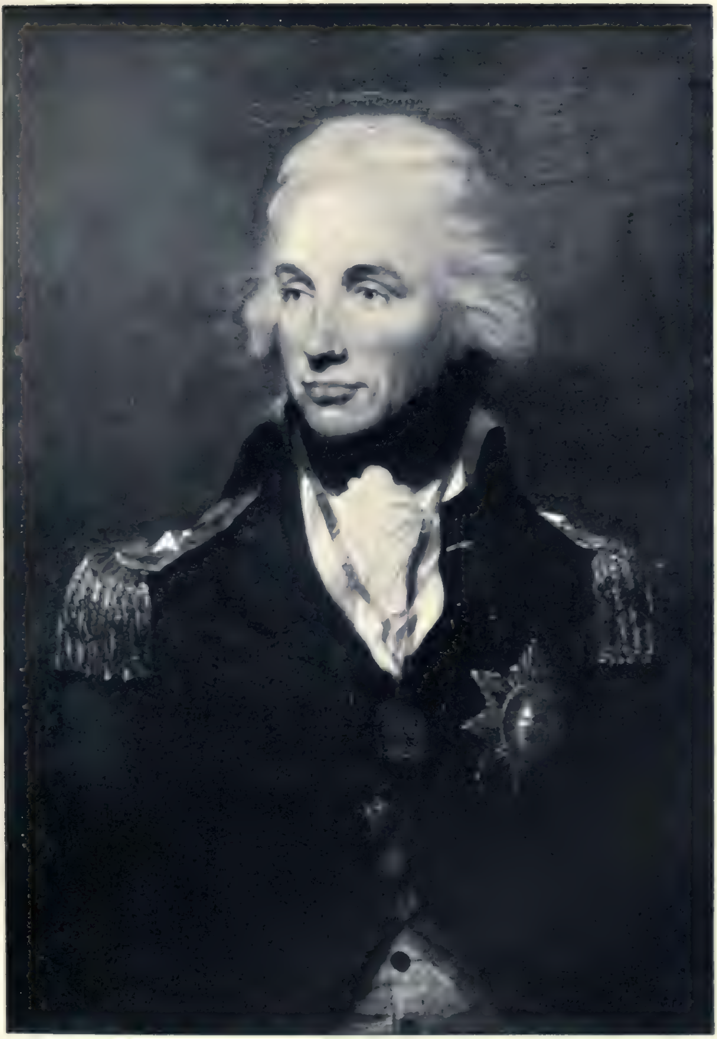
[1] SIR NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS: *The Despatches and Letters of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes.* London, 1845. Vol. III., pp. 109, 277.

But Nelson had still his healthy English instincts alive within him, and was eager to be gone, foreboding possibly a danger to himself in the "country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels," as he called it from his observation of the Court and the royalist circles which had striven to do him honour. "Nothing shall again induce me to send the squadron to Naples," he wrote on September 28th to Lord St. Vincent, "whilst our operations lie on the Eastern side of Sicily; we should be ruined with affection and kindness." And again, on his birthday, to Sir James Saumarez, "Never again do we come to Naples; besides the rest, we are killed with kindness." By October 4th he has looked his danger in the face and recognised it: "I am writing opposite Lady Hamilton," he writes, with a sort of youthful effusiveness quite new to his reader, "therefore you will not be surprised at the glorious jumble of this letter. Were your Lordship in my place, I much doubt if you could write so well; our hearts and our hands must be all in a flutter: Naples is a dangerous place, and we must keep clear of it." Alas! he was not to be allowed to keep clear of it. The Court felt their courage ebb the moment he was out of sight, and it is probable that Lady Hamilton, in laying herself out to attract and chain the guileless and susceptible admiral, was not actuated merely by the political motives of the queen, but saw a possible future advantage in having one of the greatest men in Europe at her feet,



HORATIO, LORD NELSON.

(*From the oil-painting in the National Portrait Gallery.*)

[*To face p. 72.*

and she had no intention of letting him go very far from her side.

After Aboukir, Nelson's immediate preoccupation was Malta, and he did not cease to importune the Neapolitan Government for active assistance; but he found it impossible to obtain prompt action. He was, however, furnished with a list of officers whom the Government professed to have sent to Malta with supplies for the relief of the Maltese. When Nelson returned thither in the middle of October, he found that no supplies had ever been sent, and no officers had yet been heard of. Early in November he came back to Naples, and, astonished to find nothing decided, much less anything done, he urged again the immediate taking of the field against France. Considering that he was not at that time blind to the corruption that prevailed, and that samples of the duplicity of the Court were constantly before his eyes, it seems strange that Nelson had so few misgivings in pressing on the war.

In spite of years of preparation, nothing was ready; nor could any indictment against the fountain-head of public business be stronger than Nelson's own. Witness a paragraph of a letter written to Earl Spencer from the camp at San Germano, dated November 18th, 1798, just four days before the marching of the troops.[1] Nelson says there is evidently great disappointment at not getting money from England, and has seen a letter of the night before from the queen to Lady Hamilton, "full of the idea that money was indispensable, and desired her Ladyship to shew it to me, and that I would say what I saw. That I can do very soon. I see the finest Country in the world full of resources, yet not enough to supply the public wants: all are plundering who can get at Public money or stores. In my own line I can speak. A Neapolitan Ship of the Line would cost more than ten English Ships fitting out. Five Sail of the Line must ruin the Country.

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[1] NICOLAS: *Despatches, etc.*, III., p. 171.

Everything else is, I have no doubt, going on in the same system of thieving. I could give your Lordship so many instances of the greatest mal-conduct of persons in Office, and of those very people being rewarded. If money could be placed in the Public chest at this moment, I believe it would be well used; for the sad thing in this Country is, that, although much is raised, yet very little reaches the Public chest. I will give you a fact: when the Order of Jesuits was suppressed in this Country and Sicily, they possessed very large estates. Although these, with every other part of their property, were seized by the Crown, yet to this moment, not one farthing has reached the Public chest. On the contrary, some years the pretended expense of management was more than the produce."

Nelson would have had Naples begin the war in September, when the season was favourable even to the Austrians, and the French would have had less time to increase their force in the south. In his opinion it was certain that the French were preparing to attack Naples, and it was under this impression that he gave the hesitating king his famous advice: "Either to advance, trusting to God for His blessing on a just Cause, to die with *l'épée à la main*, or remain quiet and be kicked out of your kingdoms."

In this matter of the imminence of the French attack it appears that Nelson was mistaken or misinformed, at least if we may trust the declarations of the French generals. General Macdonald in his *Souvenirs*,[1] after giving the relative numbers of the two armies, and putting that of Mack at forty thousand and his own at ten to twelve thousand men, says: "We were by no means threatening, and I declare that no preparation whatever had been made, that no order whatever had reached me even to threaten the kingdom of Naples." Nelson declared, on the contrary, and the queen constantly repeated it after the disaster, but without ever giving any proof, that the menacing attitude and active preparations of the French *amounted to aggression*, which seems a stretching of logic.

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[1] *Souvenirs du Maréchal Macdonald, Duc de Tarente.* Avec une introduction par M. Camille Rousset. Paris, 1892. [The *Souvenirs* were completed in 1826.] See note, p. 50.

Having conceived an unlimited admiration not only for Lady Hamilton's personal gifts, but also for her political talents, it was through her eyes that Nelson now looked at the situation, and accepted without a shred of misgiving all the queen's views presented to him by their beautiful and to him fascinating interpreter. From the date of Nelson's arrival Lady Hamilton becomes the intermediary. She carries the messages, expounds the projects, prepares the mind of Sir William; confabulates now with the queen, now with Nelson, and acts as confidential secretary between the chief disposers of coming events. Sir William Hamilton seems to have abandoned his separate personality entirely to his enterprising and forward wife, who played her part and enjoyed her situation to the full. Adroitly she and the queen fanned and fondled the simple sailor's latent vanity, until he solemnly believed that "Italy was looking up to him, under God, as its Protector," and the sense of his own importance and infallibility grew upon him in the narrowness of his surroundings.

In spite of all the supposed enthusiasm of the people for the war, it was found impossible to raise recruits. On September 1st Marinelli wrote in his diary:

"The populace is in an uproar on account of a new sealed despatch, which is to be read to-morrow. It is conjectured that it may refer to a new forced levy of soldiers, and meanwhile it is feared that such a levy may produce disturbance in all the kingdom, and the Court itself fears it . . . People in the Capital are laying in provisions for to-morrow, meaning to stay shut up in their houses. To-day it is impossible to buy with the money; and that increases the discontent. An officer came to blows with one who was selling [paper] money for the king.

"September 2nd . . . It is known at last that the despatch contained a new forced levy of eight persons per thousand, to be chosen this very day, and depart [for the camp] immediately. Rigorous penalties for all who refuse to obey.

"This morning came the news that a young man in the Vicolo dei Cristallini has hanged himself, for fear of being obliged to serve as a soldier . . . For the same reason a day or two ago another young man poisoned himself.

"The exchange to-day is up to 30 and more per cent"; and on the 3rd he reports the news of Nelson's victory, with a comment, added some months later: "This victory of the English made us so arrogant as to attack the French beyond our own borders, which was the beginning of our disasters."

About the same time the French *chargé d'affaires* was writing to his Government: "This Court is trembling . . . they boast of their army of 60,000 men, they have not 25,000 effective troops, and ought not to count on more than 10,000 capable of sustaining an attack . . ."

Why could not Acton know this truth, which was clear to the business-like Frenchman?

"All the letters are opened at the post," writes the latter, describing the insupportable state of things at Naples; "those that they deliver do not arrive till one, two, or four days afterwards. Trade suffers and complains."[1]

The distress at Naples was already severe. The banks had been drained, and the paper currency was far in excess of the existing capital. The churches and monasteries had been despoiled of nearly all their treasure of silver and gold vessels and ornaments, and private families had been called upon to sacrifice, in the cause against the French, their plate and jewels. Heavy and ever-increasing taxes had been laid upon the provinces and the capital, and men, horses, mules, and oxen had been withdrawn from tilling the land and carrying on business, all to swell the ranks of the great army that was preparing. The king was said to have contributed largely from his private fortune, and the queen let it be understood that she had sold or pledged her jewels in the same patriotic spirit—which things were not true.

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[1] *Jeunesse de la Reine Marie-Amélie*, p. 117.

And so the army was scraped together; and while the "Philosopher" and the "Great Queen," as Nelson called Ferdinand and Carolina, laid by a great part of the money they had extorted against a possible rainy day, and other middle-men, of lesser rank and more modest pretensions, pocketed each in turn as much as he could lay hands on, the wretched soldiers were so badly equipped that one hears of their being without boots and short of clothing very soon after they had begun their march. The king himself and his staff, on their very way to Rome, were thirty-six hours without food or change of clothing[1]; and the troops, from the same utter incapacity and mismanagement, were more than once three days without food.[2] The greater part of the men had been recruited but a few months, and were not soldiers in any effective sense; they were, moreover, full of rancour at being forced into the hated service. The soldiers of longer standing were no whit more contented, and scarcely better disciplined, being accustomed to laxity and disorder; many of these last had been condemned for theft by military tribunals, and had been pardoned by the king to fill up the gaps. Under the impossibility of gathering recruits from the free population, and seeing the shortness of the time, sixteen companies were raised from among the more robust convicts in the prisons of Sicily and the mainland.

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[1] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo*, p. 499. See letter of Maria Carolina to her daughter the Empress.

[2] *Diario Napoletano*, January 3rd, 1799. In Arch. Stor. Nap., xxiv. 2, p. 9.

Thus much for the men. As for the officers, this is what is said of them by a writer of the time in an unpublished manuscript preserved in the National Library at Naples[1]: "Many officers . . . had bought their commissions. This sovereign [Ferdinand] in order the more greatly to increase his army charged various Neapolitan Cavaliers to form regiments of cavalry, infantry and chasseurs; and in order to meet such an expenditure, he authorised them to sell the officers' commissions, which was a fatal mistake, because a crowd of good-for-nothing young men vied with each other in buying them, while with these new regiments he might have rewarded many and many a brave old officer, and have promoted many and many a non-commissioned officer and common soldier who deserved it, and thus he would have had a class of good and experienced officers, instead of a lot of young men who had no notion of a soldier's duty."

Besides all these raw young gentlemen, a great number of Austrian, French, and German officers had commissions, and came to put the finishing touches to this hasty patchwork, and add further elements of division, discord, and jealousy. No wonder that "that cloud of dust dispersed at the first breath of war"!

In October General Mack arrived from Vienna to take the supreme command; among his various deficiencies he was ignorant of Italian, and was so far from being able to judge of the army he was to command that, at a grand review at S. Germano, where he himself made an unfortunate exhibition of his own incapacity, he observed in the hearing of Nelson and of Sir William Hamilton that "he only regretted such a fine army should not have to encounter an enemy more worthy of its prowess!"

It illustrates the double dealing of the Court, that while the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Marchese di Gallo, was doing his utmost that Naples should remain on the defensive until Austria was ready to move, thus maintaining the peace with France and the treaty with Austria, the Neapolitan envoy at Vienna, Nicola Giansante, addressed his important despatches to Acton; and when Nelson and the queen were still trying to overcome the king's reluctance to take the offensive, a private "session" was held at night in order to exclude the moderate and honourable minister whose patriotic counsels were intolerable to the league of foreigners ready to stake all the interests of the country each upon his own game. If the meeting had been called a "council," the queen explained to Nelson, Gallo would have had the right to be present. It is curious to see in Nelson's letters how completely he took his opinions from the queen and Lady Hamilton. "That Marquis de Gallo," he wrote to Lord Minto, "is a wretch who minds nothing but fine clothes, his snuff box, and ring; this is the best I can say of him."[1] And again to Earl Spencer: "He admires his Ribbon, Ring, and Snuff-box so much that an excellent *Petit maître* was spoiled when he was made a Minister."[2] This is a mere echo, almost word for word, of what Lady Hamilton had written to him just two months before,[3] in a letter where she calls Gallo "a frivolous, ignorant, self-conceited coxcomb, that thinks of nothing but his fine embroidered coat, ring, and snuff-box; and half Naples," she adds, with malicious falsehood, probably originating in the queen or Acton, "thinks him half a Frenchman. . . . The Queen and Acton cannot bear him, and consequently [he] cannot have much power. . . ."

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[1] EMANUELE PALERMO: *Colpo d' occhio dei Patrioti durante la Repubblica Napoletana nell' anno 1799, etc.*, quoted in the *Rivista Novissima*, Fasc. IX., p. 361.

Dicta of this sort and value Nelson seems to have swallowed whole, provided only that they were administered by the queen or Lady Hamilton. Yet it was into the arms of Gallo that the king and queen alike threw themselves the moment the crash came, and trusted to him alone to try to bring help from Vienna.[1]

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[1] *Despatches*, III., p. 112.

[2] *Ibid.*, III., p. 137.

[3] *The Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton*. London, 1814. Vol. I., p. 181. (Lady Hamilton to Lord Nelson. June 30th, 1798.)

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[1] Observe, in this connection, Nelson's detestation and contempt for Manfredini, Thugut, and Ruffo. "Under you," he writes gravely to Lord Minto at Vienna (August 20th, 1799), "I have before worked for the public good, for the sake of the civilised world let us again work together, and as the *best* acts of our lives, manage to hang Thugut, Cardinal Ruffo, and Manfredini. As you are with Thugut, your penetrating mind will discover the villain in all his actions; there is nothing of an honest man about him: if he was in this room where I have told Manfredini as much, I would tell him the same. Their councils have been equally destructive to their Sovereign and to Europe; try them before that great Court, and they will be found *friends* of the French, and *traitors* to Europe. Pardon this, but it comes from a seaman who speaks truth and shames the Devil. My dear Lord, that Thugut is caballing against our English King of Naples and his Family; pray keep an eye upon this rascal, and you will soon find what I say is true . . . . let us hang these three miscreants and all will go smooth. . . ."

This is nothing but a reflection of the bitter spite of the queen, who hated Thugut for preferring any interests to those she considered to be her own. Lord Minto must have smiled at the absurd diplomacy of the seaman, who forgot that his frankness in uttering his opinions did not give them the smallest value as long as they were not the fruit of judgment and experience, and he may have had this as well as other things in his mind when he observed most finely later on: "Nelson is in many points a really great man, in others a baby."—HILDA GAMLIN: *Emma Lady Hamilton, An Old Story Re-told.* London, 1891, p. 198.

Contrast with this advice of Nelson's a letter from Lord Minto to Sir Arthur Paget at Palermo, about a year later, where he speaks of "the restoration of Baron Thugut to a real direction of affairs" as the one remedy possible—the only hope of maintaining a consistent and *English* policy.—*Paget Papers*, I., p. 282.

When the queen persisted, against everybody's advice, in going to Vienna in 1800, Paget observed: "I have some idea that she might as well save herself the trouble, as I apprehend that M. de Thugut cannot bear her."—*Paget Papers*, I., p. 202. In fact, the queen was by no means wanted at Vienna; two days before she arrived, when Thugut heard that she was actually at Trieste, *s'inquietò maledettamente*, and went up to see the Emperor, to prevent at any rate her being lodged in the Hofburg. On the stair

Meanwhile, Nelson and Mack agreed together to place their confidence in Acton and the queen alone as soon as the war should begin.[1]

It is not to be wondered at that Nelson could not understand the diplomatic situation. Had he not just planted the Neapolitan flag at Gozo in place of that of the French Republic? Had not the victors of Aboukir just been received with the most ostentatious and extravagant rejoicings at Naples? Were not Neapolitan ships helping to pursue the scattered remains of the French fleet? How then could the Court of Naples still contrive to affect to be at peace with France? It seems, however, that France herself was sufficiently disposed to look the other way and ignore these things for the moment; but the queen was unwilling to lose her chance of striking a blow, and foresaw that by the time Austria might consent to move, England might have tired of waiting. Her policy was, therefore, to avail herself of the protection and help of the English fleet and the special friendship of Nelson, and to trust to events to force the hand of the Emperor, although he refused his help up to the very last. The treaty of May, 1798, between Naples and Vienna was strictly a defensive treaty, all its provisions being based on the one condition of

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he met Count Coloredo Mansfeld, who, seeing his great agitation, supposed some military disaster to be the cause, but was soon undeceived. "Here's the last straw," said the baron; "in a moment of such anxiety must needs arrive this *garrulous Archduchess* to upset the Court and the whole country."—PIERFILIPPO COVONI: *Cronachette Storiche sugli Ultimi Due Anni del Secolo Passato in Firenze.* Firenze, 1892, p. 88.

As for Manfredini, it was greatly owing to his pacific and neutral policy that there was so little bloodshed in Tuscany on the occasion of the coming of the French; while we shall see that if Ruffo's counsels could have prevailed, no blood would have been shed in Naples, and the king need not have been afraid to return to the throne which Nelson imagined he had so triumphantly restored to him.

[1] *Despatches*, III., p. 148.

aggression on the part of the enemy.[1] The Emperor, in fact, always hoped in a possible maintenance of peace, and did not believe in the imminence of the attack on Naples. But it was only at the last moment that Nelson was undeceived: "*The Emperor has desired the King of Naples to begin, and he will support him*," he wrote to Lord St. Vincent on October 13th, and there are passages to the same effect in many other letters. But this was a complete fable; there is not the smallest trace of the Emperor's ever having desired anything of the kind. It is enough to read the letters of the king and queen to the Emperor and to their daughter, from November 6th forward,[2] to see that they had no assurance whatever of his support, and took the precipitate step without being able to adduce a sufficient reason, and in an agony of fear—nay, of certainty—that if the Emperor should "abandon" them, they were indeed lost. Among other appeals to the Imperial pity, they urged the completely defenceless state of their extensive frontier! Strange confession after so many years of obstinate and most costly preparation! It seems, then, that the war party deliberately kept Nelson deceived on this point.

The last pretence of peace was flung away on November 21st by a royal proclamation calling to mind the political convulsions in France and Northern Italy, the too near neighbourhood of the enemies of monarchy and of peace, the occupation of Malta, the capture of the Pope, the peril of religion. Considering these many and weighty reasons, the king would now lead an army into the Roman States, in order to restore to the people their lawful sovereign, to the holy Christian Church its head, and to his own people peace and quiet. With none but these benevolent objects in view, the king pretended that his army should not be molested on its philanthropic way—not even by the French!—and further invited the Romans to return under the dominion of law and justice, promising full pardon to those who had gone astray.

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[1] See, for terms of this treaty, CONFORTI: *Napoli dalla pace di Parigi, etc.*, p. 243.

[2] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo*, p. 492, *et seq.*

On the approach of the Neapolitan army, Championnet, the French general, whose forces were scattered for convenience of provisioning over a large area, retreated, in order to concentrate his troops; and on November 29th Ferdinand entered Rome. He was acclaimed, of course, by the populace, who hastened to attack such French or republicans as had remained in the city, confiding in the promises of the king. Of these, some were put to death by Ferdinand's express command; others were massacred by the people and the unruly soldiery, who, in the name of God and religion, gave themselves up to licence and robbery, pillaging and spoiling, sacking private houses, drowning Jews in the Tiber, and committing all sorts of outrage. To the little French garrison left in Castel St. Angelo the king intimated that for every cannon fired he would put to death one of the sick or wounded French who had been left in the hospitals in Rome—a message truly characteristic of the "good-natured" Ferdinand!

Meanwhile, the friends of the old order in Rome were congratulating themselves. The Abate Benedetti,[1] who held some small office in the establishment of the Prince Colonna, wrote in his journal on the eventful 29th:

"To-day, Thursday, at last, after so many fears and so many disillusions, we have had a moment of satisfaction. The King of Naples arrived before noon. He made his entry solemnly on horseback, and I have had the pleasure of seeing riding at his side, in the midst of so many great generals and chief feudal lords, the prince my patron, grand constable of the kingdom.

"The king was welcomed with the ringing of the bells, and great acclamations of the people, and has taken up his quarters in his magnificent Farnese palace.

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[1] DAVID SILVAGNI: *La Corte e la Società Romana nei Secoli XVIII. e XIX.* Roma, 1884, 3rd ed., Vol. I.

"This evening he held a reception of all the prelates, the Roman nobility, and the feudal barons of the kingdom. . . .

"All the palaces of the Roman princes are illuminated with wax lights . . . "

Imagine the trepidation amongst all these noble personages hastening to pay court to Ferdinand, with the French and their own Roman consuls barely out of sight and everything so sadly uncertain!

Something of disillusion had already crept in by the next day, when Benedetti wrote:

"The architect Lovatti has been ordered to remove from the obelisk of the Quirinal the emblems of the republicans, and to put up in their stead those of the king.

"'And those of Pope Pius VI.?' he asked.

"'Pope, forsooth!' was the answer."

Four days were completely wasted in Rome, as though the war were over. Messages announcing victory and ordering thanksgivings in all the churches were despatched to Naples, and others were sent to the Pope (who, however, was in safe custody), inviting him "to return upon the wings of the Cherubim" to the city defended by the King of Naples, "thanks to Divine grace and to the most miraculous San Gennaro!"

But the king himself was not altogether in a victorious frame of mind. On December 2nd Benedetti notes that the theatre Alibert had been decorated and illuminated the night before in expectation of the king, who did not come, to the great mortification of the notables and nobles who had crowded thither. Every day saw fresh announcements and proclamations of a reassuring nature for the benefit of the people: "Meanwhile, however," notes the shrewd abate, "they have in readiness for his Majesty the carriages, carts, and mules, so as to be able to depart if occasion should be";

and this is followed on the 7th by the entry: "King Ferdinand left Rome, more's the pity, this morning for Albano! . . . A bad sign, for instead of going forward, he goes back."

And in fact the Neapolitan army crumbled and fell helplessly to pieces at every point of contact with the experienced veterans of France; in seven combats ten thousand were taken prisoners, the proportion of killed and wounded being small. Cannon, ammunition, and baggage were abandoned, and Mack by the middle of December was retreating precipitately on Rome, followed by the French, whom he had allowed to concentrate their scattered regiments. The demoralisation of the Neapolitans was completed by this retreat, which was in fact a flight; they openly accused their officers of treachery (not altogether without reason, it appears[1]), and under stress of starvation they sacked such of their own convoys as they came across, and made the best of their way homewards in hundreds, marauding as they went.

Benedetti remarks how, in the twenty days of their occupation of Rome, the Neapolitans had managed to put together the statues and pictures still left by the French, with the intention of carrying them to Naples; and notes, with what philosophy he may, the action of the French on their return: "At least they will restore them to their owners," he hopes; but behold a magniloquent proclamation of Championnet to his veterans, disposing otherwise: ". . . the statues and the pictures that you have conquered from the enemy at the price of your blood, are the property of the army," declares the general; "I believe I meet your wishes when in your name I present them to our Government. These in all ages will serve as monuments of your glory and of your valour, and on entering the museums of France, as each one of you contemplates the masterpieces of art, he may say with pride: 'I too have helped to adorn my country.'"

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[1] *Aperçu historique complémentaire du Mémoire du Général Bonnamy, etc., etc.*, by General Francesco Pignatelli (di Strongoli), published in Italian by B. CROCE in the *Albo pubblicato nella Ricorrenza del 1° Centenario della Repubblica Napoletana.* Napoli, 1899, Fasc. 3, *et seq.*

"A pretty thing," comments Benedetti, "to adorn one's country with stolen goods! Positively something to brag about!"[1]

Meanwhile, the Neapolitans had had no more leisure for these artistic pursuits. As the news of their disasters reached Rome, together with tidings of the advance of Championnet, the good Romans had to change front as best they might. Ferdinand, at Albano, was seized with terror, fully expecting to be made a prisoner by his own officers. Without waiting for further news of his army, and without one moment's compunction in abandoning the enterprise for which so much had been sacrificed, but which he himself had never had at heart, the king fled. He persuaded the Duke of Ascoli to exchange dress and place with him.[2] Until they found the carriage, the duke rode ahead and the king behind side by side with the Prince of Migliano Loffredo.

The latter, to his dying day, used to relate how, as they galloped along, the king was trembling, and said to him, in inimitable Neapolitan: "Keep your knee stuck close to mine! Don't leave me alone!"[3]

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[1] The Romans had to content themselves with squibs. "What of the weather, Pasquino?" asked Marforio. "'Tis thieves' weather!" was the answer. ("Che tempo fa, Pasquino?" "Fa tempo da ladri.")

[2] SANSONE (*Avvenimenti del 1799, etc.*) considers this a myth, on the ground that there were no French between Rome and Naples. But in matters of fright Ferdinand never reasoned, and at this time saw Frenchmen and traitors everywhere.

[3] RICCARDO CARAFA D' ANDRIA: *Ettore Carafa, Conte di Ruvo.* Roma, 1886. "Tiemme u denucchie tuje azzeccato au mio; nun me lassà sulo!" Cantù reports an epigram current at that time

In the carriage the king sat on the left hand, quaking for his royal skin until he was borne safely into the palace at Caserta.

The Neapolitans marched out of Rome as the French marched in; and Mack, with very little fighting, retired upon Capua, north of Naples, which was strongly fortified. If he had been equal to his position, and had been able to inspire his officers and men with confidence, he still had the larger army, an excellent frontier line, and the advantage of being on his own ground and secure of supplies. But he too was infected with the general suspicion, apprehension of treachery, and panic. With the example of his royal employer before him, one can scarcely wonder if he thought it not worth while to go on with the game.

Championnet, on his own initiative, now determined to invade Naples, and together with Macdonald began his march on December 20th. The strong places of the Abruzzi fell one after another into the hands of Generals Duhesme, Mounier, and Rusca; and the Neapolitans, who for a couple of generations had seen no war, were seized with unspeakable consternation.

The king at Caserta issued an edict which, to save appearances, he antedated from Rome: "While I remain in the Capital of the Christian World to re-establish Holy Church, the French, with whom I have done my utmost to live in peace, are threatening to enter the Abruzzi. I shall hasten with a mighty army to exterminate them; but in the meantime let the people arm, let them succour the Faith, let them defend their king and father who

à propos of Ferdinand's flight from Rome (CESARE CANTÙ: *Cronistoria della Indipendenza Italiana, 1872,* Vol. I., p. 186):

Con soldati infiniti,	From his native coast
Si mosse da' suoi liti,	With an infinite host
Verso Roma bravando,	On Rome marched swaggering
Il re don Ferdinando.	Don Ferdinand the king:
E in pochissimi dì	And ere many days were sped
Venne, vide e fuggì.	He came, he saw, he fled.

risks his life, ready to sacrifice it in order to preserve to his subjects their altars, their goods, the honour of their women, and their freedom. . . ."[1]

The more timorous betook themselves to processions, penitence, and vows to the Madonna, San Gennaro, and other saints, the popular panacea for plagues, earthquakes, eruptions of Vesuvius and other chastisements of Heaven. "Recourse was had," writes Abate Drusco, "to the expedient of ordering orisons and prayers in the Cathedral; but these," remarks the worthy priest, "were remedies too feeble for so violent an evil."

The more energetic, stimulated by the priests, rushed to arms, and their example was followed by the fugitive soldiers, whose natural courage returned now that they were rid of their suspected officers and knew what they were fighting for. These self-constituted soldiers moved in hordes over the country without officers or order, following the lead of the most daring among them, putting to death all the French they came across. Now began that tradition of burning, plundering, and massacre that took the Neapolitan populace like a madness, and is remembered in Naples in the popular speech to this day. They took Teramo, burned the bridges over the Tronto and the Garigliano, and contrived to carry off or destroy nearly all the French reserve of artillery which had been brought up to the frontier. The French, to their great astonishment, found their passage opposed and the country swarming with fighting-men, sprung, as it were, out of the soil, they knew not how. The French generals perceived into what a precarious position they had brought themselves, and saw that they had no alternative but to win. This they therefore disposed themselves to do.

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[1] If Nelson could have understood all that went on, he would have seen that on the whole, even on the march to Rome, Ferdinand *still* considered himself more or less at peace with France! There is no fathoming the royal logic, but the letters of the queen maintain the same untenable position in the most innocent way: "Championnet," she writes, "wrote very politely that he was evacuating Rome—all in order not to be beaten in detail. We faithful (and unhappily too faithful to our engagements), in order not to be the aggressors, allowed them to retreat, and thus lost the chance of destroying or paralysing 7 to 8 thousand men, which would have encouraged our raw troops. We wished, you see, to be punctilious, and we believed in the word of those *misérables*." The queen then relates their reverses in her own way, and proceeds: "you will see, that the cursèd French have been the aggressors, and that we, unfortunately, have been but too complaisant. I can call the whole army and the provinces to witness; it was by saying that he was retreating that General Rusca drew Micheroux into an ambuscade, and the other [general] drew Saxe on the other side; so they were aggressors and traitors; it was by this silly confidence in the word of such *misérables* that we led artillery, reserve, chests and baggage, and that all was lost, in a word they have been completely the aggressors." She calls it *treason* on the part of the French to have kept Castel St. Angelo, and a complete *casus fœderis* that they have "caused our inexperienced troops to fall into three several ambuscades." And then the queen proceeds to lay all the blame on the Emperor!—HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo*, p. 509.

Ferdinand and Carolina, meanwhile, could see nothing clearly for terror and for the perpetual possible Jacobin before their eyes. Numbers of suspected officers were thrown into prison, and Airola, Minister of War, was shut up in a fortress. With everything in dissolution round them, the Court clung frantically to their spies and their police, and went on alienating with both hands all that was best about them; while the vast mass of the people stood there in its enormous ignorance, its religious fanaticism, its carefully nourished hatred of anything it might fancy to be French, its persistent, blind loyalty to its wretched king—a force of which no one could measure the full import, which friends and foes alike felt there was reason to dread.

In all but these masses, who were gradually arming, and who, at any rate, were ready to fight for their lives and for the king, the prevailing sentiment was now secret personal apprehension: king, queen, and ministers trembled in their palaces; the army of police and spies expected the entry of the French to be their ruin; and on the other hand the hearts of the political prisoners, of the suspected and the persecuted, were beating with intolerable anxiety lest, after all, the French should fail to enter.

The queen was completely overmastered by terror and by the conviction that the fate of her sister, "les scènes de Varennes avec toutes leurs suites," would certainly overtake her if she did not succeed in saving herself and her family by timely and secret flight.

The English ships in the Gulf were the great mainstay of her hopes in the crash which she had done her best to precipitate; and the wife of the English ambassador was her confidante and most efficient instrument, not only in accomplishing a safe personal escape, but in securing an immense booty of pictures, antiquities, furniture, jewels, plate, which was all carried by night on board the English ships, and was followed by the complete loot of the public treasure, all that was left of the money of the banks, all that had been coined out of private plate and ornaments, to the value of two and a half millions sterling.

It is said that part of the treasure had at first been confided to the Neapolitan admiral, Francesco Caracciolo, on board the *Sannita*, and that afterwards an order was given to transfer it to Nelson's ship—an affront which, if the tradition be true, it was impossible Caracciolo should not take to heart. Certainly the Marine was already in the black books of the queen for no apparent reason. But Nelson's letters reflect the Court opinion: "The state of this country is very critical," he wrote on December 15th to Captain Ball, "nearly all in it are traitors or cowards. . . . Do not send a Neapolitan ship: there are traitors in the *Marine*. In short, all is corrupt."

However secret the preparations, it was generally suspected that the royal family were intent on flight. Marinelli notes these rumours, and further reports that it is said that the Brigadiere Francesco Federici has spoken openly and roundly with the king on the sources of the present troubles. This may well have been true. Federici, who had greatly distinguished himself as colonel of one of the regiments that went to Lombardy, was one of the noble little band of officers who, a few months later, paid for their patriotism with their lives.

On the 20th the *lazzari* gathered in the great square before the palace, demanding arms to defend themselves and their king, and asking leave to massacre the Jacobins and the French.

Next morning early, matters became more serious. Ferreri, a royal courier, was arrested by the populace at the Molo Piccolo when about to take a boat in order to carry a paper to Nelson; was stripped and dragged naked and bleeding to the palace square, and despatched before the very eyes of the king with cries of "A spy! a spy! Death to the Jacobin!" The king, we are told, "disapproved with horror" of this dreadful proof of his people's loyalty.[1]

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[1] It is not so certain that the queen disapproved. "Some said," writes Colletta, "that that massacre had been planned to secure the result which followed; others, to hide certain intrigues connected with Austria, known to Ferreri."

Pignatelli, in his *Aperçu historique*, written in 1800, asserts that "Acton wrote a feigned letter from the Emperor, and consigned it to one of the king's couriers, called Ferreri, who had just arrived from Vienna. In the letter it was said that the Imperial troops would attack the French at all points on a given day. And thus there was no longer any difficulty in obtaining the king's consent [*i.e.* to begin the war]." Pignatelli's account of the subsequent massacre of Ferreri differs little from that in the *Monitore*.

In the *Monitore Repubblicano* for Feburary 12th, 1799, that is about six weeks later, the incident is attributed to secret orders of the queen, who, wishing to be rid of an accomplice who might betray secrets, and anxious for some evidence of popular fury which might frighten the king into immediate flight from Naples, let the *lazzari* understand that Ferreri was a Jacobin, whose removal would be an acceptable act of loyalty. The propounding of such an idea by the *Monitore* might be taken as mere party journalism and its being widely believed would be no proof of its

The queen's letters to Vienna depict Naples as in a state of complete social dissolution; her one terror is the not being able to escape in time: "for they will not have us go—no class," she writes in that ejaculatory, vehement style of hers that makes one hear and see the woman borne along, as she was, by the torrent of her uncontrolled passions and caprices; "they want to keep us as hostages, and force us to make terms with those Scoundrels. . . ." As *hostages*, wrote the suspicious queen, unable to recognise even the most patent loyalty. Nelson echoes this notion of the hostages in one of his letters.[1] But the queen distorts, exaggerates, and over-colours the facts in order to justify to the Emperor a course of conduct which, as

truth, but only of the unpopularity of the queen. What lends some colour to the report is a little sentence of the queen herself in a letter to the Emperor written at nine o'clock the same morning; she speaks of great tumults and massacres, and describes the scene of Ferreri's death, throwing in the words *j'ignore qui c'est*" ("I know not who it was").—HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo*, p. 520.

"The body," says Marinelli, writing on the same day, "was carried to the steps of Santo Spirito, guarded by soldiers. I myself saw it towards ten o'clock in the morning." So that by ten o'clock the body had been taken away by soldiers, and probably had been identified, because the man had been sent on a royal errand in the early morning, when he met his horrible fate. At three o'clock, resuming her letter, the queen says: "the persons killed were some unfortunate *émigrés*." Now one historian (ARRIGHI: *Rivoluzioni d'Italia*. Napoli, 1813. Vol. III., p. 176. Referred to by SANSONE in *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. xii.) reports that on the 20th a certain Peratoner, Tyrolese, and a Piedmontese, whose name has not reached us, were killed by the mob, under the direction of one De Simone, one of the most famous spies of Carolina; and Marinelli says he saw, on the 21st, a score of *lazzari*, armed with heavy sticks, dragging a poor old man to massacre him; no writer mentions any *émigrés* or French refugees. At any rate, the massacre of Ferreri must have been more important to the queen than any of these, and it is strange that she should pass it over. Resuming her letter on board the *Vanguard*, the queen writes: "The massacres of the *Émigrés* continuing, the people were in an uproar," which was completely and intentionally false.

[1] *Despatches*, III., p. 210.

her letters amply show, she felt, while persisting in it, to need constant apology.

The unsuspicious and inexperienced Nelson was easier to deceive, and wrote: "The mob, like that of Paris, was bitterly opposed to their sovereign leaving the capital." He was too much of an outsider to be able to perceive that the mob was completely *unlike* that of Paris; and where the queen drew a parallel, all honest-minded and clear-sighted persons drew a distinction. The French people knew their king was leaving them to fetch foreign aid against them; the Neapolitans knew their beloved sovereign was only running away, and would fain have persuaded him to stay and lead them against the common foe. During the entire course of the struggle there is never the slightest trace of an attempt upon the life of either the king or the queen.

As for the general popular sentiment, witness these entries, on December 23rd and 25th, in the diary of the sober De Nicola, who has heard of the brusque reception of the city deputies, the *capo-lazzaro*, and the deputation of the Marine by the king, already on board the *Vanguard*: "That a prince who is idolised by the entire nation should have been heard to speak so [the king had said "he would only return when facts should have proved to him the loyalty of the Marine"], will lead posterity to believe that the king's trust in the Neapolitans has been ill-requited, and yet it is most certain that each one of us is devoted to him and for him would lay down his life. Who knows who has prejudiced him so deeply against a people most attached to him! . . . Who knows whether those in whom our good Master most confides are worthy of such complete trust! . . . He is betrayed by those nearest to him, the English have sacrificed him, and the desire for vengeance that animated his wife has ruined her and us. If these memoirs of mine were to be read now, I should be ruined, yet it is affection for my Sovereign that speaks, and the sorrow I feel at my heart. He was adored, and now the hearts of the Neapolitans are already alienated from him . . ."[1]

By the help of Nelson and the Hamiltons the whole royal family, together with Acton, the Princes Castelcicala and Belmonte and other ministers, fled secretly under cover of darkness on the night of December 21st. They left the palace by a back entrance which communicated with the arsenal, and reached the *Vanguard* in safety.

There has come down to us the journal kept by Caracciolo on board the *Sannita* during this eventful time.[2] He notes things in the driest way, without a syllable of comment, at which, considering the times on which he was fallen and the nature of the writing, one cannot wonder, tantalising as it is to see the very handwriting and yet gain no faintest glimpse into the inner man of this interesting, tragic figure. Here we read how orders came from the *Vanguard* to set sail at dawn on the 22nd; how violent contrary winds detained the ships in the Gulf; how during that day they took on board all those noble families and persons of the royal suite who presented themselves. (It does not appear that these very numerous persons found the least difficulty in leaving Naples, but it is only evident that, had the weather permitted, they were to have been left behind in the royal haste.) On the morning of the 23rd orders again came to set sail, and the crew being short by as many as three hundred sailors, they were reinforced by twenty-five English seamen. At ten o'clock in the morning they set sail, the *Vanguard*, *Archimede*, *Sannita*, and some twenty sail of merchantmen, and beat about the Gulf all that day and until the early morning of the 24th without being able to pass Capri.

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[1] *Diario Napoletano dal 1798 al 1825*, Arch. Stor. Nap. Anno XXIV., Fasc. II. (December 23rd).

[2] In possession of the Società di Storia Patria (see Arch. Stor. Nap. Anno. X., Fasc. I. Naples, 1885).

Not even the offer of double pay would induce the Neapolitan sailors to remain on the ships; not that they were, as the queen believed or pretended, full of disaffection and treachery, but they were too anxious about the fate of the homes they would leave behind.

After a most stormy and dangerous passage, the fugitives arrived at Palermo on the 26th. The *Vanguard*, battered by the storm, was got into port by the help of Giovanni Bausan, captain of a Neapolitan frigate then lying in the harbour; the *Sannita*, in spite of its inadequate and inexperienced crew ("poco e cattivo equipaggio," Caracciolo calls them), sailed in with easy mastery over the violent sea.

Many Italian writers, in seeking to account for what looked like personal hatred in Nelson's later conduct towards Caracciolo, have attributed it to the vanity supposed to have been wounded on this occasion by the Neapolitan admiral's more fortunate display of skill. But considering the relative positions of the two officers at that time,—the Englishman, high in the royal confidence, loaded with honourable attentions and rewards, and without a misgiving as to the infallibility of his own action in all this matter; the Neapolitan, smarting under the open proof of the royal mistrust, following the heels of a cowardly flight, of which he and every patriotic officer heartily disapproved, under the commanding wing of the fortunate, victorious, arrogant foreigner who had had so large a share in precipitating the ruin of his country, and had been a spectator of all the ignominious collapse of the last few weeks,—in truth, there could be little room for jealousy in Nelson's breast.

Meanwhile, to suppose that Caracciolo deserted the royal cause out of mere personal pique at the removal of the treasure from the *Sannita* to the *Vanguard*, or at the embarking of the royal party on Nelson's ship rather than on his own, is wilfully to misunderstand the man. It has been easy for English and other writers to make a scapegoat of Caracciolo because history is so silent about him; but the little glimpses we have of him, the line he took, the universal respect and affection of his countrymen of every shade of political opinion, and his own words at his trial, show, if they show anything, a man full of energy and talent, loyal to king and country as long as the two names stand for one thing—profoundly disturbed when he is forced by events to recognise that the two are drifting apart, and that he cannot serve two masters.

"We met him about this time"[1] (*i.e.* when flight was imminent), writes Miss Knight, "at a dinner party at General de Petra's, and I never saw any man look so utterly miserable. He scarcely uttered a word, ate nothing, and did not even unfold his napkin."

This was before any supposed personal offence could have been taken by Caracciolo. It is not difficult, nor going out of the way, to see in this deep dejection his mental suffering for the mortifying and anxious position of his country, and the painful struggle of an upright soul between its lifelong loyalty and a possible new and higher call.

Certainly if he meant to remain at Palermo, feasting and gambling with the rest of the faithful until all danger was over, honour and favour alone could lie that way, and here was no cause for misery. If he was already a Jacobin at heart, and bent on throwing in his lot with a more prosperous source of advancement and wealth, the way was not difficult, and neither here would there have been cause for such bitterness of soul. May one not take it to have sprung from the fierce struggle raging within him between love of his country, hatred of the disastrous and all-powerful foreign influence, and allegiance to his king?

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[1] Miss Knight: *Autobiography*, Vol. I., p. 124.

CHAPTER V

THE COMING OF THE FRENCH

The abandoned city—The regent—The *eletti;* their efforts to keep order—The regent frustrates every attempt at defence—Absolute lack of money—Destruction of the fleet, ammunition, etc.—Public alarm—The regent concludes an armistice with the French—Impossibility of paying the stipulated sums—Popular anarchy—Flight of the regent—No hope but France—Massacre of the Filomarino brothers—Character of the populace—Advance of Championnet—Resistance of the *lazzari*—Entry of the French—Proclamation of the Neapolitan Republic.

"WOE to this poor city if the king departs!" wrote Marinelli in his journal; and now the king was gone, with queen and family, Court and ministers. General Francesco Pignatelli was left regent of the kingdom. The manner of his appointment, as told by the *Monitore*,[1] was characteristic of Ferdinand. The general was sent for at the last moment when all was ready for flight; the king was alone, and in some confusion directed him to fetch certain papers from his cabinet. Pignatelli went to find the papers, and when he came back the king had disappeared: the papers contained his instructions and his appointment to the regency.

Great was the general consternation to find that the king had really fled. Notices on the walls announced that he had passed over to Sicily in order shortly to return with fresh reinforcements. The whole story of the flight was soon known—the carrying off of the antiquities and precious things, and the robbery of the entire public treasure.

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[1] The *Monitore Repubblicano,* journal of the Neapolitan Republic.

Pignatelli was no whit more equal to the present emergency than the king himself. He showed neither decision nor tact nor public spirit in his dealings with "the City," as the ancient representative municipal government was called, but began by receiving their deputation coldly, obstructing their proposals for the immediate formation of a national guard, meeting their petitions with "a puffed up and repellent air," and with the haughty and stupid reply that "the public tranquillity was his affair, and no one else need trouble himself about it."

The "city" delegates[1] went in a body on the 30th to the regent to learn what faculty he had for treating with the French, "because in case he had none, the City would treat by itself." The regent tried to temporise, and said the "city" had no such right. One of the *eletti*,[2] the Prince of Colobrano, replied that they were the representatives of the country, and were responsible to the country for every disaster that might happen. The regent began to bluster and say "this was the language of a republican," whereto Colobrano very coolly replied that "it was the language of a man who had property to lose and did not wish to be dragged through Naples by the populace."[3] Not till January 3rd, after many petitions and much discussion, were the representatives able to extort a reluctant permission from the regent, who should have been the first man, from the moment that power and responsibility were his, to form a city militia for the keeping of public order.

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[1] See *Diario Napoletano* for December 30th, 1798.

[2] The *eletti*, or "elected," were elected or appointed by the king.

[3] All these *eletti* were tried for high treason in 1800, and Colobrano, all unperturbed in the strength of his common sense, told Guidobaldi, one of the judges, that "one of these days his Majesty would know who was Colobrano, and who Guidobaldi; that the judge had not been one of the best of vassals when he was Governor of Naples (after Pignatelli) and had abandoned the Government, leaving Naples a prey to the popular anarchy, while the *Cavalieri di Città*, on the contrary, had supported the Government, doing their utmost for the maintenance of order."—*Diario Napoletano*, February 13th, 1800, Arch. Stor. Nap. XXV. 1.

By the published petitions of the "city" to the regent in those days[1] it is evident that one principal, enormous, and insurmountable difficulty that paralysed public activity was the total absence of money. The paper in circulation was already at a discount of 68 and 70 per cent., and was practically worthless. The regent was known to have in his own custody five hundred thousand ducats, reserved for paying the army; and the "city" directed to him petition after petition, requesting most urgently that he would give some assurance to the public that the circulation of money was not about to be absolutely arrested. Pignatelli only wrapped himself in an impenetrable silence which served to mask his incapacity and his fright.

The "city" decreed the instant raising of fourteen thousand men, by conscription, to form a national guard; but when they responded to the call, and it came to arming them, Pignatelli declared there were no arms in the castles. Pressed by the representatives, he gave out first a hundred muskets, and later two hundred more; "thus," says a contemporary memoir, "honest citizens were seen going the rounds, and the population assumed an air of tranquillity."

But meanwhile Pignatelli, acting on his instructions, had given orders for the destruction of all the powder and ammunition kept in the magazine called the Torretta, at Mergellina. The first intention of the Government had been to embark it upon Portuguese ships, but in the hurry of flight this idea had been given up, and now all was thrown into the sea, "that no one may profit by it." The *eletti*, moved by petitions from the anxious public, prayed the regent that the fortifications round the Gulf, which had just been dismantled, might speedily be armed again in order to restore public confidence. The regent gave no sign at first, but, on repeated representations and remonstrances, made the inconceivably idiotic reply that "the City had nothing to do with the affairs of the State."

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[1] LUIGI CONFORTI: *La Repubblica Napoletana e l'Anarchia Regia. Narrazioni, Memorie, Documenti inediti.* Avellino, 1890.

The growing alarm was increased on December 28th, to see, in the direction of Posilipo, a dense smoke rising up to heaven, and to hear that the whole costly fleet of some hundred gunboats (kept hidden in those great caves of which there are so many along the coast) was being burned to ashes. It seems that an order was given for the burning of the arsenal, but the "city" interfered.

Ten days later two large Neapolitan ships of war and three smaller vessels were seen burning in the Gulf, set fire to by a Portuguese frigate; another fine ship was sunk at Castellamare. "It was a pitiful sight to see them," wrote Marinelli, "while the Nation was robbed of its strength, and so many tears, so much substance and wealth of the citizens were consumed. All night long they went on burning, keeping the whole sea ablaze."

Although Nelson had directed that these ships should be burned if there should arise any danger of their falling into the hands of the French, he was in no way responsible for what was done before the occasion had come which he contemplated. This act has the appearance of having been in some way contrived or precipitated by the panic-stricken, meddling queen. It seems otherwise inexplicable that the Portuguese commodore Campbell should have set fire to the ships without necessity, or, as Pettigrew supposes,[1] "under his feelings of disgust at the treachery and weakness of the Neapolitan General." The Neapolitan general whose conduct excited feelings so overpowering in the breast of the too-susceptible Campbell as to oblige him to set fire to half a dozen ships of war there and then,

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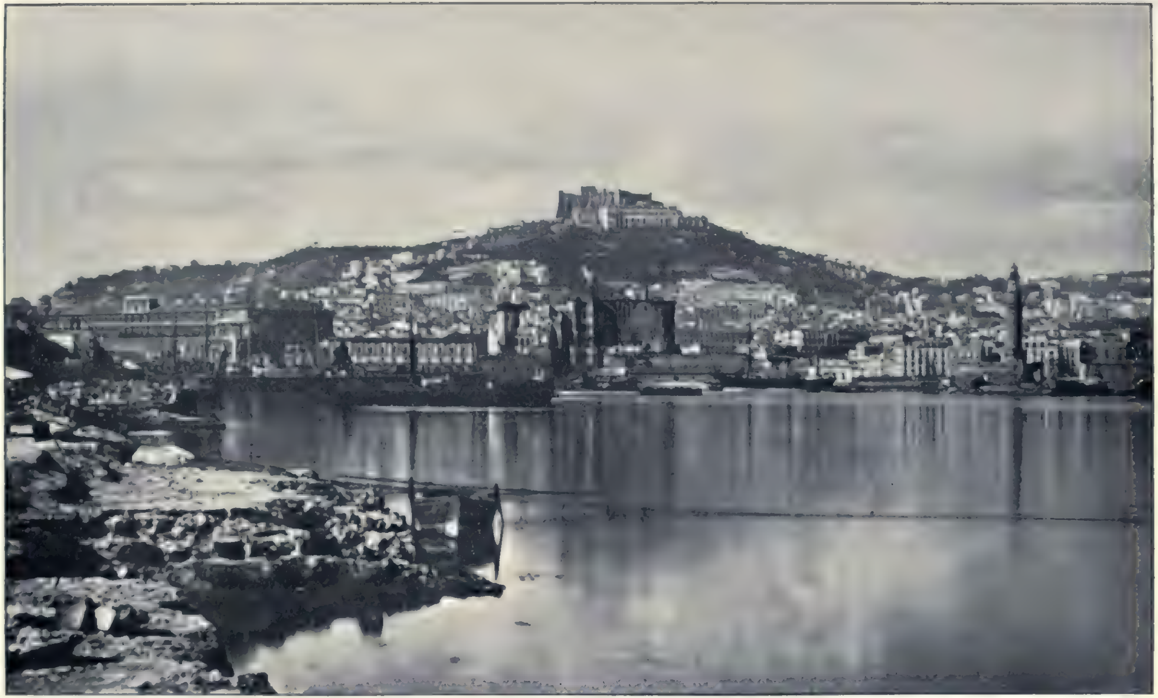
[1] T. J. PETTIGREW: *Memoirs of the Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, etc.* London, 1849. Vol. I., p. 179.



NAPLES FROM THE SEA, SHOWING THE ROYAL PALACE, THE ARSENAL, CASTEL NUOVO, AND THE MOLE, AND CROWNED BY CASTEL SANT' ELMO AND THE CERTOSA OF SAN MARTINO.

[*To face p.* 100.

we may take to be Pignatelli, whose proceedings, after all, were aimed, though feebly, at keeping the enemy out of Naples; so that an Englishman serving in the Portuguese navy might have contrived to bear it a little longer. The extracts from Campbell's own correspondence with Pignatelli, published by Clarke & M'Arthur,[1] do not by any means suffice to justify his action, attractive as Campbell himself appears in these fragments of his manly and energetic letters and remonstrances. When all is said, the matter remains still inadequately explained. From one of these letters, dated January 7th, it appears that "boats from the shore had proceeded to pillage his Sicilian Majesty's ships, and had even gone the length of firing on some of the Portuguese boats sent with orders to keep them at a distance. . . ." Campbell had one of these pirate boats burned as an example, not aware that in so doing he was running counter to the royalist policy of letting the mob loose to pillage at their will, and especially to arm themselves as best they could. It appears, from his final letter to Pignatelli, that he had asked for "warlike stores" to be furnished to his squadron, and that Pignatelli had substantially refused to supply them, making use of vague diplomatic jargon characteristic of the Court, to the effect that the sending of ammunition would "rouse uneasiness in the public mind." It looks as though Pignatelli, having according to his instructions destroyed everything that he could reach in the way of boats and naval stores, was now doing his best to complete the work by deliberately pushing Campbell to the extreme he threatened. Campbell's own mind was probably prepossessed with the Court idea that all the nobles were Jacobins, and, seeing Pignatelli so obviously a traitor to his country, naturally did not imagine that he was at the same time trying to be loyal to his king. His suspicions once implanted, Campbell saw all that was taking place by their light. Thus, when the "city" demanded the restoration of the defences on the Mole, Campbell believed—was perhaps induced to believe—that the defences were to be used "against the ships."

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[1] CLARKE & M'ARTHUR: *Life of Nelson*, Vol. II., p. 141.

Campbell's own account of the matter, and copies of his correspondence with Pignatelli, failed to satisfy Nelson, who demanded a court-martial for flat disregard of orders. The court-martial was accordingly instituted, but matters did not go far before "the good and amiable Queen," as Nelson wrote to Campbell's superior, the Marquis di Niza, "desired that all proceedings against Commodore Campbell might be at an end," and the trial was dropped. After all, the offence was only against the country![1]

Meanwhile, on January 5th the queen had written to the Emperor that "the cowardice, ill-will of the marine has also prevented our being able to save the marine artillery ammunition, riches of all sorts, no one would help in lading, and they were deserting the royal armed vessels, *which has forced us to destroy Vaisseaux Frégattes Corvettes Brigantines Galéotes* and ninety gunboats and bomb-vessels for a loss of more than four million ducats and of twenty years of trouble, it goes to one's heart, but *it was a necessity* in order not to leave it in the hands of the enemy."[2] This the queen wrote on the 5th, although it was not till the 8th that Campbell burned the ships, and the queen could not know of it until some days later still. As for the enemy, we know they did not enter Naples till the 20th.

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[1] The queen's way of looking at these things may be seen from a passage in a letter to Lady Hamilton (PALUMBO: *Carteggio etc.*, p. 211, date July, 1799), where she asks that Pignatelli and two others may be forgiven: "Ces trois malheureux ont manqué, mais ne sont pas jacobins."

[2] Compare the next letter of the queen to the Emperor on January 21st: "The Portuguese commanders, tired of waiting so long, *have thought fit to burn all our marine* and to come away. It is a very considerable immense loss, for which my heart bleeds, and which in all our lives we shall never more see remedied; Nelson ordered a court-martial upon the Captain on his arrival."—HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, pp. 525, 526.

After the destruction of the fleet, the "city" deputies, in the humblest and most respectful terms, almost apologising for the public alarm, begged that precautions might be taken at least for the preservation of the stores of corn in the great *granili* at the Ponte della Maddalena. An immense quantity of wood for ship-building was stored beneath the grain, and it was now reported with terror that the *granili* also were to be burned. Had not the queen, in departing, been heard to say that "nothing should be left to the Neapolitans but their eyes to weep withal"?

"The City and Deputation . . . cannot but admit how much reason the public fantasy has to be heated," wrote the representatives while the ships were smouldering, "to see in fact day by day destroyed with all speed the more valid public defences, such as war-ships (of which the melancholy spectacle is still to be seen), gun-boats and other things, which constructed with the very life-blood of the individuals of this public, were destined for that defence which seems to be completely abandoned and forsaken by the Government . . . all these things cannot but disturb the vulgar imagination."

This appeal, like the others, remained unanswered, and the national guard, on the authority of the "city," undertook the protection of the *granili* and of the arsenal, while the regent was negotiating an armistice with Championnet at Sparanise.

Marinelli describes the lull of false calm that prevailed: "In the City we live in apparent quiet," he says, "while each one is palpitating, and the two parties are at daggers drawn."

In point of fact there were more than two parties. Besides the masses, who were distinctly for the king and for their own immediate profit, there were different parties, or tendencies to parties, among the deputies sitting in long debate at San Lorenzo. The French were certainly coming; the great question was how to receive them.

Pignatelli's plan was simple: Let the people be taxed and concessions be made to bribe the French to stay away another couple of months. This idea was of a piece with the work of the helpless and cowardly Government which Pignatelli was so thoroughly representing. Among the *eletti* there was naturally great confusion, great hesitation and trembling, and not a little mistrust of one another. On the whole, the idea of a republic was uppermost in most thinking minds. But these representatives of the ancient *piazze* of the city were nearly all noble, and could not bear the idea of a democratic Government; an aristocratic republic would have suited better with their prejudices and habits of thought. The more learned class—so persecuted of late years—looked forward to the entry of the French as the only possible deliverance from the intolerable royal misgovernment, and they hoped for a republic on an ancient classic model. There was a party which advocated an offer of the government to Spain. But no party could feel sure that any other was sincere; the masses believed in none of them, and showed a growing determination, fostered underhand by agents of the regent and the queen, to act for themselves. The days passed in most anxious, but fruitless, discussion as to how the situation was to be taken, what was to be done to secure public order and safety, and above all what attitude was to be assumed towards the French.

General Colli told Marinelli, who was his doctor, that there might still be some hope of repelling the invasion of the French, either if the Emperor were to attack them from the north, or if Naples were to recall those regiments which had been sent to Leghorn, and make another forced levy of twelve thousand men. Idle words! The Emperor was waiting leisurely for the melting of the snow. New soldiers could not be raised ready-made, especially then, when neither money nor credit was to be got; and the French were already at Capua. As for the regiments from Leghorn, when they did reappear, on January 15th, the transports were fallen upon by the swarming *lazzari* in search of arms, and not a musket was left to the soldiers, who gave up everything without much ado.

Meanwhile, on the 11th, Pignatelli did his best to plunge the unhappy kingdom into deeper distress by negotiating a two-months' truce with Championnet, concluded on the following chief terms: Capua was to be ceded with all its military stores on the following day; the French were to occupy a line passing from the Mediterranean by Acerra, Arienzo, and Benevento to the mouth of the Ofanto on the Adriatic, cutting the highroad to Naples, and were to garrison the towns and villages along this line; the ports of the Two Sicilies were to be declared neutral; and the king was to pay the Republic ten million francs, half on the 15th and half on the 25th of the current month of January. On these terms Pignatelli was content to purchase nothing but two months' respite, a doubtful advantage as matters stood, and on such conditions absolute ruin.

The French took possession of Capua on the 12th, and General Mack betook himself to Championnet for protection, and presented his sword to the French commander. "Keep it, General," said Championnet, with a smile; "my government forbids me to accept presents of English manufacture."[1]

On the 13th the "city" representatives were called to the palace and told by the regent to take measures for at once raising the sum stipulated in the treaty. The deputies replied that they were unable to comply with conditions "in their nature impossible," and suggested his writing to the king to send it from Palermo. It is difficult to imagine what other answer Pignatelli expected.

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[1] DUVAL: notes, etc., to Orloff's memoirs, p. 372. He says further that Championnet gave Mack a passport and a safe-conduct to Milan, but he was arrested by order of the Directoire and taken to Paris. Set free on *parole*, he broke it and escaped to Germany (with an improper female).

"The representatives of the City," says a memoir of the time, "met together in long sessions, to find some way of bringing to bear those rights of defence which belonged to them; but diffidence, and *respect for the Government*, and the absence of means, rendered futile every proposal."[1] Meanwhile, there are riots among the populace for want of food; the regent threatens to have the city deputies arrested for Jacobins; the national guard comes to blows with the soldiers; the prisoners in the Vicaria rebel, put on caps of liberty, and fire shots from within; troops arrive and fire in at the gratings; the gaolers, it is said, are to be flogged for their "indulgence" in allowing firearms to the prisoners. At the tan-works on the Maddalena the *lazzari* have a fight with the soldiers.

On the evening of the 14th five carriages arrived from Capua, with the French commissioners, to receive the sum agreed upon. The city was in a ferment. The *lazzari* gathered tumultuously to massacre the French. They ran to the theatres and to the palace in search of the enemy, disarming all the guards they came across; they stopped the fugitive carriages, on pretence of looking for the French commissioners, insulting and terrifying the occupants, who readily gave up their purses to be quit of the dangerous mob. In the small hours of the morning the *lazzari* dispersed, and before dawn the French were hastily escorted out of the city by a strong guard of cavalry.

Next day matters became more alarming for all who still strove to stem the rising tide of anarchy. The populace, having disarmed the regiments arriving from Leghorn, and completely sacked another transport bearing muskets and bayonets ordered by the Government from a private firm, proceeded to attack Castel Nuovo. The commandant sent hastily to the regent for instructions,

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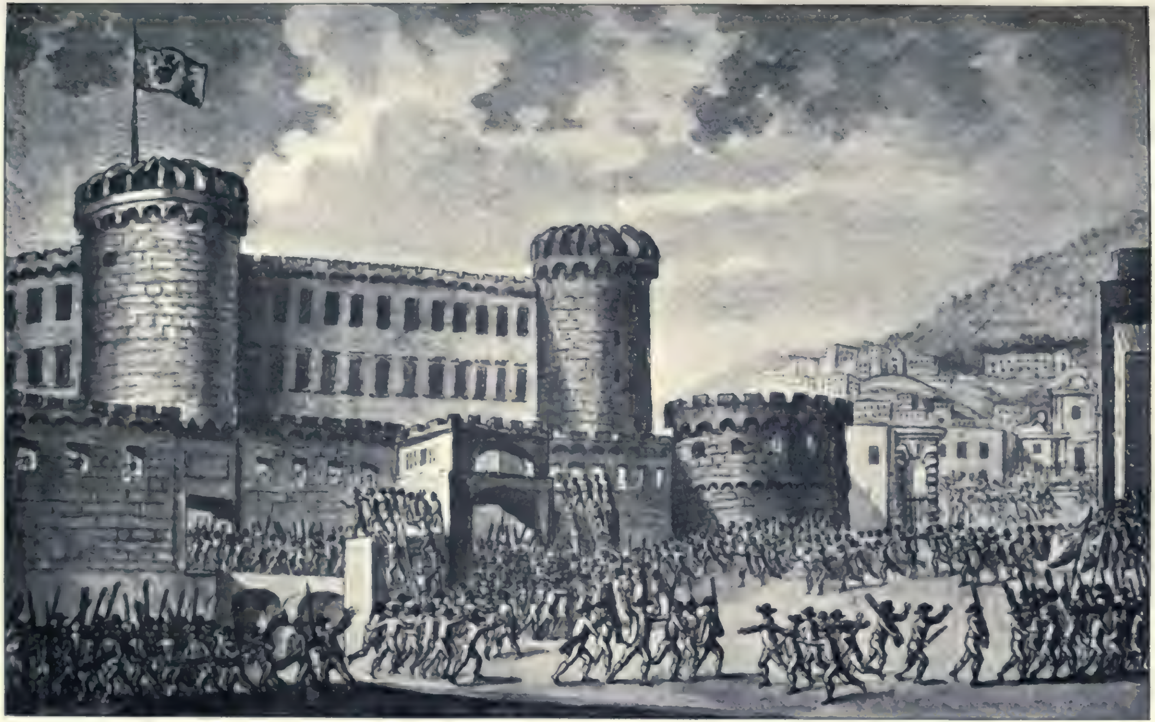
[1] Author's italics. Let especial note be made of this anxious loyalty of the "city," a loyalty which positively hampers all their action at this time.



TAKING OF CASTEL NUOVO BY THE LAZZARI, JANUARY 15, 1799.

(From a contemporary water-colour drawing in the Museum at San Martino.)

[To face p. 106

and was told "to defend the castle, but not to resist the populace, and not to fire." The officer remonstrated that the instructions were contradictory, and the regent replied that the garrison might fire, but only with powder. Defence was thus rendered impossible; and while the officers were hurriedly debating what to do, the mob scaled the first gate and occupied the bridge, clamouring for arms, and demanding the raising of the royal banner. The banner was run up, and the officers agreed to consign arms to the city deputies if a proper order came to that effect. While some ran to procure an order and the mob had suspended their assault, some soldiers from within opened the second gate, and the castle was immediately in the hands of the *lazzari*. The sack lasted all day, and the mob not only carried off all the arms and ammunition, but rifled the apartments of the officers.

The same day the populace broke into the other castles, the Carmine, Castel dell' Ovo, and St. Elmo, and by nightfall all the arms, munitions, and strong places of the city were in the hands of the lowest of the people. It was commonly believed, and seems very probable, that Pignatelli had the royal authority, underhand, for thus giving all power into the hands of the people, whom the queen regarded as the only loyal part of her subjects. This seems indeed the only explanation of the inaction of a regent who held all these strong places, well furnished with arms and material, full of soldiers whose officers only demanded instructions, with the city deputies only anxious to keep order and to organise, in any way the regent would point out, the common defence against the French, and with the majority of the royal army at his disposal. Days and weeks pass; the regent thwarts every attempt of the "city" to exert a beneficial action, refuses to arm the national guard, and finally enters into an armistice with the enemy so preposterous in its extravagant concessions as to give colour to a general suspicion that, if not in mere fatuity, it was done with the express object of goading the people to revolt.

On this same January 15th the *lazzari* threw open the prisons and set free, together with the malefactors, many real or supposed Jacobins and patriots, among others Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel, who had been arrested and confined in the Vicaria early in the October of 1798. This reinforcement by some six thousand thieves and assassins did not tend to elevate the tone and intentions of the mob who surged through the streets to their war-cry of "Viva la Santa Fede!" "Viva San Gennaro!" putting the "Chi viva?" to the passers-by, attacking and massacring with circumstances of barbarous cruelty many young men of fashion whose short hair or modern dress was sufficient proof of Jacobinism. They arrested the couriers and intercepted the letters; among others, one from Zurlo, the Minister of Finance, directed to the French headquarters, to say that, owing to the revolt of the populace, the money stipulated in the armistice could not be paid. For the unlettered mob it was enough to gather vaguely that Zurlo was in communication with the French. They assaulted his house, sacked everything, and dragged him bound, holding bayonets to his throat and spitting in his face, from San Lorenzo to the Mercato to put him to death. They were happily persuaded at the last moment to shut him up in the Carmine hard by, and to defer him to the judgment of the "city." The national guard were all disarmed, and the *lazzari* mounted guard in their stead; even the women of the mob were armed, and went about exhorting the men "to defend religion and the king."

Great search was made for the regent, the Duca del Gesso, and the Prince of Migliano Loffredo, who had signed the armistice, to put them to death as traitors, but they were not to be found.

Meanwhile, on the previous evening, as the Prince of Moliterno rode in from Capua, he was surrounded by the mob and immediately acclaimed as their chief and leader. Moliterno had distinguished himself at the head of a Neapolitan regiment in the campaign in Lombardy, where he had lost an eye, and was popular on that account, and also for his handsome and attractive personality. The mob now appointed him their general, and "sub-general" the Duke of Roccaromana, a rich and handsome man whom they took to be loyal to their cause. For a moment it was hoped that the people might yet be brought back under control. Four nobles were appointed governors of the castles, and many of the people began to bring back their stolen arms. The sacrament was exposed in the churches; processions of girls with bare feet and dishevelled hair walked through the streets reciting prayers aloud; and three orders of monks by turn preached all day at the street corners and in the *piazze*. These things were not without influence on the superstitious and impressionable people. Moliterno further showed that he knew his men by erecting gallows in twelve different parts of the city. Edicts for the severe punishment of disorder were posted in the streets, and the "city," acting in concert with Moliterno, contrived to quell in some degree and for a short time the violence of the mob.

On the morning of the 17th it was known that the regent, taking with him the last five hundred thousand ducats of the public money, had fled to join his royal master at Palermo. Ferdinand, somewhat illogically, arrested him, and shut him up in the fortress at Girgenti.

But even the flight of Pignatelli, in that series of misfortunes and disasters, came too late to do any good. He had remained long enough to keep effective power out of the hands of the "city," and now that he was gone there remained the infinite mischief he had done, and the mob past ruling. In vain "the City took the reins of a provisional government"; government was in dissolution. On the night of the 18th the populace threw down the gallows set up by Moliterno, and even men who would gladly have served the royal cause—and they were by far the majority—began to be convinced that their only choice now lay between anarchy and the arms of France.

The French, deluded in their hopes of raising money, considered the armistice at an end, and were drawing nearer round Naples on every side. Time was short, and a resolution had to be made. The question was, as Professor Spinazzola puts it,[1] "whether to open their gates to the foreigners, bearers of liberty and, as they promised, of independence, or to put themselves at the head of the masses and attempt a resistance which, if successful, would lead them back to the feet of Ferdinand, of Carolina, and of Acton; if unsuccessful, would lay them under the foreign yoke." Moreover, it would not have been easy to lead the masses, perhaps not possible, for they suspected all who were not of themselves.

The patriots had no doubts as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, and it was only for precaution, absolutely essential to their safety in that time of terror, that they hid their true colours as much as possible, and strove to delude the mob as one may delude a dangerous maniac.

At the advance of the French the frenzy of the people knew no bounds; they began dragging cannon out to Poggio-reale, Capodichino, Capodimonte, and the Ponte della Maddalena. In vain Moliterno demonstrated the futility of such measures, and proposed rather to come to terms with the enemy. The bare word was treason. The people once more seized the arms they had partly given up, and the last trace of subjection disappeared. By a last happy inspiration the energetic and ready-witted Moliterno lulled the populace to sleep for one night, and gained a few quiet hours for the men who had work to do and short time to do it in.

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[1] VITTORIO SPINAZZOLA: *Gli avvenimenti del 1799 in Napoli, da nuove ricerche e documenti inediti del Museo Nazionale di San Martino.* Napoli, 1899.

He ordered the archbishop, Cardinal Zurlo, to set all the church bells a-ringing, to unite the chapter and clergy towards ten o'clock at night, to expose the relics and the mystic blood of San Gennaro (the patron saint of Naples), and to bear them in procession throughout the city. While the ringing of the bells set the people running to the cathedral, half persuaded that the French were in the city, the patriots met and decided rapidly upon their action, dispersing immediately. Moliterno then, and Roccaromana, with flying hair, bare feet, and disordered mourning-dress, met the procession at the cathedral and followed the archbishop. The religious scene drew forth a torrent of tears from the susceptible people. A vast crowd accompanied the procession, men and women weeping aloud and crying for pardon for their sins. They made an immense round, and returned to receive the benediction in the cathedral. Moliterno, then, in a voice broken by extreme emotion, exhorted the people to retire quietly, to confide in the protection of San Gennaro, and to be ready at break of day to go forth against the enemies of their religion and their country. Moliterno's eloquence and his emotion, real enough no doubt, but not what the people took it to be, falling in with their softened mood, persuaded the multitude to retire, and thus the patriots were free to carry out their plan.

In the early morning of the 19th, by a stratagem, the patriots took St. Elmo out of the hands of the *lazzari*. The commander of the castle was Nicola Caracciolo, brother of Roccaromana. Together with a few artillery officers he went up about dawn, saying he must put the defences into good order against the imminent coming of the enemy. He was readily let in, and very soon other little parties came up in the same natural way. Brandi, the leader of the *lazzari* in the castle, began grumbling, loud enough to be heard, that he did not like these

Don Riccardi (fine gentlemen), and that it would be a good thing to cut off a few heads. Caracciolo waited till his own party was sufficiently numerous, and then sent out a strong party of *lazzari* under Brandi, on pretence of reconnoitring; and when they were all well outside, Brandi was called back, instantly seized, and thrown into prison. St. Elmo thus changed hands without bloodshed, and the key to Naples was in the hands of men of very varying political feeling, who had now become, perforce, the French party.

They were not a whit too soon. That day Marinelli wrote: "We are in the utmost terror. The populace is more unbridled than ever. . . we expect some crisis in all this violence. . . all is suspicion, licence and alarm." The mob were sacking and burning the houses of pretended Jacobins, who fled up to St. Elmo for refuge; among others, Eleonora Pimentel, who put herself at the head of a little troop of ladies, and led them safely up.

Towards evening a frightful outrage was perpetrated, an outrage which showed completely what was the real ruling instinct and passion of the mob the moment they were let loose.

In his magnificent palace in the Piazza of San Giovanni Maggiore lived at that time Ascanio Filomarino, Duke della Torre, together with his aged mother, his wife, a young grown-up son and other younger children, and his brother Clemente. The duke was a mathematician and geologist, whose Vesuvian museum, cabinets of valuable instruments, and other scientific collections were the admiration of cultured foreigners. He was personally attached to the king and even to the Bourbon Government, and was particularly averse to the novelties of the day. He had proposed to follow the king to Sicily, but had been refused permission; perhaps he was too cultured and learned a man to be thought safe company for the royal family. All good people, at that time, his son tells us,[1]

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[1] NICOLA FILOMARINO, DUCA DELLA TORRE: See, for extract from his memoirs, Arch. Stor. Nap. Anno XXV., Fasc. I.

ASCANIO FILOMARINO, DUCA DELLA TORRE.
Assassinated by the Lazzari in 1799.
(From a miniature in the Museum at San Martino.)

[*To face p.* 112.

"shut up in their own houses, without a guide, without advice, discussed, consulted and deliberated in family council upon the grave events that were drawing fatally near." Such a family council had been held on the night of January 18th in the Filomarino palace, and it had been decided that the duke and his sons at any rate would better leave the capital and retire for a time to Sorrento. The idea had been maturing some little time, and the duke had recently made an extra provision of ready money, to the amount of 18,000 ducats, which was now in the house. Before making a final decision, however, the duke wished to know the result of the extraordinary meeting of the *sedili*, or representatives, convoked for the morning of the 19th, which he, as one of the representatives for Porta Capuana, had been invited to attend. He could not go in person, his son tells us, as he was only just recovering from a severe cough, and that morning a violent *tramontana*, or north wind, was blowing. The young man went in his stead, so as to be able to report to the anxious family what had been discussed and what decided.

"I know not," he writes, "how to describe the uncertainty of the opinions, and the disorder, not to say tumult, which accompanied their delivery: the advice of the majority was to receive the French, as the only plank that was left to save the State [*la patria*] from the shipwreck to which it was exposed by its still unrevealed internal sects, by the threats of the turbulent populace, and by the decided tone of the French Generals. Everyone knew and weighed the disasters which were about to spring from a foreign invasion, but in our manifold and desperate extremity, what other mortal hope was left for us![1] *Una salus victis: nullam sperare salutem.* There was, however, no agreement as to the means to be adopted, which increased the consternation at the heart of each, and involved the public safety in the most desolating confusion.

"Amost speechless from the grave impression made upon me by all these doubtings and by the visible agitation of all the deputies, more and more alarmed at the mournful appearance of the streets of the city, lately so crowded, now totally deserted, and with a heart foreboding dark things, I entered our house an hour after mid-day."

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[1] Mark this, the sentiment and verdict of an ultra-royalist!

The young man reported on all that he had seen; the duke was greatly agitated; the dinner hour was hastened in order that some definite step might be taken.

"But, alas! the time was not given us. While we were at table came the announcement that the mob, having arrested Zurlo, late Minister of Finance, were dragging him towards the Carmine; that another more furious horde had attacked the house of Fasulo[1]; yet another moment, and we are warned that the Piazza of San Giovanni Maggiore is beginning to fill with people on the look-out for mischief [*gente esploratrice*]. The order was given to shut the palace. The crowd increases, the sedition is evident: they insist on the opening of the big door. My grandmother opposes this, and also my mother; my father orders the door to be thrown open: in a moment the house fills with a crowd of lazzaroni whose leaders say that they are come to surprise a meeting of jacobins, who were met together in our house that day for a sumptuous banquet, at which the surrender of the city was to be discussed: perhaps whoever had guided those men thither had made use of this pretext. We replied that they were dreaming.

"They won't be persuaded; they must search the whole palace. Thus far none of them had appeared in that part which we were then occupying, but the crowd, the tumult and the shouting increased every moment. My father, thinking that his appearance might have effect, and persuaded that these people would listen to him, since they belonged to a district to which, on several occasions, as Director of public works, or of royal manufactories, he had been able to give good work, shewed himself at a window and spoke to them with indignation: their only reply is that they want the jacobins. Some found their way up on to the roof, some into the cellar, some into the apartment of my uncle Don Clemente, some into one corner of the house, some into another."

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[1] Nicola Fasulo, an advocate who had spent some years in prison as a "jacobin." He eventually became a member of the provisional Government of the Neapolitan Republic, and perished on the gallows with the rest.

The mob next began to try to break in the doors of the apartments, beginning with that of the duke on the first floor, where were all his valuable collections and the money brought together for the projected flight to Sorrento. Anger gave him greater courage, and he began vehemently reproaching them, declaring that so far from looking for Jacobins they were intent only on robbing and spoiling. At this the mob, leaving for the moment the first floor, surged up the stairs, and broke into the upper apartment, where the terrified family were gathered together. They were led by a barber of the Molo Piccolo, familiar no doubt with the palace and its rich appointments, as barbers were with the houses of the rich aristocracy in those days of elaborate toilettes, wigs, and powder.[1] While one party seized the unhappy duke, another broke into the rooms of Clemente Filomarino. Clemente had been one of the many hundreds of cultivated gentlemen imprisoned on futile pretences of suspected Jacobinism in 1796, but had very soon been set at liberty. His only crime had been that he liked to frequent the society of cultivated and liberal persons, over which society, notes the nephew, "the agreeable manners of those good and most unfortunate ladies, the Duchesses of Cassano and Popoli, threw not a little charm." Filomarino was a poet, and among other things had translated the poems of Edward Young, then very popular in Naples. After recovering his liberty, Clemente fell into a deep melancholy, and gradually lost his reason, so that, whatever he might once have been or done, it could no longer be pretended that any political party relied upon him for co-operation. On this very morning he had made more than one attempt to destroy himself, and had at last been put to bed by force.

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[1] For this reason they used to be employed as spies by the police; possibly they had even a personal grudge against the "jacobins" because they were the first to adopt the new fashion of cutting the hair short.

In a moment the two unhappy brothers were whirled away down and out of the house by the furious mob. The young Filomarino bounded after them half-way down the stairs, but was stopped and obliged to return. After hours of agonised suspense, the family, by means of secret heavy bribes to certain of the mob, were able to leave the palace on condition of their taking nothing with them, and that night they took refuge in a monastery. It was not for some days that they knew that the duke and his brother, dragged with insults and blows to the Marinella, had there been bound upon chairs and shot by the *lazzari*, and their dead bodies burned in tar barrels on two great bonfires.

The son, whom the *lazzari* repented of not having taken and shot also, and whom they traced to the monastery, spent that night concealed in the family vault among the coffins of his forefathers, but he was so stupefied by the accumulated suffering of the day that the place had no horror for him.

The palace was completely sacked. The *lazzari* carried away and either dispersed or destroyed an infinity of valuable papers and family documents; a splendid library accumulated a hundred and fifty years before by Cardinal Filomarino, containing many rare and priceless books and manuscripts, besides a great number of modern works of history, travel, and science, on arts and manufactures; a magnificent collection of pictures, works by the Caracci, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Giorgione, and many other masters, a gallery which had been valued at upwards of a hundred thousand ducats. The mechanical and chemical cabinets and laboratories were destroyed, together with a watchmaking laboratory, in which the duke had loved to work, being, his son tells us, a proficient in the watchmaker's art. All the rich furniture and plate, the very doors, windows, balcony railings, beams and banisters were carried off, and nothing left but the bare walls of the lately so magnificent dwelling.

More harmless victims than these two learned and studious brothers could not have been chosen by the popular lust of plunder and of cruelty.

The incident has been given at some length because it is thoroughly typical of what happened over and over again—typical especially of the motives, judgments, and action and quality generally of the *lazzari* of 1799. Yet among all the classes of her subjects, Maria Carolina could appreciate and like but this one, this brutal mob of thieves and assassins. "Je crois que le peuple avait grandement raison," is her comment on this infamous outrage, written to her daughter the Empress soon afterwards.[1]

It is some satisfaction to know that after the entry of the French the wretched barber was taken and shot for his share in this crime.

Horrors like these drew together, for the moment at least, persons of widely differing political sentiment, in one common league against the present intolerable anarchy. During the two following days the patriots from all parts of the city went up to St. Elmo, many merely as refugees, but many to swell the garrison of fighting men who were to be the first to reach out hands of brotherhood to the approaching French.

And now at night from the walls of St. Elmo the fires of the French encampments could be seen. The garrison on the 21st ran up a tricolour flag, and the French, in answer to the signal, advanced upon the city. In their ranks were many returning exiles, who helped to arrange an understanding between the officers within and without the city. The *lazzari* swarmed out in hordes to drive them back. The struggle lasted three days, the French having, of course, the advantage in discipline and experience, the *lazzari* in numbers, and they were, moreover, animated by a furious courage that knew no obstacle. In vain the French guns laid low rank after rank; they recovered themselves and surged on with redoubled frenzy, reinforced constantly by bands of peasants from the villages round, who spread a general battle over miles of country. In Naples itself the terror, the confusion, and the din were horrible. "The batteries," says a memoir of the time, "made a noise which afflicted the human mind. The shops were all shut, and the streets absolutely deserted. Each one, because of the enraged populace, went in fear of death, and because of the French, of a general sack and pillage. The mob . . . wherever they saw a group of Jacobins, ran thither and made butchery." Among these victims were a number of the "unbridled youth" of the hospital of the *Incurabili*, medical students, who had courageously attempted to make a stand against the plundering, murdering populace.[1]

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[1] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 538.

Disguised as a hermit, moving safely across all this dreadful scene, went Lieutenant Eleuterio Ruggiero, down from St. Elmo to Capodimonte, to Championnet, to let him know certainly that that fortress and the Castel dell' Ovo were in the hands of the patriots, and that as soon as the French should be about to enter the city, the patriots would attack the populace from the rear. This feat, accomplished successfully, and published afterwards in the *Monitore*, where the hero of it was held up to the admiration and gratitude of the Republic, cost the young officer his life and that of his wife a year after. Marinelli says that his real crime was being the husband of this good and beautiful woman; that the adjutant of the Governor of the Castel Nuovo was in love with her, and hurried on the execution of Ruggiero in order to get possession of her. The unhappy wife waited all night at the castle gate to learn how it went with her husband, and when in the early morning she knew that they had beheaded him, she killed herself there and then.

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[1] It was alleged against two of these students, who survived only to be taken later on and condemned to death by the State Junta, that on this occasion they went out to dress the wounds of the French and of the patriots, but despatched their wounded enemies. Possibly it was true.—SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, pp. cciii., 317, 318

It was the persuasion of many at that time that if the French had not been seconded by the republican party, who from the height of St. Elmo swept the line of their advance, they would never have entered Naples. Assertions of this kind were easily made when the scapegoats had but to be gathered together for butchery; and, of course, when one begins to suppose things other than they were, there is no particular limit to the imaginable. The author of a memoir written immediately after the events it describes[1] considers that the patriots gave very effective aid to Championnet, and that without them the French would have entered neither so soon nor so happily, "and we should have been massacred by the mob if the French delayed one single day or had retreated. . . ."[2]

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[1] *Memoria degli avvenimenti popolari seguiti in Napoli in gennaio 1799.*

[2] A memoir published during the early days of the Republic might perhaps be suspected of giving a partial account of the state of the city from which the French entry was so welcome a deliverance. The account by Cresceri, secretary of the Austrian Embassy at Naples, written to Vienna, can come under no such suspicion. "To such a point had arrived the unbridled licence of the mob, and such was their greed of spoil and rapine, that if by chance the French had delayed coming for one or two days more, besides the new and many massacres that they would infallibly have committed, they would have sacked the whole town, as may well be concluded from the spoil and rapine they committed at the

From Marinelli's diary and from that of De Nicola, where the excesses of the mob are amply described,[1] it is quite evident that not only the patriots, republicans, or liberals, but by this time all parties who were not of the lowest populace, were united against the *lazzari*. "From the house-tops," Marinelli says on the 22nd, "they continue to throw down flower-pots and stones upon the infuriated populace, and to fire upon them. . . . The whole street of Toledo down to the turning into Chiaja is full of things that have been thrown down upon the *lazzari*."

On the other hand, Naples had no walls which could be defended round the city, and the mob, even though it were forty thousand strong, daily more bent on sacking, was full of elements of discord, and bound to fall asunder in a very short time; while the French, not more than a third of their number, experienced soldiers under determined officers and a general who was invading Naples on his own responsibility, had no choice but to succeed, and it is inconceivable that they should not have succeeded, though it were "neither so soon nor so happily."

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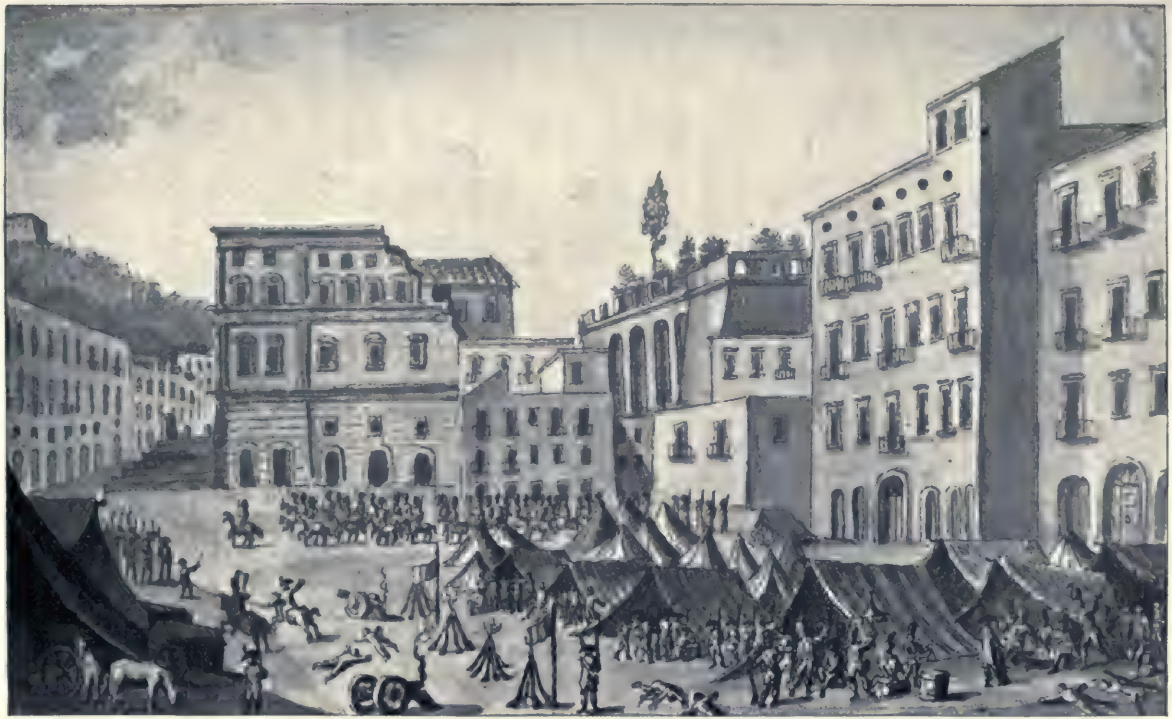
last in several palaces and convents, particularly in the rich Convent of Ladies of S. Gaudioso, to which they set fire after having completely pillaged it. All the inhabitants of Naples, moreover, who were obliged by necessity to pass through the streets, or might have wished to look out of window, were in continual peril of their lives, since for the last two days from many houses, and especially from several monasteries, an infinite number of shots were fired, and flower-pots were thrown against those who were running, armed, to oppose the French, and infinite shots were fired against the windows; so that the universal alarm and horror for what we actually saw, increased by apprehension of what this mob might be yet about to attempt, made Naples the most lugubrious and dismal place that could ever possibly be imagined. . . . This miserable city being in such deplorable circumstances, the French of the advanced columns were regarded as Angels descended from Heaven. . . ."—HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 534.

[1] *Diario Napoletano*, January 19th, 1799.



FRENCH ENCAMPMENT IN THE LARGO DELLE PIGNE, JANUARY 22 AND 23, 1799.

(From a contemporary water-colour drawing in the Museum at San Martino.)

[To face p. 120.

On the 20th the Ponte della Maddalena was taken, and part of an advanced column took Porta Capuana on the north and attempted to encamp on the *piazza* inside; but they were attacked by such a hail of musket-shot from innumerable loopholes in the walls of the surrounding houses, while scarcely an enemy was visible, that they were obliged to retire, to the lasting pride of the *lazzari*. The French soon returned, burned the houses round the *piazza*, and made their camp.

Step by step, fighting literally hand-to-hand, struggling over heaps of dead, assailed from the many narrow *vicoli* that enter the chief thoroughfares on either side, from every window and every terraced roof, by stones, flower-pots, lamps, iron bars, everything that the desperate populace could lay hands upon in their defence, the French came on. On the south they took the Castello del Carmine, and then the Castel Nuovo; on the north they had Porta Capuana, Foria, and the upper part of Toledo; and, passing along the brow of the hills from Capodimonte, they entered St. Elmo, and began coming down by the Via dei Sette Dolori and by the Petraja into Toledo and Pizzofalcone—a strong position above the Castel dell' Ovo.

The battle was won at last. A thousand French and three thousand Neapolitans fell in the struggle. The *lazzari* still fought in detail in remote streets and from isolated posts, and still contrived to hunt down and butcher such "jacobins" as they could find. Curiously enough, their last act of licence, before all subsided into the temporary calm of exhaustion under the new *régime*, was the total sacking of the palace of their beloved king, whence they carried off the very doors and the lead from the window panes. Their last lament, as night fell on the new order, was that "if only it had lasted one day more, Naples would have made herself rich"—*i.e.* with the sack of the entire city.

Championnet possessed the advantage of being able to speak Italian fluently, and addressed the people in person. He was himself a true republican, still full of genuine enthusiasm for those principles which were rapidly being forgotten or obscured in France as the struggle gathered round other centres. A born soldier himself, possessing eminently those qualities of courage, frankness, and generosity that readily win affection, he was beloved by his own soldiers, and further won the esteem and liking of all with whom he came into contact at Naples. He persuaded the people of the futility of further hostilities, declaring that the French were come to bring peace, order, and liberty to the Neapolitans. He swore to respect the persons and property of the citizens, their common Christian religion, and San Gennaro, their patron saint. He sent two companies of grenadiers to form a guard of honour and bring rich gifts to the saint; and as they passed through the streets thronged by crowds of *lazzari*, they cried out, "Rispetto a San Gennaro!" and the mobile crowd responded, "Viva i Francesi!"

To the bloody frenzy of the last week succeeded transports of relief and joy.

Next day edicts were issued dated the 2nd day of the Neapolitan Republic, ordering the immediate giving up of all arms and the reopening of the shops and private houses. "That Thursday," writes Drusco, "was a most beautiful day in Naples. The immense population strolled about the city as though it were Holy Thursday." In the taverns the populace and the French soldiery drank and made merry together, and those who were better off vied with each other in showing hospitality to the officers.

Women flocked up to St. Elmo in search of their relations and friends, now that the great tension of fear was past. The monks of the Certosa of San Martino, the long white convent that nestles under the crest of the hill in the grim shadow of St. Elmo, glad to be quit of the perilous neighbourhood of Brandi and his *lazzari*, had supplied food to the patriot garrison during the last crisis; and on January 23rd, when the French flag was lowered and the Neapolitan Republic had its birth, the new flag, blue, red, and yellow, was composed of sacred draperies taken from the Church of San Martino. That same evening the monks gave a grand supper to some forty patriots, men and women, who afterwards betook themselves to dancing in the apartment of the prior, while the monks crowded in the doorways and looked on, well pleased. What an event in the lives of those Carthusians, vowed to perpetual silence and the contemplation of the thought of death![1]

On the Sunday, after the singing of a *Te Deum* in the cathedral, the tree of liberty was planted before the ex-royal palace—a large pine-tree with all its roots and part of its green branches, with the cap of liberty on the top, and the new national banner bound to the stem with tricolour scarves.

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[1] SPINAZZOLA: *Gli avvenimenti del 1799, etc.* In this interesting book are many illustrations made from water-colour drawings by an evident eye-witness of many of these events, preserved now in the National Museum of San Martino.

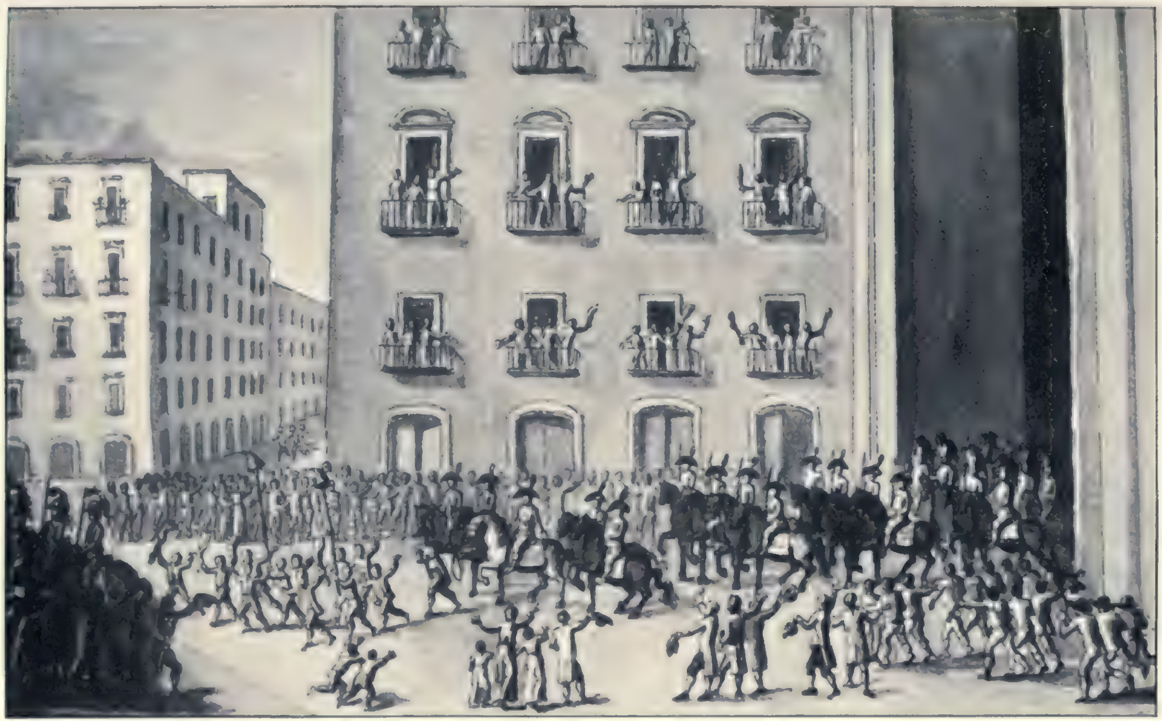
CHAPTER VI

THE NEW REPUBLICANS

The Republic—Elements of failure—Amateur republicans—Gulf between the cultured classes and the populace—Eleonora Pimentel and the *Monitore*—Efforts to gain and to instruct the populace—"Democratisers"—The tree of liberty—Tumults and conflicts—Misplaced confidence in France—Mistakes of the Government—Vincenzo Russo—Republicanism of Eleonora Pimentel.

CHAMPIONNET lost no time in appointing a provisional Government. This consisted of twenty-five members, elected, as he said in his address, by himself, but chosen by their own fame, since public report pronounced them to be of lofty intellect, of pure honour, and true and warm lovers of their country. As such and as something more, history hands down their names to us. Among them were Carlo Laubert (or Lauberg), the President; Mario Pagano, Ignazio Ciaja, Pasquale Baffi, Gabriele Manthonè, Giuseppe Albanese.

Laubert had been a monk, and together with Annibale Giordano had held formerly at Naples a school of chemistry and mathematics, the mental atmosphere of which was so liberal that it was here that the first "jacobins" of Naples were formed—Emanuele De Deo and his companions. Laubert, at the time of the arrest of many of his students, had escaped to France, and had come back now steeped in the most violent republicanism, dressed in French uniform, chemist-in-chief to the French army, full of new experience and fresh zeal. He seems to have been sincere and upright, but



CHAMPIONNET GOING IN STATE TO INSTAL THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT, JANUARY 27, 1799.

(*From a water-colour drawing in the Museum at San Martino.*)

[*To face p.* 124.

too rigid and unconciliatory not to make many enemies. It was characteristic of the reigning spirit to set up an unfrocked and married monk as president of the new order at Naples; but considering on what dangerous ground the new Republic was standing, and how much need there was to conciliate the stubborn masses holding ominously aloof, it was unwise thus to maintain a standing offence against convictions dear not only to the ignorant, but to the majority of all classes in Naples at that time. "Hold thy tongue," cried out to him the Princess of Belmonte, her indignation already excited by the discussion upon the abolition of feudal rights; "hold thy tongue, thou that hast cheated Christ, and wilt now cheat us; and I speak not with thee who art an apostate, but with these others, who are upright men . . ."[1]

Baffi was one of the first Greek scholars of his day; it is said of him by Vannucci that "in the many public offices he held, he never did aught that was not noble and generous." Nobility and generosity of temper indeed were perhaps the strongest characteristics of the men of the new Government.

Pagano was another such—high-souled, scholarly, temperate, most magnanimous. He had only lately been set free after four years' imprisonment, and, being debarred in Naples from the exercise of his profession, had taken refuge first in Rome, and, on the approach of Ferdinand, in Milan. On the proclamation of the Parthenopean Republic he hastened to Naples to serve his country once more.

This first provisional Government was divided into five committees for the different administrations, and all their resolutions were at first subject to the sanction of Championnet as commander-in-chief. Their first task was naturally the construction of the new constitution. This was the work of Pagano, based chiefly on that of the French Republic, inspired by enthusiastic admiration of the heroic aspect of ancient Greece and Rome; but of course, whatever its merits and its wisdom, it could be at best but an artificial, academic production, and not the outgrowth of the pressing need or conscious rights of the whole people, whose sufferings were still for the most part inarticulate.

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[1] *Cronachetta*, MS. (Biblioteca Nazionale), quoted by B. CROCE: *Studii Storici sulla Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799*, p. 255.

In his first address to the crowd of citizens at San Lorenzo (the ancient municipal palace of the city), Pagano reminded his hearers that "Liberty is seated upon a throne of arms, of tributes, and of virtues; that in a republic there is no repose from fighting, no diminishing of the tributes, unless there is excess of virtue." Furthermore, he urged the "young men burning for liberty, who betray yourselves by the joy shining in your eyes, hear the advice of one who has grown grey not so much in years, as in the troubles of his country and in the sufferings of prison, fly to arms, and under arms be obedient to your commanders. Republics are adorned by all virtues, but the most splendid is seen in the camp."

In truth, however, Pagano and his colleagues were far from assigning to arms and military valour this important part in the sum of things. These eminent men, lawyers and advocates, ecclesiastics, professors of ancient Greek, of mathematics and chemistry, poets and orators, who found themselves charged suddenly with the government of a new-born republic, were by the nature of their studies hitherto floating in an atmosphere grown sacred through long persecution and suffering. They were philosophers, for the most part, full of benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, consumed with love of justice, admiration of liberty, and ready to sacrifice their all, their very lives, for their ideals and their duty. They seem to have been quite unconscious of anything in their day and their surroundings (except the direct action of the "tyrant" and his adherents) which could offer serious resistance to the beneficent wave of well-being

PASQUALE BAFFI, PROFESSOR OF GREEK, MEMBER OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Hanged, November 11, 1799.

(*From a miniature in the Museum at San Martino.*)

[*To face p.* 126.

that was to spread from the central heart of the new Republic to its utmost provinces. Ardent admirers of what was admirable in the French Revolution, it did not occur to them that there was an enormous and radical difference between the kingdom of France and the kingdom of Naples, in the manner of the two revolutions, and between the people who had carried their revolution through three years of incessant deadly struggle and the people who had been constantly and frantically averse to it, and had succumbed to it at last by force from without, and but too probably in appearance only. They overlooked, moreover, the significance of the fact that the French had destroyed their king, and either destroyed or driven away his partisans; while the King of Naples was still in his own dominions, still a king, and surrounded by the main body of his friends, and had the entire populace on his side.[1]

The new republicans had no traditions of any kind of popular government to work upon. The Neapolitans, unlike the Sicilians, had never had a parliament, nor any kind of assembly, no voice in public matters beyond a share in the election of their municipal representative.[2] The systems of all the governments of Naples hitherto had been full of abuses, arbitrary, absolute, capricious. The laws were a tangle of contradictions. Industries, arts, commerce, all the chief business and occupations of life were hampered by a thousand restrictions, by taxes and duties and tithes; the people were subject to forced levies for the militia, to feudal service, to inquisitions, to the accusations of spies, and the arbitrary jurisdiction of the police.

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[1] See, for ample discussion of these ideas, VINCENZO COCO: *Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli (1799), e sulla vita dell' autore*, per Mariano D'Ayala. Napoli, 1861.

[2] The queen notices this difference as soon as she is at Palermo, and writes to her daughter: "Ici est un autre pays, on est constitutionnel, le Roi n'a pas un sou sans l'aveu du Parlament, la justice, le tout a des autres règles, et enfin tout est sur un pied très différent, *il le faut souffrir*. . ."—HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 523.

But the people, unfortunately for their well-wishers, did not much mind. The Neapolitans, lazy by nature, were born in manifold servitude, bred in darkest ignorance, inured to suffering and privation, devoid of ambition; for all spiritual light following and clinging fanatically to the superstitions of priests no less ignorant than themselves. Some were ready to rebel against their feudal lords; but here in the main the royal Government had been for them, not against them. These masses of people were not in revolt; they were ready for anarchy if ever the strong hand that held them down should relax its grip, but their dreams were only of plunder. If the terms "Liberty" and "Equality," which were now dinned into their dull ears, had for them any meaning at all, they meant liberty to do each as he liked best, and equality in the appropriation of other people's goods.[1]

Any one who knows the Neapolitans of to-day knows them as they were then, and can imagine the good temper with which a crowd would listen to some student orator thundering against the tyrant and his satellites, raving of Claudius and Messalina, of Parthenope and the Sebeto, of liberty and equality and patriotism—and knows how egregiously he would deceive himself if he took their attention to be anything beyond the acquiescence which befits the peasant when "his excellency" is pleased to talk. And if his excellency should have thought fit to harangue his audience in the Italian of cultivated people, it would have been lucky for his vanity if he did not hear, on descending from his platform, one say to another with a shrug and a smile, "Io non lo capisc', o frances'!" ("For my part, I don't understand French.")

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[1] Witness these lines of a song popular in Naples in 1800:

> È venuto lo francese
> Co' 'no mazzo de carte immano
> *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*
> Tu rubbi a me, io rubbo a tte!

Here we have the popular conception in a nutshell: "Tu rubbi a me, io rubbo a tte!"

But now there were no more "excellencies,"—all were citizens. "What means 'citizen'?" asked one of the people of Michele il Pazzo (mad Michael), one of the *capi-lazzari*, a popular republican orator. "I know not," was the answer, "but it should be a good name, since the *capezzoni* [the bigwigs] have taken it for themselves."

Here were no men conscious of rights as men and as citizens, breaking down by violence a power and luxury of which they were jealous, and rebelling against ills they could bear no longer; but a temperate upper *bourgeoisie* called prematurely to the helm of State, trying, and, as the event showed, trying in vain, to awake in the masses a consciousness of their wants and a desire for those better things they were so anxious to impose.

The Parthenopean Republic was proclaimed on January 23rd, and on February 2nd Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel brought out the first number of the *Monitore Napoletano*, dated, as befitted such a Republic, 14*th Piovoso*. In the second number, of the 17*th Piovoso*, she already draws attention to this matter of the popular ignorance: "Many zealous citizens," she writes, "publish daily civic and eloquent allocutions addressed to the people; it would be, however, desirable to compose some destined especially for that part of them which is called the populace [*plebe*], proportioned to their intelligence and even in their own language [*i.e.* in dialect]. We invite the Government to establish civic missions, as there were formerly those simply religious, and we invite the large number of our no less learned than patriotic and zealous Ecclesiastics, who are already experienced in persuading the people, to lend themselves to this work, even without the order or invitation of the Government.

"He who does wrong is never completely guilty as long as he is ignorant; perfect justice therefore obliges us to instruct the populace before condemning it, and every moment is late for this instruction."

A notice in the same number shows that Championnet was also aware of this serious flaw in their new state.

"General Championnet, himself co-operating to recall to civic sentiments that part of the seduced populace which has shewn itself most refractory, was present on Sunday February 3rd at the setting up of the tree of Liberty in the Piazza del Molo Piccolo, and with *largesse* encouraged those people to enrol themselves under our National flag, offering them patents in French, that they may be more respected."

Alas for Eleonora Pimentel! with her naïve flattery of the priests, "no less learned than patriotic," and her touching faith in her civic missions and patriotic functions combined with *largesse*!

Naples is, and must always have been, exceedingly beautiful; but its beauty all lies in its position, the grouping of the buildings about its heights and dells, its glow of light and colour, its wealth of flowers and fruitful trees and orange gardens set everywhere among the terraced houses—above all, in the blue mountains that lie circling round it, in Vesuvius, and the azure sea and azure sky. If one walk about its streets, old or new, scarcely a beautiful building meets the eye. To find interest and beauty one must know something of its story, and then, among other things, even the monstrous wooden crucifixes often to be seen at the meeting of several ways, or in the *piazze* that mark centres for different groups of population, will take on a thrilling, pitiful interest. In these spots the tree of liberty was once set up; hither came the generous and kind-hearted Championnet, with all that was best in Naples a hundred years ago, to patronise the rejoicings, to animate the gross crowd with their fiery eloquence, and try to stimulate their stillborn patriotism with dancing, *largesse*, and refreshments. These crosses and other monuments were put up afterwards to purify the spot where *l'infame albero* had stood. In the Piazza del Molo Piccolo, not many paces from the Immaccolatella, where the stranger arrives by sea at Naples, is a small obelisk of lava, with marble tablets on the four sides, bearing Latin inscriptions all alluding to the Cross as the fair *tree* of salvation.

The conversion and instruction of the populace was an ever-recurring theme of Eleonora Pimentel in the *Monitore*. We find her thanking a "deserving citizen," who, acting upon her invitation, has published a popular address in dialect, and, while praising and thanking him in the name of all patriots, she exhorts others to follow his example. She is persuaded that nothing is lacking to a perfect understanding between one class and another but a system of national education that should elevate the populace (*plebe*) into the people (*popolo*).

But the inexorable pressure of the realities of life left no time for working out this large idea; and the redoubtable monster had to be petted and flattered, praised and made much of, and treated with the utmost benevolent condescension in the hope of inducing it to be good. She proposes, further, that a popular gazette shall be brought out, in dialect, with extracts from the more important news of the day and from the laws and provisions of the Government, to be read on Sundays from all the pulpits. If the Republic could have gained the priests, this might have been done, but the mass of them were one with the populace. She suggests, further, that the six municipal centres of the city should each employ and pay a person to read this paper after dinner to the groups of people taking their afternoon leisure. Besides this, she proposes in all good faith and with most earnest gravity that the Punch-and-Judy shows, and other portable popular theatres, and the Rinaldi, who declaim (and do so still) the legends of the paladins of Charlemagne, should be persuaded to represent republican subjects and to sing patriotic songs.

At this critical outset of the career of the Republic, when a strong force and a high hand—Pagano's "throne of arms," in fact—would have been the only hope of making good her precarious footing, the Government were pursuing this same humane, but, under the circumstances, impracticable idea of Eleonora Pimentel. The populace must be educated. Show them the way, which ignorance has hitherto prevented them from seeing, and of course they will walk in it.

So commissioners were despatched into all the provinces, with full powers to organise the communes in conformity with the new order. With the commissoners were sent a swarm of "democratisers" (*democratizzatori*), without powers or pay, who were to expound the benefits of republican government. Many of these were full of genuine enthusiasm, and not probably on that account more useful to the cause they sought to serve than the rest. Many were of that sort, common everywhere and always, but more prominent when orders are changing and there is a chance of spoil, who make their gain on the mistakes, losses, necessities, and misfortunes of their fellow-men. These all trooped into the provinces, in many of which the Republic had but the slenderest rootlet here and there; and while the commissioners pulled down and set up and upset and laid citizens by the ears in their attempts to organise the Republic, the democratisers, mostly very young, poured forth a flood of babble about the rights of man, liberty of conscience, royal tyranny, and so forth, often bewildering and irritating the simple provincial people, whose only grievance was against the feudal system, and who felt an instinctive distrust and dislike of all these new-fangled notions.

However, many communes immediately gave in their adherence to the Republic; many yielded an apparent and temporary submission to the force of circumstances; but many more remained loyal to Ferdinand and in open rebellion against the new order.

But it is one thing, says Vincenzo Coco, to draw up a model republican constitution, and another thing to found a republic. Coco's strong common sense and consequent coolness, not to say coldness, of judgment, true patriot and republican though he was, seem to have alienated him from the members of the new Government, whose hot enthusiasm could ill brook his chilling wisdom. His brilliant *Historical Essay on the Revolution of Naples*, written in exile in 1800, remains to this day one of the most philosophical and best written books upon the subject, although it retains always something of the bitterness of the wise man who has seen his counsels rejected.[1]

The abolition of the law of primogeniture, of the feudal system, and of ecclesiastical tithes and other manifold rights which had degenerated into abuses, was among the first considerations of the Government. Primogeniture was abolished without giving very great offence; but when it came to the feudal system, and the touching of the property of ecclesiastical and religious bodies, the ultra-republicans and copiers of France were for abolishing everything out of hand. The more conscientious and truly patriotic men, especially Mario Pagano, were for going slowly and doing things little by little. But for want of agreement and decision among those who stood at the head of affairs, matters were in fact allowed to settle themselves according to the caprice of such persons as came in practice to take action one way or another. Many communes took the law into their own hands, and divided the feudal lands; it would have been far better for the Revolution had they all done so. But the reluctance of the Republic to take action in the matter of ecclesiastical abuses bred evil, because the fine intuition of the populace, never at fault in these things, divined at once the weakness of the Government, while the spectacle of daily insults and outrages to priests and on religion, committed with impunity, led to the inference that such acts expressed the sentiments which the Government was afraid openly to avow.

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[1] VINCENZO COCO: *Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli.*

And so all the bands of the old order were loosened or set aside, but the new order failed to replace them with anything as binding.

Troops of disbanded soldiers from the scattered army of Ferdinand infested the provinces, and together with the feudal men-at-arms of the barons and of the bishops, whose occupation was gone, lived by rapine and brigandage. In the small towns of Puglia, Basilicata, Terra d'Otranto, Terra di Bari, etc., the Republic had been duly proclaimed, and the *armigeri*, or men-at-arms, of the royal Government expelled. These kept together, and, banded with the lowest of the populace, seized their opportunity for cutting down the newly planted trees of liberty, rioting, forcing the people to change their tricolour cockades for the red one of the Bourbon, committing more or less of outrage as chance favoured them more or less, and setting the ill-directed, badly organised, and scanty forces of the amateur Republic at defiance. Here and there the adherents of the Republic were strong enough to put down the tumults, and to replant the tree of liberty; but more often the counter-revolution was the stronger.[1]

Long before the Republic was a month old Eleonora Pimentel reports in the *Monitore* "most unpalatable news" from the interior, and describes the state of civil strife, intimately connected with family feuds and personal rancours and revenges, that is desolating the Molise, Basilicata, and Puglia, from many of whose communes come reports of bloodshed and tragedy.

"But what," she asks, "is to be the remedy for so great and terrible an evil? Are we to burn the communes and shoot all who are taken with arms? No . . ." because many of the offenders have only obeyed superior force. It would be well, therefore, she says, that the French arms should accompany and support the commissioners of the Government, who, as ministers of peace, making a mere salutary show of force, would be able effectively to proclaim pardon to all who should immediately return to their allegiance.

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[1] See GIACOMO RACIOPPI: *Storia dei Popoli della Lucania e della Basilicata.* Roma, E. Loescher &. Co., 1889. Vol. II.

The conquests of the French in South Italy, however, were not made, as many of their admirers were able to imagine, out of the pure desire to spread ever farther the blessings of liberty; money had to be raised for their perpetual campaigning, and their philanthropy was not going to carry them far beyond the capital.

If the eyes of the republicans had been clearer, and if they had been sufficiently organised among themselves beforehand, they would have had a better position by proclaiming the Republic immediately on the flight of the king, independently of French help. In what a different light might they have regarded the coming of the French if they had reflected that it was not till three years after the death of Bassville that his assassination was made the pretext for the invasion of Rome! What a salutary disillusion they might have experienced could they only have cast an eye over the project, sent by the Directory to Buonaparte at Milan, a year or two before, for the surprising of the Holy House of Loreto and the carrying off of "the immense treasures which superstition had accumulated there during fifteen centuries"—"a stupendous financial operation" which "could harm no one beyond a few friars," which Buonaparte eventually executed!

It had become part of French tactics in Italy to invade rapidly, and only retire when peace had been bought at an enormous price. What millions of francs, what hundreds of pictures, statues, manuscripts, and priceless works of art had not gradually been extorted, under one pretext or another, in the beneficent shadow of the branches of the Tree of Liberty!

And now, while the provisional Government was busy abolishing titles of nobility, decreeing the name of tyrant to the king, destroying the public symbols of the late royal Government, and dividing the ancient provinces of the kingdom into departments and cantons according to the new republican fancy, the army of their liberators was living at their expense. Championnet, formally remitting the sum agreed upon with Pignatelli as the price of the armistice, levied an indemnity of two and a half million ducats upon the city and fifteen million upon the provinces, to be paid within two months. This at a time of which Palermo wrote: "The public banks were in a state of horrible squalor, because of the specie which private persons had deposited there, which had been withdrawn by the Court. Various projects were made to remedy the evil, but all in vain. Many millions were wanting to fill the deficit; these were not forthcoming, and exchange went up to 90 per cent. I myself who write this 'sketch' am an eye-witness. In those days my Father gave me a *fede di credito* [*i.e.* a banknote or bill] for 200 ducats, to exchange in the market place for ready money. I took it to the little shop of Pietro Gatti, in Toledo, and got in exchange 20 ducats in silver."[1]

The ruined city could not meet the exorbitant demand. In the absence of any comprehensible financial statistics, the Government taxed departments, communes, private persons necessarily at random, and their best efforts only roused indignation and complaint on all sides. In the absence of money, people were told to bring such plate and jewels as still remained to them, to be valued by the Government agents, and received instead of money. Much heart-burning came of this, and still more from the injustice with which the taxes were distributed, more regard being had to political opinions than to the ability

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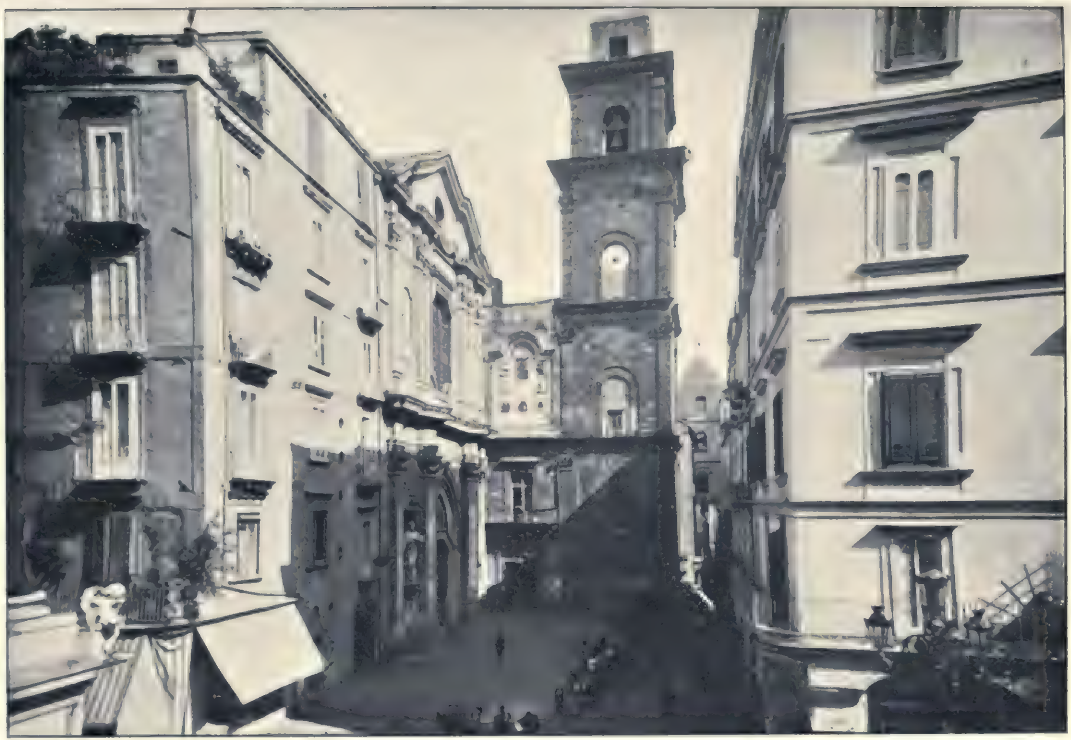
[1] EMANUELE PALERMO: *Breve Cenno Storico Critico su la Repubblica Napoletana* MS., in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Naples, quoted in the *Rivista Novissima,* Fasc. XV.–XVI., p. 624.



CHURCH AND BELFRY OF S. LORENZO, THE OLD MUNICIPAL PALACE, SHOWING THE BALCONY WHENCE CHAMPIONNET HARANGUED THE POPULACE IN 1799.

[*To face p.* 136.

to contribute. Such an arbitrary system gave room for flagrant injustice and cruel extortion.

A deputation of five members of the Government waited upon the general and remonstrated, begging at least for delay. But Championnet was inexorable, and interrupted their eloquence with a rough "Vae victis!"

Gabriele Manthonè, one of the five, a captain of artillery, "giant in soul and in person," as Colletta describes him, broke out in indignation:

"Thou, Citizen General," he cried, "hast soon forgot that we are not, thou the conqueror, we the vanquished," and reminded the Frenchman of the real state of the case, and suggested that he should evacuate the city and see how he could get in again without the help of the Neapolitans.

Technically, Manthonè was right, but their position left them no choice. Championnet insisted on the indemnity, and ordered the disarming of all the people who were not of the civic guard. The Republic remained with only six hundred men under arms in the capital. It was but a barren consolation to remember the dictum of the *Rights of Man* that "in a Republic every free citizen is a soldier": a soldier without arms is in a melancholy position.

The French were suspicious of any efforts on the part of the Republic to stand alone, and with the French army at hand the Republic scarcely perceived how destitute it was of adequate means of defence, until the time for organising that defence to any purpose was gone by. Cool sense and promptitude would now have served the republicans better than any mere enthusiasm. As Coco points out, they might have had at their disposal ample material for forming an army. There were, he says, thirty thousand men of the royal army who still held together and represented the flower of the Neapolitan forces, as they were the last to lay down their arms; of these the *camiciotti* had especially distinguished themselves against the French in the last struggle, and had been all taken prisoners. Instead of recognising their courage and patriotism, the republicans bore them the greater grudge, and, their services being disdained by the new Government, they remained free in Naples, maintained, as is most probable, by secret agents of the queen, who swarmed everywhere and never lost an opportunity. Officers of the royal army were told, in a stupid and haughty proclamation, that men who had served the tyrant could hope nothing from a republic. These rejected officers, whose service of their king need have been no bar to the service of their country, were thus driven to long the more ardently for the return of the monarch. And although, in fact, the services of many among them were eventually accepted, this high-flown language cost the republicans very dear. Equally fatal was the oversight committed in leaving all the discharged feudal men-at-arms to roam masterless about the defenceless provinces, bound to rob or starve, instead of taking them at once into the service of the Republic. "They are all scoundrels," said some of the hot-headed republicans, forgetting, as Coco says, that not all men are heroes, and for the rest leaving them no choice.

If the French had ever made common cause with the Neapolitans, who from the first had cherished far too naïve a faith in the disinterested philanthropy of the French Republic (as if any nation ever were disinterested !), they would have lost no time from the outset in enrolling all these disbanded soldiers of all kinds in the service of the new Republic. Instead, the republicans were encouraged to declaim against the "vile satellites of the tyrant," while every idle soldier not speedily made a friend was sure to be an enemy, and in any case ate and drank at the expense of the country. It even seems that where the French found it worth their while to linger, where so much valuable booty was eventually plundered, and when the forfeited estates and goods of the republicans yielded later on such a rich harvest to their triumphant enemies, a few capable and determined men might have made an army in spite of French opposition and all other difficulties. As a rule money comes to those who know how to use it. But the French preferred to let the ill-fated republicans sow wind in all directions, indifferent to the coming whirlwind, from which they themselves were safe.

The souls of the men in power were strung too high by finding themselves destined to realise the ideal they had admired and suffered for so long. It had actually come at last, and they vied with one another which should be the most perfect republican. Typical among the younger patriots is Vincenzo Russo. He had been exiled from Naples, and at the time of the Republic had gone to Rome. Addressing there the members of the new Constitutional Club, and fulminating against the "revolting luxury" he observed in the quantity of gold upon the hats, the breeches, and the waistcoats of his hearers, he declared such luxury anti-democratic, and spoke with such fire that one and all stripped off their trimmings and gave them then and there to be sold for the poor. The next evening Russo, an unconscious but most true follower of St. Francis, took off his silver watch, "the only thing of any value which he, in his poverty, possessed," and gave it for the poor. When he came back to Naples it is written of him by Marinelli: "He was disinterested to the point that he gave everything to help his fellow-creatures; he lived upon a few *grani* [pieces of 2 centimes] a day, buying a little food and eating it as he went along the street; in his house he had barely a little bed to sleep upon; he loved all men to excess."[1]

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[1] This was the man, alone of all the political victims of that year, whom the Church disowned, and condemned to be buried as an outcast on the seashore at the Maddalena, because he refused to pronounce, at his last hour, words which for him had no meaning.

With this "excess," which he carried fervently wherever he found work to do, he was a perfect whirlwind among the philosophers of the legislative council, of which, in April, he was called to form a part. His first public act was to demand an examination of all the accounts of the provisional Government, now superseded by a legislative and an executive council. The new liberty, and especially the reluctance of those in power to impose any check upon absolute freedom of speech, had loosened all tongues; the old habit of suspicion and the new licence to discuss everybody and everything in public bred accusations and scandals. Russo was anxious that no suspicion should be allowed to rest upon the Government. To expedite public business he proposed that the councils should hold two sittings daily; but Domenico Cirillo gave it as his opinion that the health of the members might suffer. Russo's next proposal, on April 17th, was the creation of two books, the first "Of Patriotism" (*Dell' amor di Patria*), to contain the renunciation by those who held any public office of the whole or part of their salary, according to their private means; the second, "Of the Duties of Citizens" (*Dei doveri dei cittadini*), for the names of those whose private condition made an increase of salary desirable and just. Although the motion for fixing public salaries at a sum not exceeding fifty ducats a month was adjourned at the time, there appeared a placard on the 20th in public places announcing that Pagano, the President, had renounced half his salary, and had been followed by all the other representatives, and by many *employés*, who had given up some half, some a third.[1]

But in a moment when the very existence of the Republic was in the balance, and depended upon the immediate formation and equipment of a valid army and upon the reorganisation of the shattered finances, when English ships were at Baia and insurrection convulsed the provinces, there was no time to be lost over questions such as these. But the end of April came and found the legislative council still discussing the organisation of the National Guard.

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[1] *Diario Napoletano, etc.*, Anno XXIV., Fasc II., p. 112.

The diarist De Nicola reflects the comments of the public standing aloof: "It is said that they have drawn up an iniquitous Constitution," he writes; "I shall always say this same thing: the Government and the French do not know how to make the people love the revolution and search out means of constantly increasing the discontent. And the real fact is, there is no one in the Council who has experience of politics and good government; there is a want of prudence, of conduct, of religion. Among the French there is bad faith and the desire to plunder. . . . Oh! how many would gladly return into their former insignificance!"[1]

Reading in the *Monitore* the accounts of the proposals in the sittings of the commission, of the proclamations issued, and the petitions and counter-petitions on each subject of discussion, and considering how very small a sample we have before us of the polemics of the day, one can form an idea of the confusion and the clamour that surrounded those whose business it was to steer the ship.

A proclamation is put up at the street corners announcing the regulations for the formation of a body of national cavalry. The scrupulous, almost precious, republicanism of Eleonora Pimentel immediately takes alarm. Availing herself of the right to petition common to every individual under a Republic, and "with a mind illumined by the sacred fire of liberty," she hastens to pray that the commission may immediately occupy itself with the reflections which she proceeds to lay before it.

Each citizen, it appears, who inscribed himself to the new corps was to provide *at his own expense* uniform, arms, and horse. "This novelty, unheard of in any other republic (not even in the Mother Republic), threatens public liberty," writes the petitioner. Wealth, she points out, is a source of civil and moral power, because the wealthy have means of culture denied to the poor. If to this power we proceed to add physical force, we create an armed aristocracy in our midst. The formation of this troop of national cavalry tends, she urges, to place a most odious distinction between the rich and the not rich. In the name of liberty and of the safety of the Republic she prays the commission not only to stop the formation, already begun, of the cavalry troops, but to insert a clause in the constitution against such troops ever being formed in the future. Meanwhile, she invites the commission to stimulate the young men to acquire dexterity in horsemanship, the wealthy to share their horses with their poorer friends, and to censure those young men who (to the reproach of their age and of those customs which should prevail in a well-constituted Republic) indulge in the effeminacy of driving in coaches.

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[1] *Diario, etc., Ibid.*, p. 99.

To this petition of Eleonora Pimentel we have the answer of Gennaro Serra di Cassano, second in command of the National Guard. He thanks her with playful courtesy for her "interest in our revolution, or rather, in our happiness. We must," he writes, "according to my belief, begin by *being* before we occupy ourselves about *well being*. Unfortunately we have still many enemies, to whom we can oppose nothing but a National guard, barely formed. This, I doubt not, will save the nation; we have the guarantee of their zeal and courage; but let us meanwhile redouble our means of defence. . . . Let us remember that to guard so vast a capital cavalry is absolutely necessary. When the Government shall have organised regular troops of the line, they may then declare a National guard on foot to be sufficient. . . . Heaven grant that the people, good in the main, but led astray in part, may soon recognise their rights, and then to them alone will be entrusted their defence, and every other measure will become superfluous. The most valid shield of a sovereign people is the love of their country." He alludes to the "system of disorganisation that unhappily begins to make progress among us," and concludes with a salutary warning: "Let no stone be taken away from the edifice of our regeneration, without putting another in its stead; otherwise ruin will be inevitable."

This proposed troop of cavalry was to consist, after all, of only two hundred and fifty men, besides officers. He had plenty of sense, this young captain of twenty-four, and plenty of energy. He was a son of the beautiful Giulia Carafa, Duchess of Cassano, one of those two noble sisters to whom, for their self-sacrificing patriotism, the Republic first decreed the name of *Madre della Patria.* Gennaro Serra had been partly educated in France, and had seen something of revolution there, and knew that such things mean fighting. In a few months more he and Eleonora Pimentel stood side by side upon the scaffold.

CHAPTER VII

LITTLE CLOUDS

The *Monitore* and Eleonora—Recall of Championnet—Macdonald—Faitpoult—The Court begins to recover—Armed insurrection in many centres—Fra Diavolo — Mammone — Pronio—Unreadiness of the republicans—Arrival of Caracciolo—Luisa Sanfelice and the conspiracy of the Baccher—Ferment among the populace—Withdrawal of the French—The miracle of San Gennaro.

FOLLOWING the course of the *Monitore*, one can live in the Naples of those days, sharing the hopes, destined to dwindle and grow faint, and the fears, rising and swelling and coming on in ever-gathering force until Republic and republicans were overwhelmed.

From the beginning the views from the interior are "very distasteful [disgustosissime] and, what is worse, confused." One can well believe it. For tidings, the public and their purveyors of news had to depend upon occasional letters brought by special messengers from the scenes of action, or upon the accounts given by *vetturini* of the state of such parts as they had just passed through.

From Abruzzi come the news that a certain Pronio, under pretence of defending the holy faith, has put himself at the head of two thousand men, and is attacking the French forces left in Aquila and Pescara; then that the French have beaten these insurgents and driven them into Ascoli, killing three hundred of them. From many cities of the Contado di Molise it is rumoured that malcontents, uniting with the disbanded soldiers, have attacked the patriots—*i.e.* such communes as have declared for the Republic—killing many, and holding the rest in terror of their lives. Then comes a memorial from the young patriots of the Abruzzi and Molise, praying the Government to demand of the general-in-chief permission to arm, and to send a commander, under whom they may fly to the succour of their native cities, holding themselves ready to start within twenty-four hours.

"For the present no answer has been given to the petition." These words are significant of the distrust which led the French to keep the people as much as possible unarmed, thus frustrating their only chance of valid defence. Eleonora, however, professes to believe, for the good of the public, that Championnet has despatched three thousand men to the assistance of the provinces.

At these rumours of renewed civil war the humane and gentle soul of Eleonora Pimentel recoils, picturing manifold repetition of such scenes as those from which Naples had but just emerged. She is sure these tumults will soon be quieted. She trusts, since the number of good patriots is great, that there will be no exercise of martial law, no burning of villages, no wholesale reprisals where punishment falls on the innocent together with the guilty. No doubt, she says, many of the rebels are under illusion, and the death of every man capable of amendment is a real loss in a democracy, and so on, and so on. Between the lines full of republican logic and flattery of the French one can read an earnest appeal to commanders and soldiers to be merciful.

From Calabria and Apulia the tidings are more consoling. Wherever the Government commissioner has passed, leaving his instructions, there the cities have "democratised" themselves and set up the tree of liberty.

As the *Monitore* proceeds, it becomes evident that the greater part of the arms taken by the populace in January have never been brought back; there is a suspicion that they are being kept hidden by the *lazzari* lying in wait for an occasion to serve the king. Championnet sends out a proclamation ordering their immediate consignment, and offering rewards to any who should denounce those who were unlawfully keeping them back. A few arrests are made on suspicion, but on the whole nothing much comes of many domiciliary visits and perquisitions. The reader feels, and we shall shortly see, that potent mischief was brewing.

On February 9th the *Monitore* publishes letters from the two communes of Trani and Barletta, declaring in most flowery and enthusiastic language their adherence to the Republic, followed by the answers of the Government, full of congratulation and encouragement, and promising shortly to send instructions, together with commissioners who are to complete the work of organisation.

Within a few days news has come that the writers of the letters from Trani and Barletta are already in chains. The paper reports that armed bands infest the country, attack the towns, levy contributions, rob the banks, and force peaceful citizens to arm and follow them. The announcement of the departure of the three thousand French troops, it seems, was premature. To-day, however (Feb. 12), General Duhesme has begun the march southward with five thousand men.

In the middle of these and like agitations are reported the debates upon the abolition of entail and of the rights of primogeniture, with many glimpses into the considerations, for and against, that swayed the discussions, until the final passing of the law abolishing the rights for the future, but maintaining present possession.

Then appears upon the scene, sent by the Directory at Paris (moved thereto by enemies of Championnet), a certain citizen Faitpoult as civil commissioner. This newcomer posts up an edict to the effect that all contributions, taxes, and other payments imposed on the Neapolitans by French officers are to be paid to him alone. He further declares all possessions of the Crown of Naples, palaces, collections, royal preserves, the antiquities,

CHAMPIONNET, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT NAPLES.

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as yet undiscovered, of Pompei and Herculaneum, the porcelain factory of Capodimonte, and so forth, all forfeit to France. Championnet, indignant at this "bare-faced, audacious robbery," with the prompt independence of judgment and action that marks all we find him doing, orders the expulsion within twenty-four hours from Naples, and within ten days from the territories of the Neapolitan and Roman Republics, of Faitpoult and all his agents, treasurers, receivers, and the rest.

This action gave the desired pretext for recalling Championnet, who was forthwith summoned to Paris to take his trial for rebellion before a council of war. He was acquitted eventually and given a new command, but he died not long afterwards, cordially regretted by the Neapolitan patriots, who had found him, as even the Austrian *chargé d'affaires* described him to his Government, "a man of gentle and courteous manners, full of moderation and humanity."

His departure was a great blow. His own chief regret was that he had been unable to regulate the heavy contribution he had levied on the city and on the provinces in a way better proportioned to their condition, having come to see for himself that the demand was preposterous and its fulfilment impossible. In his place came General Macdonald, who brought back the abhorred Faitpoult. Henceforth such items of news as regard the doings of the French generals are given with a certain reserve, and one perceives a strained relation and new sense of soreness and distrust. Faitpoult had come to see to it that the fleecing of the Neapolitans was thoroughly done.

Bad news gradually becomes the rule instead of the exception. The Bourbon party, recovering from their consternation, and perceiving the weakness of the Republic, began more and more actively to foment revolt in the provinces. While the tardy Republicans and their cool French allies were for ever getting under way, announcing their departure for those remote scenes of disorder and misrule, and never starting, certain outlaws and brigands, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain, who were not hampered by tender considerations for the rights of man, and cared in truth neither for Republic nor for king, but who saw well enough which side was likely to win, rallied the dispersed Bourbon soldiers, the disaffected, the noted adherents of the king, the numbers of irregular police who dared not remain in the capital, the discharged feudal soldiery, and formed armed bands in many centres. Hence, under the eternal pretext of serving religion and the king, they made raids upon the towns, assassinating all who resisted, forcing the inhabitants to declare for the king, and carrying off food and spoil. In the Campania Felice, that beautiful fertile plain, dotted with towns and villages, which extends from Naples till past Capua, Fra Diavolo, with a horde of wild soldiery, was master. At Sora it was the frightful brigand Mammone who spread terror on all sides. This monster delighted to drink human blood—to drink it, moreover, out of a human skull, of which he liked to have a fresh one every day. For his own delectation and that of his robber captains, he used to send for his prisoners and have them despatched before him as he sat eating and drinking.

The strongholds of these bands were in the mountains, whence they descended to cut off small parties of soldiers, to waylay, rob, and murder posts and messengers and other travellers between the city and the provinces.

In Basilicata, Colletta considers that the political sentiment was based chiefly on ancient feuds and hereditary rivalries between neighbour towns, kept alive by constant fighting. It was enough for one townlet to plant the tree of liberty; its neighbour instantly "invites" it to cut it down, and sallies out to enforce the invitation in the name of the king. The two parties would fight as long as a scrap of lead could be mustered between them. Scenes of the kind occurred daily, with more or less of horror in detail; any town that failed to defend itself was burned and sacked.

The Bourbon party spread the rumour in the provinces that Naples was in full revolt against the Republic, and that an English army had landed and taken possession of the city in the name of the king, who was now about to return. Suspicions of the possible truth of the rumour, and terror of coming reprisals, effectually cooled the republican ardour of all prudent persons.

It is touching to see in the *Monitore* the heroic efforts of Eleonora Pimentel to find a cheerful way of taking and of putting the bad news; the matter she discovers for encouragement as one fatal blow falls after another; her unflagging confidence that all will yet be well; her constant, earnest solicitude lest the soldiers of the Republic should be guilty of too great severity on those who, she is convinced, have erred in ignorance. When we know that the tidings from Molise, Puglia, and Basilicata were as bad as they could be, we find her rejoicing in the tranquillity of Calabria; "and such, no need to doubt it, will be the state of every part that believes Naples to be a Republic, and that Ferdinand, far from coming to Naples, is about to run away even from Palermo."

Ferdinand was quite ready to run from Palermo had the republicans shown a little more vigour and capacity; but unhappily for themselves and for Naples this is what they were never able to do.

From a notice in the *Monitore* of the *5th Ventoso* (February 23rd), it appears that Pronio, the brigand leader in the Abruzzi, was unexpectedly humane in his treatment of his prisoners, and that he allowed them to write to their friends. In some of these letters that reached Naples there was a suggestion, probably originating in Pronio himself, that the republicans might do worse than make him their ally, and use his influence in quelling the rebellion in the Abruzzi. But the chance was let slip.

The republicans, no doubt, recoiled from the thought of using such instruments. Unfortunately they could not make men to their own pattern; but in their solicitude for the moral redemption of the populace, it escaped them that even the discharged or wavering "satellites of tyranny" might be susceptible and worthy of improvement by a little timely confidence. But they were not politicians. Not France, not ancient Rome was good enough to be their model, but Sparta itself, forgetting the change in the times, the difference of the people.

"Not one act of justice," says Colletta in his *Autobiography*, "would they have sacrificed to a thousand interests," and the men of whom he spoke would have desired no higher praise. Colletta was another of those capable, but somewhat cold-tempered, men upon whom the new republicans looked askance. In a well-established government such virtue would have given light to all Europe; as matters were, it only served to precipitate the ruin of the new-born Republic.

Coco reproaches the Neapolitans not only with military slackness or incapacity, but with a general ignorance of their own affairs. Their wise men, he says, brought up on French and English books, are acquainted with the manufactures of Birmingham and Manchester, and know nothing of our own; they can talk to you of the agriculture of Provence, and ignore that of Puglia; you will not find one who cannot tell you how they elect a king in Poland, or a Roman Emperor, and few will know how the administrators of one of our municipalities are elected. Everyone can tell you the latitude and longitude of Tahiti, but no one knows that of Naples. Because of our defective education the science we possess is useless; for anything useful we have to go a-begging to other people.

So that the republicans had Rome, Athens, and Sparta at their fingers' ends; their public utterances were full of classical allusions and examples, but they knew next to nothing of the feeling in their own provincial towns.

A little real knowledge of the local history and circumstances of different districts, and redress, or even promise of redress, of actual grievances wisely adapted to differing wants, would have bred more confidence in the Republic than the poor trees of liberty set up by dozens—a panacea for all maladies. The populace had naturally no idea of the significance of the new emblem. The harangues of the "democratisers" shed but little light upon their state of mystification; some went so far as to consider it magic. A little capacity for seeing things through the popular eye would have smoothed the way of the Republic in many a district where commissioners and democrats went trampling over the dearest prejudices of the people, stuffing "Liberty" and "Equality" down everybody's throat.

"The populace is a great baby," was the conviction of the cultured and benignant members of the Government; accordingly every little success is lauded to the skies by the *Monitore*, with phrases intended to flatter and conciliate "our brave patriots," "our good citizens"—phrases in which the condescending attitude of mind is all too patent, and which help to show how hopelessly far the elements of the new state were from any real combination. A child of character resents being patted on the back in public every time it behaves with common propriety, and the people, with the instinct of those unaccustomed to reflect, knew exactly what to make of this flattering attitude.

In some places it was the suppression of a monastery that the people desired; in others such a step would have given the greatest offence. In some districts the quarrel with the feudal lords was ripe for the abolition of the system; in others the time had not yet come for interference. Further, it was an enormous mistake to depose men wholesale from public places simply because they had held office under the king; in many districts they were eminently the best men for their posts. But the indiscriminate zeal of commissioners ignorant of local circumstances came to disturb a course of affairs far better left alone—on the one hand sending new-made enemies to swell the ranks of their opponents, and on the other exposing their incapacity to the shrewd observation of the populace they were hoping to win.

However, to us, who can take a tolerably clear bird's-eye view of those days, looking down through a hundred years, it is simple enough to say: thus and thus they should have done. The birth of the Republic was unforeseen and premature, and in five months it was dead. What time was there to do solid work? It is a tragedy from the beginning, although there are moments when the spectator cannot choose but smile. The crisis, by its very nature, calls the noblest to the front, and as inexorably dooms them to fail and to pay the forfeit.

Troubles thicken in the provinces, and the *Monitore* presents every item of good news in the brightest colours, magnifying the acts of heroism, which were never wanting, and gliding adroitly over the disasters, which became more serious with every week that passed. One cannot be sure that the republicans themselves were not deceived at times, as, for instance, when towards the end of March the *Monitore* publishes the report that many Neapolitan troops, discharged by Ferdinand, have landed in Calabria, have "fought for the cause of Liberty, and that the citizen Muscettola, ex-prince of Luperano, has completely defeated the few brigands in the pay of Cardinal Ruffo."

Among all these reports, true and false, of the military doings in the provinces, political news, debates upon the eternal feudal question, arrests on "suspicion of ill-intention," which began to increase in number as the troubles of the Republic multiplied, the passing of the Bill about Punch and Judy, and so on, are two significant announcements. On Sunday, March 3rd, arrives "our well-known, wished-for, excellent sailor Caracciolo, excellent as a sailor, excellent as a soldier, and still more excellent as a citizen [note these words], hailed by the universal public joy, especially by the sailors who thronged to meet him." This arrival of Caracciolo was already noted by De Nicola in his diary, where he calls him "our excellent sea-captain" (*il nostro bravo comandante di mare*). It is evident that Caracciolo enjoyed the hearty affection and confidence of all classes. Neapolitan to the core, yet upright and most capable, the whole city rejoiced in his coming.[1]

A little later on we read, "a distinguished citoyenne of ours, Luisa Molines Sanfelice, on Friday evening the 5th of April, revealed to the Government the conspiracy of a few persons, not more wicked than crazy, who trusting in the presence of the English squadron, or possibly acting in concert with it, had intended on the Saturday to massacre the members of the Government and the good patriots, and then to attempt a counter-revolution." So slightingly does Eleonora Pimentel speak of the famous conspiracy of the Baccher, father and sons, of the brothers Della Rossa, and others less well remembered.

This attempt to hide the extent of the danger, from which for the moment the Republic had escaped, is too palpable, and can have deceived no one. The curtain now partly lifted did not reveal a mere limited conspiracy originated and conducted by the Baccher and a few others, as has been generally supposed; many documents, hitherto lying ignored in the archives at Palermo, have lately been published by Professor Sansone,[2] which prove how the royalist plots, discovered from time to time by the republicans, were all more or less parts of the same widespread conspiracy—a conspiracy which had its beginning, as many of these letters show, among the decided royalists from the moment that the French entered Naples. The mass of the conspirators were the *lazzari* and the majority of the populace generally, enrolled in "royalist unions" inscribed under different heads or captains, many of whom, such as the Duke of Calabritto and the Duke of Salandra, were among the high nobility. The Court was of course in the secret, and sent over confidential agents with inflammatory fly-leaves and money which was distributed among the *camiciotti* and other destitute soldiers, "that they might not be driven by hunger to serve the infamous republic." Thus we read that on the evening of March 2nd the arrest was made of Francesco Lalò, "as a distributor of money to the Populace," and the same evening Albano, *capo-lazzaro* of the Molo Piccolo, "for the same reason." Lalò was a confidential servant of the queen, as may be seen from her letters to Lady Hamilton at the time of the flight from Naples.[1]

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[1] There is no perfect equivalent for *bravo* in one English adjective. In Italian the word bears far more the meaning of capacity and of excellence than of mere courage, and *brave* is seldom its entire meaning, while it is stronger than the same adjective in French. Eleonora uses the same word for Caracciolo in the *Monitore*.

[2] ALFONSO SANSONE: *Avvenimenti del 1799 nelle Due Sicilie*, p. cxviii., *et seq*.

The secret royalist organisation included a great number of officers, public functionaries out of employment, and in general all who for any reason whatever were discontented with the present state of things. Among these unions was one called the *Compagnia dei Bullettini*, whose office it was to maintain the royalist ferment in the city by means of seditious papers, and *cartelli*, or placards, which were found posted up upon the walls no one knew how.[2]

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[1] PALUMBO: *Carteggio, etc.*, pp. 186, 187.

[2] Such as these, put up in the early days of April, when the English were at Procida: *Scetate Popolo, che mmo è tiempo che son' venute l' Angrise, p' accidere li Franzise.* ("Awake, people, for now is the time, for the English are come to kill the French."—*Rivista Novissima*, p. 627.

Fate bene ai Camiciotti,
Venerdì sentirete le botti.
("Treat well the *Camiciotti*,
On Friday you will hear the shots.")

Popolo, armate con mazze e breccie, e va contro ai Franzisi, Ruffo himself was not above using the basest methods of underhand warfare; on March 3rd he wrote to Acton[1]:

"The middle class in Naples is very merry, the *lazzari* are lying in wait to revenge themselves; it would be well to make them [*i.e.* the republicans] think that the middle class have an understanding with the Court: letters written to divers of them, in which a conspiracy should be openly alluded to, would cause a few of them to be massacred, and would put the French on their guard against them, and the French, being few, would be loaded with excessive work, and would be led to forget the moderation which is now imperative in the conduct of their undertaking."

In this ignoble trickery Maria Carolina and Lady Hamilton were in their element and found a congenial occupation. Witness the following from a letter of the queen to her confidante:

"Counting on your friendship for me I send you a packet or bag full of letters; there is not a word of writing amongst them, but the printed papers of which I send you an original; I send them to you to have them diffused; indeed all the English have to do is to throw them into the post at Leghorn for Naples, and I will pay the expenses. I do not care whether they all arrive or not, but some will arrive. We must beat them with their own weapons. I intend to prepare some more . . . "[2]

Only the very ignorant were deceived by these things. "The queen Maria Carolina," wrote Marinelli on April 2nd, "with pretended Republican proclamations, gave out that Easter is to be abolished, that Baptism is to be

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ca l' Angrise t' aiutano. ("People, arm with staves and stones, and go forth against the French, for the English are helping you."—*Riv. Nov.*, p. 661.

[1] *Arch. Stor. Nap.*, Anno VIII., p. 243.

[2] PALUMBO: *Maria Carolina, Carteggio, etc.*, p. 191.

given at seven years, and other laws on marriages. All lies!"[1]

Some of the conspirators were in communication with the English at Procida in April, and one of them later on was of material help to the Conte di Thurn in managing the surrender of the fortress at Baia, on which occasion safe-conducts were given to the garrison which were afterwards ruthlessly violated, the violation of the terms of the capitulation of the castles of Naples being coolly cited as a precedent by the State Junta.

The Government knew well enough that sedition was rife in the city; the conspirators themselves, though their organisation was kept secret, could never be quiet. They tried to burn the tree of liberty in the Piazza Nazionale; they attacked and killed at different times upwards of a hundred French soldiers as they strayed from their quarters bent on nightly pleasure. Among the letters newly published, one tells how some of these daring royalists actually attacked a little fort guarded by the French at Capodimonte on the night of February 13th. In vain the Government issued threats and ordered the instant giving up of arms by the populace, on pain of death. Scarcely any arms were ever found. The Government, irritated and uneasy, like one blindfold in a rough game, made desperate plunges from time to time, and imprisoned, half at random, such of the conspirators as it could lay hands on.

Meanwhile the republicanism of a great number who took part in the new order was only provisional and temporary, and tremblingly on the watch for any sign that the other side might be coming up again. On March 7th the Government made a public display of the burning of some royal banners in the Piazza Nazionale, and took that occasion to set free thirty-two insurgent prisoners who had fallen into their hands. Some trivial accident suddenly scattered the crowd in a panic, "and

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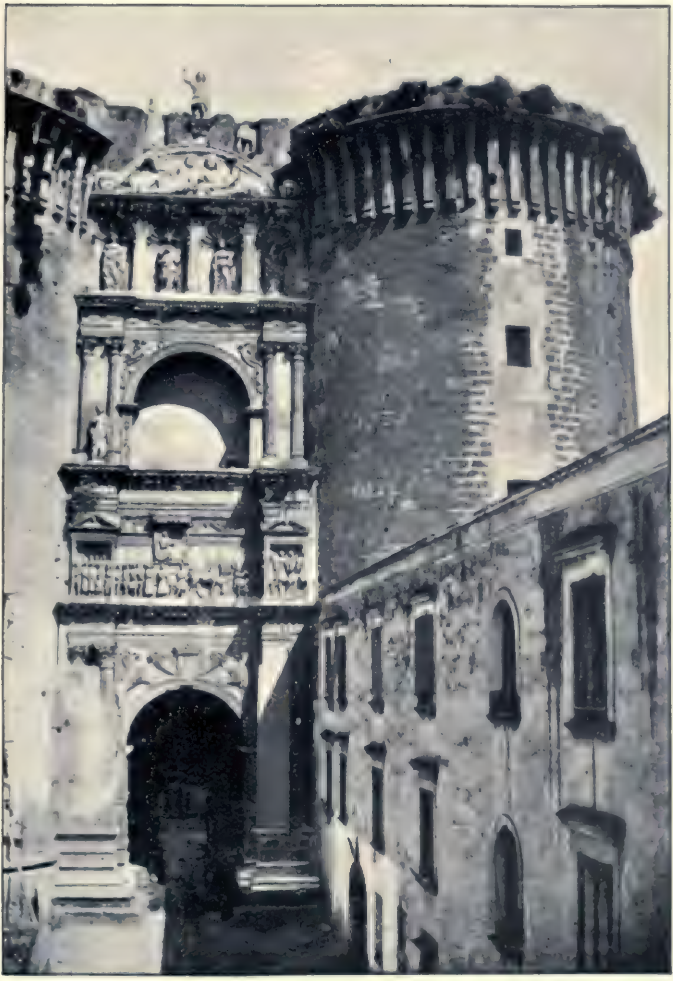
[1] *Rivista Novissima*, p. 627.



ENTRANCE TO CASTEL NUOVO.
Triumphal Arch of Alfonso d'Aragona.

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I saw," relates Palermo, "a Captain of the National Guard take to his heels, tear off his epaulettes, and throw them into a drain in the Vico Conte di Mola." He adds that this captain was a priest.[1]

By the scheme, frustrated through the carelessness of Gerardo Baccher, the royalists, on the night of April 1st, were to have seized St. Elmo, broken open the prisons, and set free their imprisoned companions, and forthwith called upon the people to rise. The execution of the plot, for some reason, was put off to April 8th, and on the 5th, as we have seen, enough was discovered to frustrate its accomplishment. It is evident from the diaries of the time that several attempts on St. Elmo had already been made by the *lazzari*.

The conspirators were believed to have an understanding with the English and Sicilian ships, which were to make a feint of bombarding the city, and while all the effective soldiers rushed to man the defences, the conspirators in the city were to massacre all the republicans and burn their houses. The doomed palaces were marked with certain signs; but as in many of them republicans and royalists were to be found side by side, it was found necessary to distribute secretly certain tokens to those who might be in danger and were to be spared.

One of the four Baccher brothers, Gerardo, a young cavalry officer, was among the many admirers of Luisa Sanfelice, and lest harm should befall her in the coming massacre, he gave her one of these tokens, telling her something of the plot, and to show it in case of danger, when it would secure her safety.

Following the light most lately thrown by Sansone upon this tragic story, which indeed makes it more tragic still, it seems that the poor thing, left alone after her lover's, or friend's, departure, could not bear the idea of the proposed horrible massacre. But she was in a terrible dilemma between two sacrifices: on the one hand, of the friend who had generously sought to ensure her safety; on the other, of thousands of helpless people about to be handed over to wholesale massacre. Unable to acquiesce in the coming slaughter, she confided her secret and her terrors to Vincenzo Coco, who was, it now appears, what we might call her husband's solicitor, and, as we know, happened also to be a strong republican. Coco drew from her all she knew, and took down with his own hand the statement which revealed the danger to the Republic, but not the name of him whose tenderness for her was to be their common ruin. Perhaps the token gave some clue. Given the name of Luisa Sanfelice, one can fancy it was easy to discover who frequented the house, and for suspicion to fall on the right person. That night the Baccher, father and sons, and many others were arrested.

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[1] EM. PALERMO: *Breve Cenno, MS.*

It was a pitiful tragedy. No one could have been further from partaking, one way or another, in the bitter struggles of the time than this poor, pretty Luisa Sanfelice. Even her husband, a wretched, incapable creature, together with whom she went through all sorts of discreditable vicissitudes, since the two, it seems, were equally thriftless—not even her husband had any connection with politics. Luisa was daughter of a distinguished Spanish officer in the Neapolitan service and of a Genoese lady. At seventeen she was married to her cousin, Andrea Sanfelice, who was scarcely more than eighteen. The young man, says Croce,[1] was "silly, fatuous, braggart, good for nothing, spendthrift . . ." Being a younger son, he had, moreover, little to spend, which did not prevent him and his wife from rapidly squandering all they had, until they were deep in debt and misery. Within seven years of her marriage Luisa was reduced to beg, at one time, a few pence of an old friend of their family, that she and her children might not starve.

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[1] BENEDETTO CROCE: *Studii Storici sulla Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799*, III. *Luisa Sanfelice e la Congiura dei Baccher*, p. 142, *et seq.*

Their three children had to be taken from them and put into the charge of different convents. Andrea Sanfelice himself and his wife were banished, from the temptations of the city, to certain remote lands of his, and their affairs placed under superintendence with a view to paying their debts. They contrived, however, to live the same life, "loose and scandalous to excess," and were for a time shut up in separate convents, but with no beneficial result. The incorrigible pair escaped and ran away together back to Naples, and the loose thread of the new love-affairs of Luisa suddenly, on that soft April evening, was caught in the flying wheels of the fate of the republicans, and her destiny henceforth was woven inextricably with theirs.

The little notice in the *Monitore* was the death-warrant of this poor creature, whose fate has probably excited more pity than that of any other victim of Ferdinand's revenge.

Eleonora Pimentel, as was the fashion of the day, proceeds to "make diction" of the fortunate discovery. "San Girolamo," she writes, "in his Commentary on Hosea says: that a man who can desire to live under a king must be in a state of complete madness; how many degrees beyond madness must be he who seeks to live under a king of the present day? Meanwhile, the Roman Senate not only accorded liberty to the slave who revealed the conspiracy of the sons of Brutus, but immortalised his name by calling thenceforth the act of the manumission of slaves 'Vindicta,' from his name Vindicius. Our Republic must therefore not neglect to immortalise the deed and the name of this illustrious citoyenne . . ." The Republic, alas! had already secured the sad immortality of the name of Luisa Sanfelice.

April passes into May; things great and small appear in the pages of the *Monitore*; discussions over the morality of public lotteries, strongly condemned by Eleonora Pimentel; announcements of the Mint, appointing days when citizens may bring copper and bell-metal to be coined; accounts of the skirmishes between the English frigates and the "valiant youth of our National Guard," who were striving to establish a battery between Baia and Pozzuoli; the cannonading is heard constantly; news from the provinces is bad, and grows worse, but occasional successes are made the most of; it transpires here and there that the food supplies of the city are somewhat shortened; news comes from Foggia that five convicts have been arrested, from whom information has been obtained that 6,400 convicts have been landed from Sicily at various points along the coast, to take their chance as to what harm they could do to the Republic.

That there was any formidable method and concert in the many insurrectionary movements reported either was not evident to the heads of the Government, or, if so, was carefully hidden from the public.

A notice at the end of April makes one smile: "A citizen of the department of the Sele writes to us that he has been made justice of the peace, and since he is desirous of serving his country well, and does not know his duties, he prays us to procure him the necessary instructions from the Government. But as we do not know whether any have yet been published, we invite the Government to publish them with the utmost despatch."

An ominous symptom is veiled in the next paragraph. The French are retiring to an encampment near Caserta, and malicious persons have begun to spread an alarm and reports "injurious to French loyalty and magnanimity." In other words, it looked very much as though the French were preparing to withdraw altogether. The executive council issues a proclamation to the Neapolitan people, answering for French loyalty, and ending with these reassuring words: "The Republic is established, and to her enemies nothing remains but jealousy, desperation, and death."

A letter is also published from General Macdonald (already preparing to slip away northwards and leave the Neapolitan Republic to make the best of the situation), of course protesting that the Republic may safely repose in him, and that he will be ready at the first signal of cannon from St. Elmo to appear like the lightning which is followed by the thunder, etc., etc. Meanwhile, let all do their duty!

So the French withdrew to Caserta on May 2nd: the city, it was said, offered too many temptations to the soldiers. Macdonald, however, returned to dine with the members of the Government on the 4th, in order to be present at the yearly time-honoured procession and miracle of the Phials of S. Gennaro, whose sanction was held by the patriots and by the French generals alike absolutely necessary to seal their passport to popular confidence. The miracle consists in the "liquefaction of the blood of S. Gennaro," contained in the sacred phials. There was great fear that the priests, in the interest of the Bourbon, would contrive that the miracle should not take place.

Macdonald with his staff, accompanied by General Thiébault and other officers, all in gala uniform, went first to the palace of the archbishop, Cardinal Zurlo. (One can fancy Macdonald making occasion to whisper a word to the cardinal!) Thence they proceeded to the Church of the Trinità Maggiore to await the arrival of the populace. Macdonald said afterwards that he had placed two companies of grenadiers in the church, so critical was the moment felt to be. The crowd was then, as it is to this day, enormous and excited. The miracle delayed; the crowd took on a threatening appearance; the French felt there was not a moment to be lost. One of the representatives of the Republic who stood with the French officers near the altar-rail turned with a stern pale face to General Thiébault, who was between him and the cardinal, motioning to him to give place; he stepped up to the old archbishop, presented one of the pistols hidden in his belt, and cried in his ear in a stifled voice, "If the miracle delay another moment, you are a dead man." The cardinal handed the phial to his vicar, and the miracle took place immediately.[1]

This was not the first time that the saint had seen fit to yield to military pressure, and when the Bourbon came back, poor S. Gennaro was somewhat in disgrace, and was for the time thrown into the shade by Sant' Antonio, who had been more propitious to the royal cause.

Eleonora Pimentel devotes a long article to an enthusiastic description of the scene, considering it as the decisive moment between the populace and the Republic, and especially regretting that the Government had not been formally represented.

"Not all the advantage has been taken of that moment that might have been taken," she writes a few days later; "the next day (especially as it was a Sunday) all the pulpits ought to have resounded with the miracle, and with the evident decision of Heaven in favour of the Republic. With this should have been connected the other two facts, most significant in the popular imagination, that in the beginning of the winter, so far always wet, the only beautiful days were those from the armistice of Capua to the peaceful entry of Championnet; that it always poured and was in every way contrary to the expedition of

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[1] B. Croce: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 89, *et seq.*

This account, given by Thiébault himself in his memoirs, has about it something of that garnish of theatrical propriety not always compatible with historic accuracy, but too often found in French historical works by the baffled seeker after truth.

It is true that Zurlo, very old, was a timid man, on whom an empty threat might easily have been used with success. But not the most outrageous republican of that day could seriously have entertained the possibility of shooting a cardinal-archbishop on the altar steps; let alone the motive, the place, and the occasion on which the threat is said to have been used.

A scene almost identical had already been described by Duclos (*Voyage en Italie*, 1791) as having taken place in the days of Filippo V.

Ferdinand against Rome, and was favorable to the French during their march upon Naples. That Vesuvius, quiet ever since 1794, sent up a placid flame, as of rejoicing, on the evening of the illumination for the proclamation of the Republic."

In the same number, dated May 9th, it is evident that the republicans are at last awake to the necessity of fighting for their own lives. Three hundred waggons have been requisitioned by the French for transport, and a hundred cows carried off by these same preservers and benefactors, who are now on the march for the Cisalpine Republic, leaving only a few thousand men behind in the garrisons of St. Elmo, Capua, and Gaeta. The republicans hasten to increase their defences; a little fort is constructed at Sorrento, another at Salerno. "The state of our coast becomes daily more respectable," writes Eleonora. The citizens, men and women, responding to a demand for help, have flocked to the Mole, volunteering for the construction of an earthwork there. A "patriotic legion" is formed of six hundred young Calabrese to garrison Castel Nuovo, left empty by the French.

All the patriotic societies and clubs have become one, and have held a meeting to consider the urgent need of the country. The immediate conscription of all the patriots is resolved on. The fighting is no more a thing in far-off provinces—it is by no means longer to be ignored; it is at the doors.

The *Monitore*, always anxiously holding up the mirror to republican virtue, publishes the letter of Gabriele Manthonè, now Minister of War, written to the father of a young officer of artillery killed by the insurgents at Castellamare a few days before. The general speaks of the grief of the patriots at such a loss, but tries to raise the spirit of the father to heroic satisfaction in such a son: "What more," he says, "can be desired by mortal man, destined to a momentary and fleeting existence, than to die at his post, and as the strong die?"

Manthonè, too, ere long, was to die, not, alas! at his post, but emphatically as the strong die—*da forte.*

The city, meanwhile, is fairly quiet, but it is evident that there is an infinity of secret disaffection and resistance. A citizen reports that in certain popular quarters, whither he went for the purpose of reading to the people the new laws "abolishing the tax on flour and the feudal system," he found the populace as absolutely ignorant of the proclamations, orders, and actions of the Government as though they had been thousands of miles away. And while all the beneficent notices had been suppressed, those relating to the imposition of taxes were evident at every corner. This, of course, was not accidental. Many a citizen, anxious to save his soul, will have shortened his sufferings in purgatory by these simple acts of "loyalty to the king and the holy faith."

And so we come to May 14th. Within a month all was over. The insurrection is everywhere gathering force, the tide of disaster creeping ever on; yet Eleonora Pimentel finds it in her strong heart to write thus: "The first sign of inward virtue. . . . is that the courage and activity of individuals grow in proportion to the difficulty of the circumstances. A man thus accustoms himself to make use of all his faculties, and with those means which he himself has procured, renders himself superior to circumstance and rules events. *We are beginning to shew these signs.* Left destitute of all means by past circumstances, we begin to create them. The ardour and activity of the patriots increase every day, and every day diminishes in our lower populace the former distrust of the new order. The scattered insurrections, though they afflict us, give a motive to good men to concentrate their action, and give scope for the vigilance of all over the public necessity. The present position of Italy is not a disadvantage. Italy will remain a soldier nation, girt with her own and not another sword. The great truth will be understood that a people can never be well defended save by itself . . . for liberty cannot be loved by halves, and works no miracles for peoples who are not completely free."

In the last number but one, for June 5th, there is at length something of the calmness of despair in the announcement. . . . "Here are the facts. The hope of Matera's division is dispersed and vanished away; the division of Spanò retreated with damage; the expedition of Belpulsi has ended in disaster. Exhausted in unequal combat, victims of the assassinations of the rebels, the flower of the young men of the Republic have perished," and she proceeds to give an account of the latest disaster, almost at the gates.

And still with the instinct of the brave woman who is determined to work till the very last for the cause she loves, she tries to produce an impression that after all things are not at such a desperate pass. "Notwithstanding these disagreeable tidings," runs the little notice, "on Sunday evening they did not fail to sing *La Vittoria dei Francesi*, in the National Theatre; and at the Fondo Theatre there was a ball, the entrance being reduced to three *carlini*, instead of five, to make it more convenient to the public to be present."

In this same number many arrests are reported, especially of men of high rank. The bewilderment and stress of the situation bring military and martial counsels to the front. Liberty and equality have had their brief, ineffectual day, and will now lead their lovers to the scaffold and the gallows, great hearts unconquered by fate, borne up still by their faith in the justice and the light that must sooner or later prevail over injustice and darkness.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION

Cardinal Ruffo; his antecedents at Rome—Initiates the *Santa Fede*—Description of the fortress of Messina by its commandant—The *Santa Fede* on the march—Monteleone—Convicts let loose—Cantanzaro—Cotrone—Robbery and massacre—Executions—Royal complaints of Ruffo's leniency—Helplessness of the Republic—Corbara and Mesdames de France.

BUT the *Monitore* has carried us too far, and has given us too scanty an idea of the beginning and progress of the counter-revolution. The central figure of this movement is Fabrizio Ruffo, of the rich and princely, but somewhat ill-famed, Calabrese family of Ruffo-Scilla. There is an Italian proverb, quoted by Dumas,[1] which says in allusion to the geographical distribution of the oldest aristocracy: "The Apostles at Venice, the Bourbon in France, the Colonna at Rome, the Sanseverino at Naples, and the Ruffo in Calabria." On his mother's side, moreover, Ruffo was Colonna. He had been treasurer to Pius VI., and was now a cardinal-deacon no longer quite in favour with the pope and seeking to make himself useful to the King of Naples. Ferdinand had already employed him as superintendent of his pet socialist Utopian colony at S. Leucio, near Caserta.

Some fifteen years or so before these events, Ruffo had been a brilliant star in the highest and most profligate Roman society, *cavalier servente* of that Marchesa Girolama Lepri whom Geminiani, the famous Roman satirist, called *la mercantessa olandese*, in allusion to the avarice she displayed in bringing her wares to market.[1] Ruffo had his great receptions, like the other nobles and notables, and welcomed, together with them, artists, musicians, poets, and other men of letters. In these *réunions* there was a strange contrast and mingling of ceremony and licence, wit and folly. Romping games, such as blindman's-buff, hide-and-seek, *tarantelle* and other rough dances, were much in vogue among the ladies and their *cavalieri serventi*. The husbands on these occasions seem to have had nothing to do but gorge and get tipsy. Gambling, of course, was rife. In this profoundly corrupt society, luxurious, witty, infidel, licentious, Ruffo had found a congenial element, when, it is said, the pope was led to suspect him of misappropriation of the funds that passed through his hands, and made him a cardinal in order gracefully to get rid of him.

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[1] DUMAS: *I Borboni di Napoli*, Vol. I., p. 355.

In his capacity of treasurer-general, however, Ruffo had shown himself extremely active in various agricultural and civil reforms, especially of abuses fostered by the aristocracy, his zeal carrying him so far that he was often obliged to retreat before difficulties. Pasquino and Marforio, those marble mouthpieces for the Roman squibs, had represented a figure of him with *ordine* in one hand, *contr'ordine* in the other, and *disordine* on his forehead.[2] During his lifetime he was described in a French biographical dictionary as "a man of wit, instruction, and very varied information. He has written," says the biography, "on cavalry manœuvres, on fountains, on canals, and on the habits of different sorts of pigeons. He has the defect of being a man of projects . . . is deservedly reputed the most able economist in Italy . . . "[3] Such a man must naturally have made many enemies among those who had the ear of the pope, and the report, repeated by Colletta, that his dishonesty had been the cause of his banishment from Rome, may very likely have had its origin in mere slander. But though the details of his actions are lost now, and history is uncertain as to his exact conduct on many important occasions, yet we know the man. He stands pretty clearly before us in his own letters, and we know both what to expect and what not to expect of the famous cardinal. Among all the crowded ship-loads of aristocratic families that shared or followed the king's flight from Naples and remained with the Court at Palermo, the only individual who separated from the idling, gambling crowd and showed himself a man was Ruffo, and it is impossible not to respect him for it. That he, brought up in Rome from early childhood, was moved by any special loyalty to, or admiration for, the Bourbons is not likely. But he knew his country and his countrymen far better than they did. He thought the abject royal fright needlessly exaggerated; his active and enterprising mind soon formed a plan of action combining small risk with every chance of success—success which would ensure his own permanent fortune, and in the spirit of the speculator he laid his project before the king.

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[1] DAVID SILVAGNI : *La Corte e la Società Romana nei Secoli XVIII. e XIX.*, Vol. I., p. 404, *et seq.*

[2] HELFERT : *Fabrizio Ruffo*, p. 101.

[3] Duval, in his notes to Orloff's Memoirs, quotes these and other details from a French *Biographie des hommes vivants*.

Neither Sacchinelli,[1] his priest-secretary, nor Helfert, the champion of Maria Carolina, his chief apologists and admirers, can show us anything lofty, noble, or heroic in Ruffo. In his own letters he appears a man of no great culture, unscrupulous in the means he employed for the ends he set before himself, cynically indifferent to niceties of morality and even to the lives of his fellow men where he saw any advantage in sacrificing them; but thoroughly averse to useless bloodshed, not so much from humanity, as because he understood, as the Bourbon never did, the harm it wrought to the royal cause. With a certain timorous regard for his own personal safety, he was never so blinded by fear as not to be able to look his danger in the face and measure it, and adopt the most practical course for avoiding or meeting it that his cool common sense and ready craft might suggest. His common sense was strong, and this alone prevents his views from being altogether narrow or entirely personal. His tendency was to improve whatever came under his management; and he was statesman enough to see the folly and futility, even the danger, of the short-sighted policy of the king and queen, of Acton, Hamilton, Nelson, and all the other foreigners, not one of whom understood the real safety of the dynasty, much less ever dreamed of taking the welfare of the country into account. The petty personal rancours and revenges that actuated most of these do not seem ever to have swayed Ruffo; at the same time his personal ambition mastered his better tendencies and capacities, and when the moment of supreme trial came his most solemn convictions were sacrificed to maintain the favour of his sovereign and ensure the expected rewards. That the idea of these rewards was what lay always before him during his enterprise is betrayed by a passage in one of his letters, written in May, 1799, to Antonio Micheroux, Ferdinand's plenipotentiary with the commander of the Russian troops blockading Corfu.

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[1] Domenico Sacchinelli : *Memorie Storiche sulla Vita del Cardinale Fabrizio Ruffo.* Napoli, 1836.

Micheroux, of somewhat finer clay, and, while disinterested in his loyalty to his king, showing himself uniformly humane and generous towards the other side, whom he never forgot to be his fellow countrymen, had expressed some fastidious disapproval of the sort of men the cardinal employed in chief and responsible positions. The cardinal gives his reasons for making use of the man in question; but, feeling that they may possibly not satisfy Micheroux, he adds: "However that may be, if you care for the advantage of the king and of the good cause, note my letter of yesterday, follow the line I have begged you to take and act for the good of the state; our sovereigns will know how to recompense your labours in a thousand ways, whatever our own views may be, when the happy event crowns our efforts, and on a thousand occasions they have given us proof of their beneficence and gratitude."[1] Ruffo thinks to brush away the odd scruples of Micheroux by reminding him of the coming recompense when once their object is attained.

Only four days after the proclamation of the Republic at Naples, on January 27th, Cardinal Ruffo set out from Palermo to promote and lead the counter-revolution that was to restore Naples to the king. The sovereigns encouraged the expedition, not, it is true, with money or arms, but with ample promises and with the grant of unlimited powers, at first rather as a means of protection for Sicily than in any real hope of regaining Naples. The queen dreaded a revolution in Messina and other parts of the island, and lived in terror at Palermo. Writing to her daughter the Empress, she more than once alludes to their being two whole miles from the sea, and their way (of escape) lying through the Cassero, a street more populous than Toledo at Naples, and to their being so many in family, and the people so ferocious and sanguinary. She expects, she declares, but this was perhaps with a view to softening the heart of the Emperor, that before they shall have been four months at Palermo there will be a revolution, and they will all be massacred.[2] The queen, therefore, welcomed the new project, which, even if it came to no more, would at least raise Calabria for the royal cause, and so put a bulwark between Sicily and the French.

Ruffo landed at the Punta del Pezzo on February 8th,

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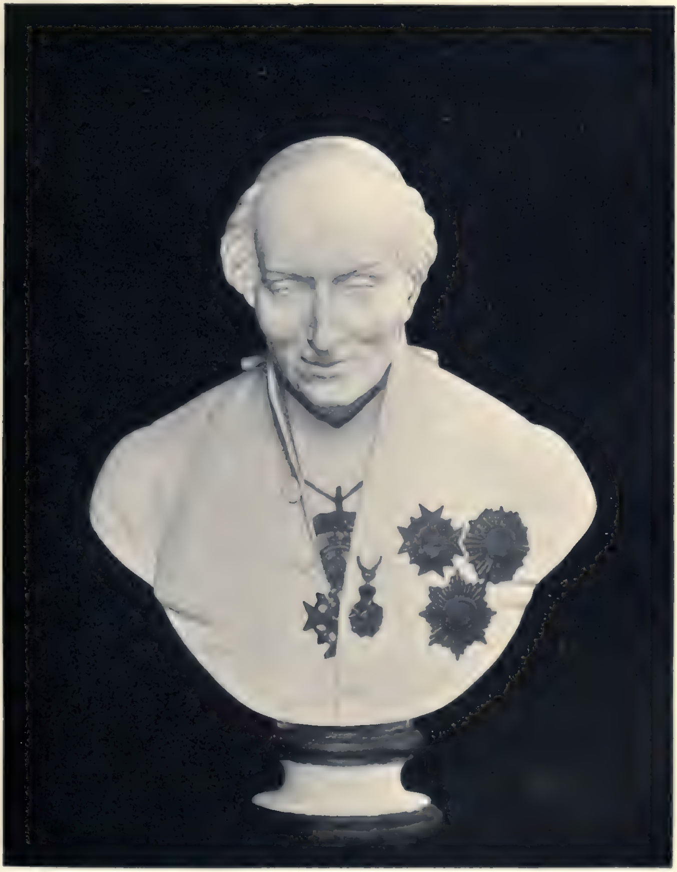
[1] B. MARESCA: *Il Cavaliere Antonio Micheroux nella Reazione Napoletana dell' anno 1799*, in Arch. Stor. Nap. Anno XIX., Fasc. I., 1894.

[2] HELFERT; *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 543, etc.



CARDINAL RUFFO IN HIS LATER YEARS.

[*To face p.* 170.

provided with full powers and authority from the king to act as his vicar and *alter ego*, his mission being to raise the provinces for the king. These full powers authorised Ruffo to make use of every means he should see fit for "rousing the inhabitants to a just defence . . . by working on the popular attachment to the Church, on the desire of families to save property, life and honour, by giving rewards . . ."—such means to be employed "without limit, as also the severest punishments. . . . This character of Commissioner or Vicar General to be assumed at your discretion, how and when you shall think suitable to the object in view; for with the faculties and the *alter ego* which I concede to you in the largest sense, I intend that you enforce and cause to be respected my sovereign authority, and with it preserve my kingdom from further harm. . . ."[1]

Ruffo soon found that with these large phrases he must be content for the present; for few, if any, of the promises of men and arms and money were kept, until it was seen that the expedition was likely in truth to succeed. It seems probable that Acton, true to his principle of pruning down or eliminating all growths that threatened to overtop his own, "machinated" against Ruffo as soon as his back was turned, and blew cold upon the cardinal's matters, while the suspicious queen was ready to withhold effective support until she saw how fared "the madman," as she called him at the outset. In her letters to Ruffo she lays all the blame on the people about her, complaining of the "eternity" it takes to get anything done, and of the absence of means and necessaries.

Among the documents published by Professor Sansone[2] is a report, dated February 5th (that is just about the time that Ruffo was leaving Sicily for the mainland), written by General Danero, Commandant of Messina, upon the condition of that city and fortress, which may be taken as a description, differing only in details, but faithful in the main, of all the other royal strongholds in the kingdom.

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[1] SACCHINELLI: *Memorie, etc.*, p. 82, *et seq.*

[2] SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. 18.

"I see the mass of this wretched populace," writes the general, "always greedy for news, always intent on knowing the details of everything that happens in Naples and in the provinces. The proximity of Calabria to Messina certainly is no advantage to the latter. Men insensibly grow familiar with evil ways, and the populace of Messina is plunged in want. Trade is at a standstill, every craft grows slack, and it is a problem to be resolved whether or not it be to our advantage to make soldiers of this populace. I see the garrison feeble, composed chiefly of deserters, criminals and vagabonds, pardoned on condition of military service; of men sent under punishment from Portici and Resina; of Calabrese recruited by forced levy, disgusted men without any love for the service, who meanwhile have left behind in their villages their little property, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolk. These are men in whom, at a pinch, not the slightest confidence can be placed. . . . Among the troops here there are also a number of convicts from this province, persons undoubtedly of the same sort, already destitute of clothing. I have been obliged to dress them in *albagio* (a very coarse kind of unbleached woollen stuff), giving it a military cut. In the Citadel there are upwards of 500 convicts, chiefly Calabrese; men who are never quiet, and for whose safe custody we have not sufficient force. In the Citadel there are also a multitude of State prisoners from Reggio, and also not a few recruits of the forced levy who have arrived recently from Reggio, without clothing, who pass the days seated in corners bewailing their misfortunes. I would wish to purge the Citadel of such people, and oh! what a help it would be, in my opinion, to let out the above-mentioned State prisoners from Reggio, all respectable persons, among whom there are parish priests, canons, priests and cavaliers, setting them free if innocent, and pardoning them if guilty, that they may be gone to defend their own homes, religion and the Throne. . . . I am in a state of perpetual watchfulness, and in the greatest consternation, and oh! how I would that in this land, instead of Cardinals, Bishops and Abbots, there were as many Generals, and military officers of integrity and experience who might share with me the burden of affairs. . . ."

From which graphic and melancholy report it appears that in the candid opinion of this most royalist governor, the only decent persons in the fortress were the State prisoners. His common sense told him what the Government only discovered a year and a half later—namely, that all these worthy persons were innocent of treason.

The allusion to the cardinal, made plural and associated with bishops and abbots by way of a thin disguise, is amusing. Poor Danero, governing painfully and in "consternation" his rabble of convicts, had just been ordered to supply Ruffo with arms, ammunition, and cannon. No doubt he would sooner have parted with some of his wretched troops and kept his cannon. In March, Danero was superseded by the English General Stuart from Minorca. It was probably the humane common sense of the old general that made him at this time, as their letters betray, an object of suspicion to the Court on one side and Ruffo on the other.[1]

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[1] But the most obvious pretences were enough to sow suspicion in the queen's mind: it was about this time that she received, through the Neapolitan envoy at Vienna, an intercepted letter, purporting to be republican, out of which she quotes, to Ruffo, the following alarming sentences: "We are hastening to organise 25,000 men to go to Sicily, Messina and Catania. The first will soon be ours, as we are thoroughly sure of the republican way of thinking of our friend Danero." This letter, she tells Ruffo, has decided her to remove Danero from his command: "*and I am still shuddering to think I did not remove him before,*

Behind the queen and Acton and their letters, one divines that mass of idle and useless people huddled about the Court, with no faculty but that of letting public money stick to their fingers while public work went undone.

Ruffo, however, was philosopher enough to expect no more from men in general than they were likely to give, and set to work notwithstanding. He had, in fact, in his hands already a power immeasurably greater than any the king's commission could confer—a power reaching back unbroken through centuries upon centuries, the one only thoroughly organised system of rule, rooted in the custom and the ignorance of the people, ready-made for the occasion and the man. When Ruffo told the king "he would pass through the provinces of the kingdom with no other thing in his company but the Crucifix," he knew it would be enough. His work, moreover, was well begun. For years, as we have seen, priests and monks had been impressing one lesson on the dark souls it was their part to have illumined: the French were enemies of God, of the Church, of religion, of kings. Under the same ban came Jacobins, a name for all that was horrible and accursed in man; "patriots" and Jacobins differed only in degree, and were all to be regarded as outlaws, the campaign against them as having the virtues of a crusade.

In appealing to the popular attachment to the Church, Ruffo knew well what springs to touch, and that none could touch them better than he, robed as he was in the purple of the Church's princes. At that time, Sacchinelli tells us, there was no peasant in all Calabria so poor but he had on one side of his bed the crucifix

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but I thought him foolish but good."—*Arch. Stor. Nap.*, V. 2, p. 345. The letter was evidently concocted by some enemy of the harmless old general, and offers a specimen of the way in which "republicans" and "jacobins" were manufactured for royal consumption, and to feed private grudges or interests.

and on the other his gun. In these two lay all his faith.

The feudal lands of the Ruffo family lay about Bagnara and Scilla, and furnished the cardinal with the first contingent of three hundred armed men. From Bagnara Ruffo issued an encyclical letter to all the bishops, abbots, and other clergy, and the magistrates and influential citizens within an immense radius, exhorting them immediately to preach the crusade, and appointing them to meet him at Mileto, bringing with them as many men as they could arm. The pay of the soldiers was fixed at twenty-five *grani* a day (about a franc); corporals were to receive thirty-five, and sergeants fifty. Besides these "regular troops," Ruffo obliged every able-bodied man to follow the army within the limits of his own province, under pain of condemnation as a republican. In this way hordes of men swarmed after him, their numbers increasing daily. Besides the ordinary inhabitants of the towns and villages, there were in many places fragments of the royal army, reduced by want and generally half naked; these readily joined the cardinal, together with brigand bands from the open country and numbers of convicts and others escaped from the prisons in recent tumults. For a badge these motley soldiers wore on the right side of the hat a white cross and the red cockade of the Bourbon. Besides their regular pay, the cardinal promised his followers eternal rewards in heaven, exemption from several taxes, particularly the contribution for the construction of the highroads, and their share in the spoil of the rebel cities. The army took the name of *Armata cristiana della Santa Fede—i.e.* Christian army of the Holy Faith; and Ruffo, among other objects, gave out that they were marching to rescue the pope from his enemies and restore him to the holy see.

"In that great mass of men," writes Sacchinelli, "there were ecclesiastics of every degree; there were rich proprietors, artisans, and field labourers; there were upright men moved by religious fervour and by attachment to the king and to good order; and unfortunately there were assassins and thieves, urged by the thirst of rapine, of vengeance and of blood."[1] The numbers of these masses are given by the different royalist writers, Sacchinelli, Petromasi, etc., in figures that disagree by tens of thousands with each other and with the contemporary letters of Ruffo himself, probably the only fairly safe guide. From these it appears that Ruffo, landing in Calabria on February 7th, with only eight companions, soon gathered eighty, *armigeri* and outlaws, in whom he had but little faith. Before the middle of the month he had three hundred and fifty, a few of whom were regular soldiers under Lieutenant Natale Perez; with these Ruffo began his march. At Gioia he was reinforced by a mass of fifteen hundred men—priests, monks, vagabonds, outlaws, brigands, and so forth, among whom it must be supposed there were always a few genuine royalists, whose motive was not mere plunder or adventure. From Rosarno, on February 23rd, Ruffo writes to Acton and the king of other seven thousand men, and is joined at Mileto before long by nine thousand volunteers, and by a small but most precious contingent of four hundred regular soldiers under Lieutenant-Colonel Antonio de Settis. The numbers of the masses fluctuated according to the work in hand and the nature of their enlistment. But in any case Ruffo's own figures, added together, and even assuming all these different bodies to have marched together by the end of February, do not come to more than seventeen thousand men in all, while Sacchinelli boldly puts them at forty thousand men.[2] He says they were all provided with food for several days by the generosity of the rich, and especially of the monasteries. "The great embarrassment in that critical circumstance,' he says, "was how, without means, to provide the necessary subsistence, how to organise and guide such numbers of people unamenable to discipline; and how to manage their accommodation in that severe winter weather in a province where, by reason of the earthquakes of 1783, habitations were very few."

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[1] SACCHINELLI: *Memorie, etc.*, p. 95.

[2] SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. lii., *et seq.*

The cardinal, however, soon bethought him of an excellent way out of the difficulty. "Considering that the rules of warfare prohibit the passage of any assistance, of whatsoever nature, into the enemy's country," he ordered the immediate sequestration of the rents of all proprietors living in places occupied by the French. To set a good example and show his impartiality, he began by seizing the rents of his brother, the Duke of Bagnara, who was absent in Naples.

Then, as now, all the great landowners of South Italy lived in Naples, and perhaps it would be salutary for the provinces whence they draw their wealth if some power—short of the army of the *Santa Fede*—could oblige them to live on their lands.

These sequestrations, which took also the form of selling oil and other produce of the land, became "a perennial fountain" of income for the army.

The Calabrese refused to take regular military service, and Ruffo made a separate corps of all the disbanded regular soldiers he could gather, taking for officers those of the provincial militia and non-commissioned officers, few others having returned to the provinces. His policy was to keep his men always moving, so as to accustom those untrained masses at least to march in column, and in time to act in concert and respond to orders. Sacchinelli relates how from Radicena, seeing some merchant vessels at anchor at Gioia, lading oil, Ruffo, to try the mettle of his troops, gave out that the French had landed at Gioia. The whole mass immediately precipitated themselves upon the town, and were only disappointed to find no French there. They found, however, plenty of good wine, and all got drunk. "The cardinal perceived that those men were animated with an excellent spirit and full of valour, but that they had positive need of discipline and instruction." Writing even thirty-six years afterwards, Sacchinelli sees no need to apologise for thus taking a harmless town—in one's own country, moreover—for the scene of such an experiment.

Diversions of the kind were not infrequent, for the troops had to be kept in good humour. Indeed, they stood in need of some encouragement in that cold weather, marching often under pouring rain in their scanty clothing "along a road all mud and chalk," from Mileto to Monteleone.

As the cardinal approached, spreading terror before him, the lately appointed republican municipalities in the little towns fell to pieces; such republicans as escaped the fury of the popular reaction fled to Catanzaro, the capital of the province, and the "good populations *royalised* themselves of their own accord," with more or less of violence and bloodshed.

At Monteleone, where he arrived on March 1st, the "Cardinal Monster," as Eleonora Pimentel calls him, showed his best side, and earned the gratitude of the town by protecting the local silk industry against the royal agents. The industry had been reduced so low by the extortions of these agents and by heavy duties that the people had begun to destroy their mulberry-trees. Ruffo abolished all the regulations and made the industry absolutely free, thus winning Monteleone to his cause.

Nor was this all. The queen had written to him on the 26th, authorising him to make use, as his discretion should direct, of proclamations, pardons, remission of customs, taxes, etc.; and Ruffo, both now and later, proclaimed a general amnesty to all who, "having perceived their errors," should return to the party of the king. The pardons aimed especially at winning back the scattered soldiers of the regular army. Monteleone became his headquarters for Calabria, and here, at his ease, he was able to organise to some extent not only the visible forces about him, but to communicate the contra-revolutionary movement far and wide from parish to parish, where he had, as it were, his own officers and men everywhere ready to his hand and eager to act under his instructions.

The Republic instead, as we have seen, had but the scantiest forces, hesitated to appreciate the danger, hesitated to move, and was hampered rather than supported by the French. The movement initiated and energetically pushed on by Ruffo had thus gained in every way—in strength, in extent, in foreign help, in self-confidence; while the Republic daily betrayed more and more its incapacity to meet the situation, and left its adherents without any valid hope of coming help.

The Court lent a characteristic helping hand, as March verged into April, by landing on the Calabrian coast some thousands of convicts. Sacchinelli pretends that this was the doing of the English, who, seeing the penal prisons of Sicily overflowing with malefactors, conceived the doubly happy idea of relieving the Government of their maintenance and letting them loose to hunt Jacobins and make themselves useful in Calabria under the cardinal's orders and responsibility. But though English ships were the instruments, the idea is quite of a piece with the Bourbon policy. A great many of these convicts were Calabrese, and had old private grudges to settle; and the majority were robbers and murderers, who, by showing zeal in the good cause, were to earn pardon and substantial rewards. They immediately began marauding over the country, killing local authorities and sacking as they went, so that Ruffo's irregulars were at times on the point of abandoning the defence of the Faith for that of their own homes and families.

The cardinal had quite enough of such dangerous material on his hands already, and shipped them on to his able lieutenant the Bishop of Policastro, who did for the Cilento what Ruffo did for Calabria. A thousand of these convicts were enlisted under the leadership of a famous assassin called Panedigrano; and Ruffo eventually applied to Captain Troubridge to land at Policastro "a good English officer with artillery and gunners," to drill this choice regiment.

The whole of Calabria, except Catanzaro and Cotrone, followed the example of Monteleone and went back to the king. Catanzaro, a walled city in an almost impregnable position, with a population of more than twelve thousand inhabitants, was reinforced by the fugitive patriots from all the surrounding country. The patriots took but little account of Ruffo's approach. Looking with contempt upon his unruly swarms of half-armed peasants, they seem to have taken no serious precautions for the sure custody of the gates. Thus it came to pass that when Ruffo sent forward a part of his horde to blockade the city while he lingered at Pizzo and at Maida upon business, the gates were opened from within by a handful of those destitute royal men-at-arms whose natural rancour was, as we have seen, a perpetual and disregarded danger to the Republic. Part of the outer horde swarmed into the city, and now began that tradition of licensed assassination, robbery, and burning that belonged henceforth to the army of the *Santa Fede*. Many, "supposed to be republicans," were killed, many were imprisoned, many fled; many houses were burned and many sacked.

From the correspondence of Ruffo and Acton it is evident that this town had long been considered a centre of disaffection, and had already in former times given trouble to the royal Government. It was therefore with great satisfaction that Ruffo wrote on March 8th to Acton that many of the worst characters—*i.e.* the most liberal—had been massacred there.

A deputation was hastily formed, and went to meet the cardinal, "representing that although the republicans of Catanzaro were all either killed, fled, or arrested, nevertheless the desolate city remained a prey to the most horrible anarchy, with massacres, sacking and private revenges," and prayed him speedily to come and put an end to the distress of the town. Even now Ruffo did not press forward to make use of his personal authority and disclaim the action of his followers; on the contrary, Sacchinelli tells us how he lingered to inspect some notable ruins not far out of his way, not unwilling evidently that the terrible lesson should be thoroughly learned by the restive city.

The same method was pursued with Cotrone, the next place to be attacked. While Ruffo remained with such force as he could bring under shelter in the beautiful villas of the delicious marina of Catanzaro, levying a fine of forty thousand ducats, fifty saddled horses, and two hundred pairs of shoes upon the disobedient city, and arranging other matters, he sent forward two thousand of the best of his troops to blockade Cotrone, which was fortified and its republican garrison reinforced by some thirty or more French soldiers and non-commissioned artillery officers, who had been driven to take refuge there on their way from Egypt. The cardinal's troops were joined on their march from far and near by hundreds of rough men, scenting the prey, and armed with hatchets or stout sticks, the mass increasing in volume as they went "like the waters of a torrent in flood," until they surrounded the city like a great swarm of ants. They drew near and laid their ambush under cover of a rainy night, and began their cannonade in the morning. The besieged, deceived as to their numbers, made a smart sortie, but were overpowered in a moment, and, being overtaken in their retreat, were unable to raise the drawbridge in time, and the besiegers pressed into the city. The patriots took refuge in the citadel, but here they were betrayed by the former soldiery of the king, who let down the bridge and took part against them, making them prisoners in the citadel itself.

Two days passed before the arrival of the cardinal, on Easter Eve, March 25th, during which time the unhappy city was completely sacked, even Sacchinelli admitting that only one house escaped the general pillage.

Petromasi's account,[1] written within two years of these events, in which he took part, differs considerably from that of Sacchinelli, who wrote his version thirty-six years later, and had had time to hear, in part, the judgment of a generation, and to arrange his facts accordingly.[2] Petromasi makes the people of Cotrone open their gates spontaneously to the royal troops who headed the cardinal's detachment, on condition that the lives and property of the citizens should be respected and political opinions ignored. As for the citadel, Petromasi records a distinct capitulation. The sack which followed he lays to the rapacity of the Calabrese and the impossibility of holding them in check in the cardinal's absence. Over the ignoring of the capitulation and all terms of surrender he passes in silence. Under the circumstances, Petromasi is the rather to be believed, since he further records the fact that the cardinal, having "with religious, edifying pomp, robed in purple, amid the tears of emotion and the glad applause of the devout people, with his own hands planted the Cross where the superstitious tree of chimerical liberty had stood," proceeded on April 3rd to make a further terrible example. Two gentlemen, one of whom was the richest man in the city, the other representative of one of the first noble families of the place, were shot, together with the commandant of the fortress, who had not prevented the proclamation of the Republic, and a fourth, a burgher, who had baptized his son under the tree of Liberty by the name of Libertino. To make a further point to the example, the four bodies were buried in the ruined church of S. Francesco d'Assisi, reduced at the time to a mere stall for cattle.

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[1] D. PETROMASI : *Storia della Spedizione dell' Eminentissimo Cardinale Don Fabrizio Ruffo.* Napoli, 1801, p. 17, *et seq*

[2] Sacchinelli, moreover, may have felt that he owed something to the Bourbon Government, from whom, since the year 1799, he received a regular pension of two hundred ducats.—L. CONFORTI : *La Repubblica Napoletana e l'Anarchia Regia, etc.*, p. 240, etc.

Sacchinelli brushes past the whole incident, and lets it appear that these persons were condemned and executed after Ruffo had left Cotrone—a view with which his dates and those of the certificates of burial do not well correspond. Ruffo, however, was completely justified by the letters of his royal master, who wrote on February 26: "As for the rebels who have fallen, or shall fall into your hands, [use] summary, military, exemplary punishment"; and again, on March 28th: "The only thing that I regret is the too great leniency [*dolcezza*] you use towards those who have shewn themselves rebels."[1]

The apologists of the Bourbon and of Ruffo have tried to let it appear that neither the king nor the cardinal ever approved of the sacking of these unhappy cities; but Ruffo's own letters condemn them both: "Cosenza," he writes to Acton, "has been taken and sacked. I hope the populace took part with the invaders in the sack, and may so help to curb the nobles and the middle class."[2]

At Cotrone the cardinal also learned a lesson. No single thing of the slightest value being left in the desolate city, almost the whole armed and motley horde of his volunteers disappeared in the night between Easter Eve and Easter Day, listening neither to prayers nor threats, regarding more the booty taken, which had to be carried safely home, than the promises of eternal salvation and other advantages at some remoter period. They promised to return when once they should have deposited their stolen property; but the more part were never seen again in the army of the Holy Faith—a fact which shows how little the great mass were imposed upon by the religious colouring of the enterprise, accepting the comedy much in the same spirit in which it was offered them.

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[1] DUMAS: *I Borboni di Napoli*, Vol. IV., pp. 219, 229, 231, etc. If it were not so dreadful, one could even smile at the *naïveté* with which Ferdinand, in his letters to Ruffo, completely identifies his own interest, profit, and pleasure with the cause of God and religion. He often alludes to the patriots as persons who "were unfaithful to God and me."

The French prisoners, it seems, were sent to swell the mixed multitude in the fortress of Messina, much to the horror of Ferdinand, who wrote hastily to Ruffo: "As for the French whom you found there, I send immediate order to have them sent to their own country, which I also find to be the best we can do, since, no matter where they may be kept, we must regard them as absolutely pestilential."

[2] For the correspondence of Ruffo and Acton see Arch Stor. Nap., Vol. VIII. For the queen's letters to Ruffo, *Ibid.*, Vol. V.

The rest of the irregular troops who had not been in time to share in the sack of Cotrone mutinied, some because they had no share in the booty, some in horror at the results of this Christian warfare, others heartily tired of the sufferings and privations entailed by the enterprise in that severe weather.[1] By dint of ample promises and the utmost coaxing, about a thousand only of the irregular volunteers were persuaded to remain, besides the regular soldiers. With the help of the parish priests, however, the army soon swelled again; arms and cannon were gathered here and there, and by the end of April, when Ruffo entered Basilicata, his forces numbered five thousand regular troops, twelve hundred of whom were mounted on mules or herdsmen's ponies, and carried long spiked staves; a dozen cannon, but next to no artillerymen; and, besides these, more than ten thousand irregular volunteers, armed with anything they could lay hold of.

If at any time during these earlier months of his advance towards Naples the Republic had sent all its available concentrated forces under an energetic and capable general to meet and attack the cardinal, it is not to be thought but that those undisciplined marauders would have scattered like chaff before the wind. But as their ill-fortune would have it, the republicans, when they had an able leader, dared not trust him; and such forces as they had they scattered, and subdivided in a way that ensured their defeat.

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 132.

There was plenty of democratic sentiment in the provinces, and if the republican towns could have been held together by an organised militia, and supported efficiently and promptly by the central Government, a formidable barrier might have been opposed to Ruffo's advance. But the Republic, hampered and crippled as it always was, could do wretchedly little, and friendly cities and districts once gained were lost again because they remained so many isolated centres unable to offer any but a futile resistance to Ruffo's sheer force of numbers. Moreover, means of communication were extremely defective: this is shown by the present way of distinguishing the highroads; there is the *consolare*, or old Roman road, and, besides, the *strada nuova*, or new road. These new roads, made at enormous expense under the Spanish kings, and restored by Carlo III., returned "to a state of pure nature" as soon as annual restoration was neglected, because they were so badly constructed.[1] A hundred years ago they were in complete disrepair, and only really came into being under Murat's energetic government: so that news took long to travel; answers, help, supplies were slow in reaching their destination—fortunate if they reached it at all. Such defective conditions were of course a greater drawback to the French invaders than to the hordes of Ruffo marching leisurely on their own ground.

In Puglia a curious freak of fortune came to serve the royal cause. A certain young Corsican, called Corbara, escaping from Barletta on the proclamation of the Republic with several compatriots, on seeking refuge in Brindisi was somehow taken by the populace to be Francesco, the hereditary Prince of Naples. The origin of the mistake has never been explained—perhaps his being blonde and somewhat foreign in appearance was enough. Corbara and his companions, finding that the people would not be undeceived, finished by entering into an imposture—accepting the authority conferred upon them by the rejoicing crowds, and particularly receiving large contributions of money for the good cause.

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[1] G. M. GALANTI: *Nuova Descrizione, etc.*, Vol. III., p. 120.

In the port of Brindisi, waiting for a promised Russian escort from Corfu, wretchedly accommodated with the sixty persons of their suite, were the two old princesses, aunts of Louis XVI., Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire de France. There was barely room on the vessel, writes one who formed part of their suite, to move, and for thirty-one days no one could undress. The two unfortunate princesses now did Ferdinand a good turn which he scarcely deserved at their hands.

When he had arrived, flying from Rome, at Caserta, in the night of December 13th to the 14th, he assured mesdames, then lodging there, that the queen would visit them next day. The queen, however, went off to Naples, *en toute hâte le matin* with the king, leaving an affectionate letter, protesting her readiness to share with them her "bread of tears," and declaring that the being able to offer them a refuge was an alleviation of her own sufferings. Next day the princesses dined with the king, and their common departure was arranged; "it was thus with extreme surprise that they learned that, in spite of the most explicit promises, Ferdinand and Carolina had embarked furtively in the night of the 21st to the 22nd of December. They had, however, remembered to make excuse by letter to the daughters of Louis XV., warning them of the hostile feeling of the Neapolitan populace against the French, and sending them a courier charged to escort them (by land) to Manfredonia, where they were to find a frigate to conduct them as they should prefer, either to Trieste or to Palermo."[1]

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[1] ÉDOUARD DE BARTHÉLEMY: *Mesdames de France, Filles de Louis XV.* Paris, 1870. And *Mémoires Historiques de Mesdames Adélaïde et Victoire de France,* par M—— T——. Paris, 1803. 2 vols.

The poor old princesses, starting on December 23rd, had therefore crossed the Apennines in the heart of that severe winter, with their cumbrous suite in many carriages, to arrive on the Adriatic coast in February, and fly from place to place before the popular tumults and hasty revolutions, as the approach was rumoured of sixty thousand French. At Trani they are in terror of pirates, and embark on a *chétive tartane* for Brindisi. The failing health of Madame Victoire obliges them to put in to Bari and rest there. The revolution is imminent; they embark again, but not before they have seen the actual distribution of the tricolour cockades. Storms oblige them to anchor at the Mole; the tocsin is sounding, shots and cries are heard, and the glare of burning houses is reflected in the sky. Finally they reach Brindisi, and all eyes eagerly and anxiously scan the vessels lying there for the expected Russian escort, the promise of a Neapolitan frigate having failed them long before. Alas! the ships had come, and, not finding the princesses, had gone again, nor were they able finally to leave for Corfu until March 15th.

It was now represented to the princesses that it would give infinitely more weight and prestige to Corbara and his companions if they would receive him as the hereditary prince. Much against their inclination, they consented, and a crowd of boats in gala, flying the royal flag, escorted the hero to their vessel. Here he had a private audience of the princesses. "He hastened to inform them that he was the Comte de Corbéra, a Corsican *émigré*, and very faithful to the king; that travelling on foot and sufficiently badly equipped, he would never have expected to be the object of so strange a mistake; that he had resisted to the utmost of his power and always in vain. . . . The Comte de Chastellux asked him in what way he thought of bringing to a close a *rôle* so dangerous and so difficult to keep up. He replied that he had already persuaded the people to permit him to leave for Corfu, whither he would go to demand help from the Admiral Outschakow.

His gentleness, his noble disinterestedness, the prudent and sensible conduct which he had observed in circumstances so critical and so extraordinary, made him excusable and very interesting. It is certain that the populace would have massacred anyone who should have dared to deny that this stranger was the hereditary prince."[1]

Corbara, with some of his friends, succeeded in embarking with this pretext, but they were immediately pounced upon by pirates and carried off to Tunis, whence they were set free by the help of the English consul a month or two later.

Another of their party, De Cesari, left behind, profited by the prestige lent them by this curious incident to play a more effectual, though less extraordinary, *rôle* in the royal service, giving out that he was "charged by his Sicilian Majesty with the furthering of the royal interests in Puglia." Ruffo, to the disgust of Micheroux, made him a general, and he became extremely useful in collecting and leading fresh masses of troops.

While the forlorn old princesses pass out of sight to end within a year their melancholy lives at Trieste, while Ruffo, De Cesari, Panedigrano, and the other famous and worthy leaders of the *Santa Fede* pursue their destroying march over the hapless provinces to join forces eventually with Russians and Turks and with the brigand leaders nearer the capital, it is time to turn back to Naples and see how the doomed Republic endeavoured to meet the oncoming danger.

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[1] *Mémoires historiques, etc.*, Vol. II., p. 251, *et seq.*, quoted from the journal of one of the suite.

CHAPTER IX

THE REPUBLIC UNDER ARMS

Military operations of the Republic—Schipani—Ettore Carafa—Destruction of Andria and Trani—Carafa's humanity; retires into Pescara.

SOON after the initiation of Ruffo's enterprise and the consequent ferment of revolt that bubbled up in every province, the Republic despatched forces to oppose and repress the "counter-revolution." Some twelve hundred Neapolitan troops under General Schipani set out for Calabria, and for Puglia five thousand French soldiers under General Duhesme, and the legion of Ettore Carafa, nominally twelve hundred strong, in part to be recruited on the road. These two columns, subduing the provinces of Avellino and Salerno on their way, and embracing Basilicata between them, were eventually to unite. The first column, marching by way of Salerno and Eboli, and on southward through friendly little towns, came one day in sight of the royal banner flying from the belfry of a little village, Castelluccio, perched upon a high and steep rock. Schipani, for any harm it was likely to do, might have left it behind him in peace, seeing that Calabria was his goal; but he must needs attack it, and attack by the most difficult path. The people, terrified, sent one Sciarpa (soon after famous as one of Ruffo's captains) to treat with the invader, offering to become republicans one and all, and fight under their captain for the Republic.

Schipani had the incredibly foolish arrogance to reject the proposals, saying he was come for war, not for peace, and the rebels must surrender at discretion or be prepared for the worst. Anger at such an answer gave them courage, with the result that Schipani was beaten back with heavy loss, retreated to Salerno, and gave up all further idea of reaching Calabria.

This Schipani, under whose eye the young Guglielmo Pepe loved to distinguish himself, was an extremely brave and rash soldier, passionately but unwisely republican. Botta says of him that if battles could be won with words, Schipani might have been a conqueror, but that with all his ardour and dash he knew nothing of war.[1] It would have been odd had he known much of war, for he had been but a lieutenant in the royal army whose experience was so brief and disastrous. But the Republic was pleased by his fervour, and made him a general without more ado.

This part of the expedition may be said to have failed completely at a moment when failure was fatal. Duhesme and Carafa, meanwhile, dividing and subdividing their forces, marched cautiously through districts where revolt was imminent or already accomplished, subduing small places on their way, and making examples from time to time. But although their success was apparent wherever they went, and their united columns were received at Foggia with open arms, it would have required an infinitely stronger force than they could command to give solidity to their work. As for the cities whose unhappy fate had decreed they should be counters in the game, they simply fell into the hands of whichever party could be first upon the scene, and there was little to choose as to the results of a royalist or a republican sacking and burning. The figures of the French generals, on that scene at least, are very much alike; and when, in May, Duhesme and Olivier are recalled, in order that Macdonald may concentrate his forces near the capital, and Broussier presently takes

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[1] Carlo Botta: *Storia d' Italia dal 1789 al 1814*. Lugano, 1839, p. 415.

FERDINANDO PIGNATELLI, PRINCIPE DI STRONGOLI.
Beheaded, September 30, 1799, aged thirty.

[*To face p.* 190.

their place in Puglia, as far as the Neapolitan point of view is concerned it is but another name for the same thing.

The one figure that greatly interests us among the military leaders mustered by the Republic, unlucky or inefficient as most of them were, is that of Ettore Carafa. After his three years' imprisonment in St. Elmo and his lucky escape thence, Carafa had made his way to Milan, and was there when Buonaparte ordered the march on Rome. Carafa, chafing under inaction, made common cause with the French. He was commissioned by General Joubert to raise a "legion" of volunteers, and devoted his brimming energy and military talent to making them efficient soldiers on the model with which he now became familiar. The instant the Neapolitan Republic decided on sending an expedition into Puglia, Carafa set to work to raise a Neapolitan legion, equipping the men at his own expense, and drilling them with unflagging zeal. He was a born soldier and a born leader of men, and though his appearances on that scene are so brief that before one can see him well he is gone, yet his vigorous, heroic personality impresses us at every glimpse we have of him. Colletta calls him "libero per natura," and it is the impression he still makes upon us. General Guglielmo Pepe, who knew him well, two of whose elder brothers, Florestano and Ferdinando, served as lieutenants in his legion, describes him as having a heart burning with patriotism and with extreme ambition, so that one could not say which of these two passions more prevailed in his soul. The suspicion does not seem to have been far from the minds of some of his contemporaries, unable to comprehend so ardent a passion unprompted by self-interest, that Carafa's ambition might one day dominate the Republic. Some writers appear to think this the only explanation of his having always been kept at a distance from the capital, a fact which certainly does not require any such construction, patent as it is that Carafa was the only energetic and capable soldier the Republic could depend upon, the only one who succeeded in carrying out his instructions—who had, moreover, a personal prestige such as none else could have in Puglia, where lay the vast feudal property of his family. As for recalling him after his desertion by the French, such recall could only have remained a dead letter, hemmed in and cut off as he was.

On his march to join General Olivier he made use of the civic guard of the small places he passed through which held for the Republic among the hills about Avellino, calling them out for a day or two, and then letting them go back to their place, while he marched on, cautious and audacious at the same time, making his ready wit serve instead of force and bloodshed, and subduing the towns by the magic of his imperious but winning personality. In this way Volturara, Paternopoli, Salsa, Sorbo, Montemara were all disarmed.

For all the patriotism that fired his own soul, one sees not much of the bombast in vogue in his reports to the President of the Republic. His enthusiasm was eminently that of action, and his sense eminently common-sense. He makes no particular appeal to the patriotism or the republicanism of the men he wants to come and fight for him, who can have no conception of the force of either word; he merely takes good care to be able to pay them well as long as he wants them, and the men are there at his service.

He finds himself approaching Montuoro, a big place which must perforce be taken; his cavalry, owing to the nature of the ground, are of no use, and he has but a hundred infantry. He retires into the plain of Serino, and here is his account of the way he met the difficulty, written to Ignazio Ciaja, the poet, then President of the provisional Government:

"In the evening I was abandoned by the civic guards of the neighbouring towns, except by those of Volturara and Paternopoli. Then seeing myself alone with 100 men, in a place where cavalry could not manœuvre, I withdrew into the plain of Serino, within view of the important posts of Turci and Le Pioppe.

"At the same time I sent back the Paternesi and Volturesi, inviting their municipalities to give them their pay (in advance) and themselves to return next day. As the report spread among the people that the men were punctually paid for the days they served under me, the next morning, which was that of the 16th [of February], I was at the head of 800 men, of civic militia, ready to march upon Montuoro.

"I ordered at Solofra rations for 1500, which made the inhabitants wonder how in one night I could have collected such a force, and spread my report as far as Montuoro, which began to tremble."

And with so high a hand did Carafa carry matters, with blustering proclamations and terrible threats, that the men of Montuoro meekly laid down their arms, ran up tricolour banners, acclaimed Carafa, liberty, the Republic—anything they were told, and gave a month's pay to all Carafa's men.[1]

In this report on the action against Montuoro, Carafa mentions a certain Captain Roselli as deserving of special honour, and in the *Monitore* for March 12th Eleonora Pimentel gives an account of an incident taken from a letter written by Roselli himself to a friend at Naples: "Having advanced beyond his company he found himself alone with only four others, and as they retreated and fired their last cartridges, Roselli received the fire of more than fifteen shots together, of which not one wounded him, but he fell stunned to the ground. His companions fled. He was taken prisoner and condemned to be shot. When he had already the handkerchief across his eyes, he did not lose his presence of mind, and said coolly that he did not mind dying, but that he wished first to say two words. This was accorded him, and so he said to the commander: 'In shooting me, a defenceless man, you have a sin the more; I shall be avenged by my friends, and by the French troops, and I shall die glorious and even happy, for I die for my country, a thing unknown to you, since I don't know who the devil you are fighting for.' At the word *patria* the commander was moved, embraced his prisoner, and took him to his own house." Eventually Roselli was chosen as the mediator between the contending parties. This little incident illustrates the violent tension of men's minds, giving forth harsh discords commonly enough, but ready at a master touch to sound sweetest music. Alas! that the master touch was, and is ever, so rare a thing!

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[1] From the *Monitore*, of which the series has been printed by Drusco in his *Anarchia Popolare*. For Carafa's letter, see p. 123.

Macdonald wrote and complimented Carafa upon all he had been able to accomplish with the loss of only two of his men, and dwelt with particular approbation upon his conciliatory methods in dealing with the revolted populations. This direct testimony to Carafa's humanity is valuable, because Botta, Colletta, and other writers, unable to make use of contemporary documents, and writing rather under the influence of popular tradition, have represented Carafa as a man of relentless ferocity.[1]

The last action of Duhesme in concert with Carafa, before he was recalled by Macdonald, was the taking of San Severo, a large unfortified place north of Foggia, full of a determined royalist population, reinforced by "the ferocious inhabitants of the Gargano," so that the town could boast some twelve thousand fighting men, reported to be of desperate courage. This was the first severe action between the forces of the Republic and the royalists; some three hundred French and republicans were killed and as many wounded. The loss on the other side is given by some as three hundred and twenty, by others as three thousand. Such as succeeded in escaping made their way to the fortified cities of Andria and Trani, and there prepared to maintain a more effectual resistance, firmly persuaded that so great a force as that of San Severo could only have fallen through treachery.

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[1] CARLO BOTTA: *Storia d'Italia*, p. 416. COLLETTA: *Storia del Reame di Napoli*, Libro IV.

Duhesme was now recalled, and could only leave small garrisons in Foggia, Ariano, Avellino, and Nola as he retired. Besides having imposed a contribution of six thousand ducats upon loyal Foggia, Duhesme did not neglect further to maintain the French tradition in Italy, and on his retreat to the capital he robbed the post of seven thousand ducats, the property of private persons living in Naples. The fact is recorded, not without indignation, in the *Monitore*, where it is further stated that the Government have reimbursed the sum, and deducted the amount from the contribution due to the French. One perceives that the friction between the invaders and the Neapolitan republicans has increased, and that the Republic, too late, is becoming more independent in tone.

Duhesme's scattered garrisons were by no means strong enough to keep insurrection in check. The royalists of Puglia immediately took new heart, and as the slender remnant of the republican forces withdrew from the subdued country to move against revolt elsewhere, it sprang up again behind them like grass from beneath the tread, and their work went for nothing.

Puglia was the granary of Naples, and starvation threatened the capital if this province were alienated, or communication cut. Macdonald was therefore obliged to send General Broussier with instructions to march on Andria and Trani. The forces met at Cerignola, where they were reinforced further by a French brigade from the Abruzzi, where there were French garrisons keeping open communication with Rome. Barletta was chosen as the headquarters.

Andria, reinforced by some hundreds of armed men from Bari, was prepared to resist to the uttermost. Andria, Casteldelmonte, Corato, and Ruvo were all feudal towns belonging to the Carafa family, and Ettore Carafa was anxious that Andria, his birthplace, round which gathered all the recollections of his childhood, where were the homes of friends and retainers of his family, should not be attacked until peaceful means of persuasion had been tried. He was averse to the shedding of blood, and very loth to see his own city destroyed. Broussier consented to his trying what persuasion could do, and Ettore rode away from Barletta with his younger brother Carlo and a little escort of two French dragoons, and came beneath the walls of Andria to demand a parley. Voices from the loopholes called him by name to approach, and, full of happy anticipation, he spurred his horse in their direction. He was scarcely come near when two or three musket balls whistled past his head. They hurt no one, but of course he was obliged to withdraw, disappointed. He told the escort not to mention the incident; but one of them, as they came back to headquarters, called out to his companions, "On a tiré sur le Commandant!" The news spread swiftly and raised the greatest indignation. Broussier ordered the troops to proceed to the attack. An historian of the ancient city of Ruvo, apologising for the men of Andria on this occasion, says that those who fired on the duke were some of Bari, who had come in to help, and had no interest in trying to save the city.[1]

By dawn on March 31st the republicans were under the walls of Andria. The Andriesi were ready for them at the loopholes; every bell was ringing the alarm. In the middle of the city was set up an immense altar with draperies and tapers taken from the cathedral, surmounted by a large crucifix, beneath which was placed a portrait of the king. Priests and monks excited and encouraged the people, declaring that when mass had been celebrated the sacred figure was heard to say that no profane force should ever suffice to take the city, which was defended by the cherubim. Furthermore, the image bore in one hand a placard announcing in big letters the imminent arrival of foreign soldiers to their aid.

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[1] R. Carafa d'Andria: *Ettore Carafa, Conte di Ruvo*, p. 40, *et seq*. Giovanni Jatta: *Cenno Storico sull' Antichissima Città di Ruvo*. Napoli, 1844.

The city gates were four, and outside the walls was no ditch, nor further defence. Broussier sent a column against each gate, giving Carafa, at his own request, the post of greatest danger and honour in command of the assault upon the Porta del Castello, which looks towards Barletta, whence the French advance had been expected, and was therefore the most strongly fortified. It seems that Broussier used no artillery on this occasion, since the columns advanced with closed ranks against the gates, running under a murderous fire of grape-shot, which mowed down their front ranks. It was here that the gallant Florestano Pepe received those wounds in the breast which won him his captain's commission and made his brilliant military career one long martyrdom. Other captains, French and Neapolitan, fell to right and left. Carafa, brandishing his sword, bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind, was seen where the fight was thickest, leading the attack, and promising distinction to those who should be first to reach the walls.

"Thus they arrived beneath the gate, and with the butts of their muskets strove to batter it in; and as they strove they died, and as they died they cried, *Viva la Repubblica!* and the wounded struggled up again fiercer than before."[1]

At last some French sappers came running, and with their axes hewed the gate to pieces. French and Neapolitans pressed in in disorder "under a horrible fire" from every window, and for two hours more the fight went on hand to hand, from house to house; women and children throwing down stones, boiling oil, and boiling water upon the gradually advancing foe. At length the republicans were masters of Andria, and the sack and the massacre began. "In vain Carafa interceded, prayed, and finally threw himself on his knees before General Broussier to save the city at least from being burned; all was useless. Broussier was inexorable, being exceedingly irritated at the losses among his own men, caused in fact by his own want of precaution." [1] The French general gave the order that the city should be given up to military licence.

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[1] CARAFA D'ANDRIA: *Ettore Carafa, etc.*, p. 43.

"The city," wrote Çarafa in his report to the provisional Government, "was all in flames, and the dead may be as many as four thousand. If I should wish to point out to you those who have distinguished themselves in my legion (excepting one officer who will I am sure resign his commission) I ought to name all the soldiers, corporals, sergeants and officers. I mention only the officers who have been wounded"; and he proceeds to give an account of twelve captains and lieutenants, all severely wounded, demanding promotion for most of them. (This shows, by the way, that Neapolitans, well officered, could fight even to the point of satisfying such a commander as Ettore Carafa.) "Citizens," he concludes, "I am no longer in a position to be able to march, because the greater part of my officers, marching at the head of their men, have been wounded; those same men who a few months ago looked with terror upon the fire of the enemy, those very men defend the cause of liberty and have been found deserving of mention in the report of General Broussier to the Commander in Chief in the way that you have seen. Further to encourage my legion," he writes finally, "I demand for the soldiers an extra month's pay, as a present, and a complete uniform for the officers." [2] It is to be feared that the bankrupt Republic was never able to grant the generous request.

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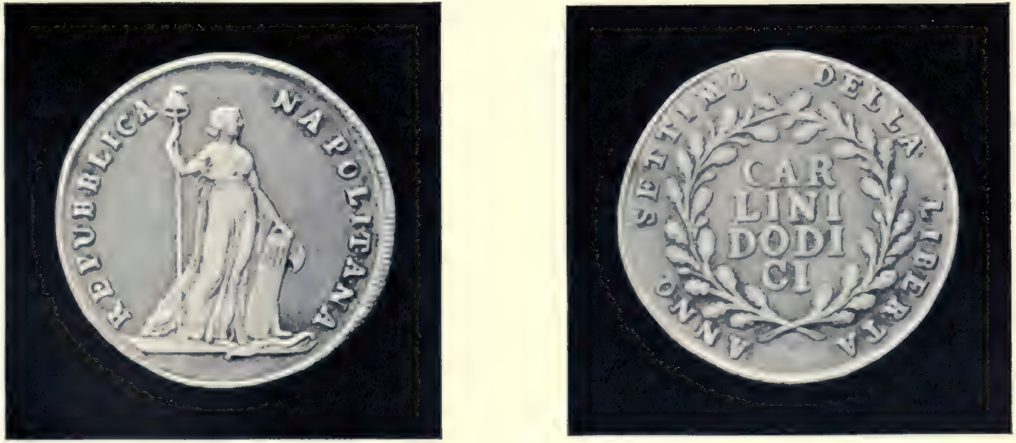
[1] CARAFA D'ANDRIA: *Ettore Carafa, etc.*, p. 45, quotes JATTA, *Cenno Storico*, with the remark that his testimony is the more valuable because he himself was a royalist and no friend of the Carafa family.

[2] CARAFA D'ANDRIA: *Ettore Carafa, etc.*, extracted from CARLO COLLETTA: *Proclami e Sanzioni della Repubblica Napoletana.* Napoli, 1863.



Obverse: Figure of the Republic.

Reverse.

SILVER PIASTRA OF THE NEAPOLITAN REPUBLIC.

[*To face p.* 198.

Unable to prevent the burning and sacking of the town, which Botta, Colletta, and others have asserted to have been principally his doing (an imputation which the accounts only brought to light later on, written by various local and contemporary historians, by no means of republican opinions, completely contradict), Carafa did his utmost to protect the innocent and helpless against the soldiery. The nuns—*Figlie del Nazzareno*—driven out of their convent by the soldiers, fled for refuge into the ducal palace, where Carafa took them under his protection; and when at last the troops retired to Barletta, he left orders to his agent to see them all safely back into their convent, orders which were strictly carried out. It is also written of him that he found two French soldiers offering violence to a young girl in the street, and when they refused to obey his peremptory command to desist, he ran one of them through the body, and the girl took refuge with the nuns in his palace.

A document has just been brought to light by Professor Sansone in the archives at Palermo which puts the killed in Andria at five hundred and fifty, and the houses destroyed at forty-two. We may therefore hope that even if these figures refer only to the Andriesi proper, and take no count of strangers who fell on the same side, Carafa's hasty first estimate of four thousand on both sides may be far beyond the mark.[1]

The account of the taking of Andria sent by the "revolutionary committee of patriots with the left wing of the army of Naples," from Barletta to the provisional Government, and published in the *Monitore*, is far more highly coloured; one perceives immediately behind it the men of the tongue and the pen, not the men of the sword, to whom the realities of life are in themselves sufficiently appalling. Carafa is shocked at four thousand dead; these glib persons do not hesitate to report complacently that ten thousand have "remained victims of their own crimes."

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[1] SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. lxxv.

They declare, further, that the French have "made it their first care to set free the patriots long detained barbarously in the prisons; each soldier taking one under his protection has conducted him to his own house, remaining there on guard to guarantee him against pillage." This smacks a little more of the reporters and of the *Monitore* than of reality, but we may hope it was true.

In Barletta after the battle there were illuminations and dancing to celebrate the victory. The soldiers went about selling the things they had taken at the sack, and it is left on record in an unpublished manuscript in the city of Barletta that Ettore Carafa had arrested and confined in the castle a dragoon who was going about dressed in the robes of the Madonna del Carmine, which he was trying to sell.

Broussier and the other French generals had, of course, no scruples about such acts of barbarity as the burning of Andria, and regarded the sacking of a town as one of the legitimate rewards to be given to their men as often as a pretence could be found. Cardinal Ruffo and the mass of the priests had the same brigand sentiments (although the victims were their own countrymen), as we have seen, and shall presently see again. They served the king, the Church, the Holy Faith, and the end justified and sanctified any means; but their country seems at times to have had no place at all in their scheme of things.

After the reduction of Andria, Broussier attacked Trani, a city defended by massive walls and bastions, furnished with eight batteries, and having its north side upon the sea. The besieging infantry were placed behind the garden walls and on the terraced roofs of the houses outside the walls, whence they were able to direct a deadly fire upon the sailors who had charge of the batteries. Meanwhile, a few French soldiers discovered that a certain little fort in the sea was scarcely guarded. The water was breast-high; but, carrying their muskets on their heads, they swam and waded to the rock, clambered up, and scrambled into the fort, surprising and killing the few sailors who were there, neglecting their duty. Their signals soon brought them reinforcements from the shore, and when the royalists rushed to repair their negligence, it was too late. Meanwhile, the defence of the walls had slackened in consequence of this diversion. The republicans at first suspected the cessation of the firing to be a trick to lure them from their shelter, and they hesitated to advance. Carafa rode alone up to the edge of the ditch, and, hearing distinctly the cries of fugitives within, he put his hat upon the point of his sword, and, turning to his men, cried, "Avanti, avanti! Viva la Repubblica!" The Neapolitans rushed to a last assault, and entered with ladders by the embrasures, the royalist marines flying in panic from their posts. Within the walls every house was fortified, and the loss of the republicans was very heavy, while the enemy was scarcely to be seen.

At length the republicans thought of mounting upon the terraced roofs, and by breaking here a wall and there throwing across a beam or a plank, they passed from roof to roof, descending and taking the royalists by surprise, unprepared for and confounded by the sudden apparition of their enemies within their strongholds, rendering their defences useless, and frustrating their organised resistance. On April 1st the city was taken, sacked, and, says Colletta, reduced to heaps of ruins and dead bodies. The fate of Andria and Trani was shared by Ceglie and Carbonara; many other towns laid down their arms, and Puglia was gained for the Republic.

And now it was that General Macdonald, who had already collected his forces about Caserta ready to march northwards to reinforce the arms of France against Austria, recalled Broussier, like Duhesme before him, and the French retreated by Bari, Cerignola, and Foggia, leaving Carafa alone with his few hundred Neapolitans to enrol recruits, levy contributions, exact payments, and keep up as best he might the name and fame of the Republic. As the French retired from the Abruzzi also, General Contard consigned to Carafa the fortresses of Civitella del Tronto, Aquila, and Pescara, held hitherto by French garrisons. Carafa, with his slender forces, was no longer able to hold the open field, and, sending two of his majors, each with a battalion, to garrison Aquila and Civitella respectively, he himself, with only one hundred and forty men, retired into Pescara, where he remained in command until after the fall of the Republic.

From Pescara he wrote towards the end of April to Gabriele Manthonè, Minister of War at Naples, telling him how he had divided his legion, according to his instructions, among the three fortresses. The letter deserves to be given at length, so completely does it reflect, in the brief, manly sentences with which it opens, the bitter disappointment of the soldier who has seen his opportunity snatched from him, but has no words to waste in useless complaint, and in the rest shows us the ardent, intrepid officer, rushing "like fire to meet the foe," kindling every man about him with his own ardour; ready ever with frank praise, one seems to see the light in his eye and the generous smile, and to hear him singing, "The siege of Pescara." Alas! when he left Pescara the Republic lay dead, and already the gulf yawned black and deep that was to swallow all the noblest of her sons, and not one nobler than Ettore Carafa.

" . . . The withdrawing from Puglia," he writes, "where I had begun to organise the most brilliant recruiting (800 men formed a legion which was superb from the beginning), was a fatal blow; the recruits not organised, the evacuation of the French, and the disorder of a region that has been abandoned, were an occasion of desertion.

"I have kept 140 men here at Pescara, whom I have saved from the revolution of the whole province.

"My situation is this: I have been besieged in Pescara since the 10th instant [1] by the Brigands who have sacked and laid waste all the country round. I have wine, oil, bread and ammunition. My men shew as much firmness under the siege as they shewed valour in assaults. Notwithstanding their labours I can assure you their soup is always seasoned with patriotic airs, and especially with a *Carmagnola* which they themselves have composed for the siege of Pescara.

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[1] The letter, begun towards the end of April, bears as its final date, May 1st, when Carafa had been besieged about three weeks.

"To-day I divided the seventy men off guard into seven little columns, giving the command of them to Captain Ginevra, and attacked the enemy upon a hill where he had his quarters: on all sides we went up *alla repubblicana* amid the sound of the firing and of the enemy's cannon, and amid the *evviva alla Libertà*; in a moment we were masters of the height; the enemy precipitated themselves into a valley, leaving however 30 dead and five prisoners. I took one gun of 24, and another of 4. While we were in action the Castellammaresi attacked the fortress on one side and were repulsed by a sortie.

"P.S. As the boat could not leave because of the rough weather, I have the pleasure of announcing to you another success gained by the arms of the republicans. The brigands came back on the 24th (it was on the 25th that I had sent off this letter) to unite again on the field they had lost on the 22nd. Baron Dario of Chieti passes them in review, and I see once more a considerable number of the enemy swarming about the height of San Silvestro. I sally out on horseback with 12 *chasseurs* to reconnoitre, and receive a hail of bullets. I called a halt, waiting for the enemy, in case they should have a fancy to come down into the plain; at the same time Captain Severino leads up the rest of my seventy infantry; as they come up they raise a shout and are for rushing to the assault. On the one hand I found it very risky to attack more than 800 men, fortified at three points upon the hill; on the other I would not lose the advantage given me by the enthusiasm of the soldiers.

"So I divide my men into three columns, giving command of the right to Captain Ginevra, of the left to Captain Severino, and of the centre to second lieutenant Parant. With drums beating and at the quick step our men advance without firing a shot: the enemy defend themselves, but that intrepid courage takes them by surprise. I perceived the moment to be decisive and shouted to the cavalry to gallop up the hill. The enemy, confused at this new attack, without calculating their advantages, took to flight; in a flash our men are upon the height and give themselves up to massacre. Night put an end to the slaughter; the republicans, ferocious against the enemy, respected the fields of the peasants. The soldier has the right to sack a field taken by assault. They returned into the town covered with glory only.

"I know not whether more to praise their courage or their virtue. All have done their duty; but those who commanded the columns have shewn the soldiers how to rush to the assault. . . ."[1]

And so Carafa remained shut up in Pescara with the remnant of his dwindled legion, while the French went away northward, and Ruffo with his monster rabble drew on.

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[1] From the *Monitore*, printed by DRUSCO: *Anarchia Popolare*, p. 219

CHAPTER X

AT CLOSE QUARTERS

The English at Procida—Troubridge perceives the Court policy—Speciale—The king's spirits rise as revenge comes within reach—Ruffo's statesmanlike policy, and resistance to that of the Court—The queen's prescriptions—So-called trials at Procida—"A jolly fellow"—Caracciolo enters into action.

SECONDING Ruffo's victorious march, and in support of his eventual attack upon the capital, the Court at Palermo, advised by Nelson, determined to occupy the islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, thus blockading the Gulf. The struggle between the more educated class, adherents of the Republic, and the sailor and fisher population strongly attached to the king, had been intensely bitter in the islands, and the Governor of Procida had fled to Palermo, giving place to a republican municipality which held its ground only so long as the royalists were too timid to revolt openly.

On April 2nd, when the smoke was going up from ruined Andria, Captain Troubridge, on the *Culloden*, appeared in the Gulf, accompanied by seven other ships.

His orders were to make himself master of Procida, to put himself in communication with the royalists on the mainland and in the islands, but not to bombard the capital unless the loyal inhabitants took up arms against the French. It is curious how this latter clause corresponds with the "conspiracy of the Baccher," arranged first for April 1st, and put off to the 8th, when there was an expectation that the English were to bombard the town. Troubridge was further recommended by Nelson to bear in mind "that speedy rewards and quick punishments are the foundation of good government."[1]

By April 3rd it was already known in Naples that the English had invaded Procida and taken prisoners the members of the municipal Government. The prisoners were made in the usual way; arms were handed to the populace and to all who rushed to protest their loyalty, and these naturally vied with one another in proving their zeal by cutting down the trees of liberty, sacking and setting fire to their rivals' houses, and dragging the better sort to the English ships in default of other or safer prisons.

Troubridge, who of course knew nothing of the real state of the case, wrote to Nelson, "Your Lordship never beheld such loyalty, the people are perfectly mad with joy and are asking for their beloved master." Next day the *Perseus* is despatched to Palermo with an urgent message from Troubridge to Nelson: "Pray press the Court to send the Judge by the return of the *Perseus*, as it will be impossible to go on else; the villains increase so fast on my hands and the people are calling for justice; eight or ten of them must be hung." To which Nelson, in the same style, replied on the 7th, "*Minerva* shall bring the troops and the judge. Send me word some proper heads are taken off, this alone will comfort me."[2] The

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[1] *Despatches*, III., p. 310. If good government only referred to a ship's crew, Nelson's simple maxim might have been well enough.

[2] This bloodthirsty request of Nelson's, which shows how his mind was possessed by the idea of making examples, may be paralleled by a passage in an official letter of February 29th, written by Prince Castelcicala to the Mayor of Cosenza, giving him the amplest faculty for executing martial law upon "ill-intentioned persons." "A few scoundrelly heads that you cause to fall will serve as a dam and be a terror to the evil-intentioned. . . ."

"Scoundrel thyself!" comments the indignant Eleonora Pimentel, in parenthesis, "are then the heads of men oranges, or pears?"

DRUSCO: *Anarchia Popolare*, p. 96. B. CROCE: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 62.

Neapolitan ship *Minerva* was to follow the British ships under command of the Conte di Thurn.

The king and queen were not long in finding a judge to their mind—Vincenzo Speciale, described by the queen in a letter to Ruffo as "one of those who have a reputation for severity." Speciale, having been presented to Nelson by Sir W. Hamilton, set sail on the 9th with orders to put himself under Captain Troubridge's authority, and to judge the prisoners "palatino modo et abrupto ad modum belli."

The king and queen could scarcely contain their delight at the new turn of affairs, and began to gird themselves up for the slaughter; their letters to Ruffo and his answer are very characteristic of the three. "Everything they have asked for has been sent immediately," wrote the king in facetious mood on the 11th, "especially the judge; they do not stand upon ceremony, and so by the time you get this they'll have strung up plenty of *cacicavalli*.[1] I recommend you therefore to act in conformity with what both I and Acton wrote last week, and he repeats by this letter, and with the greatest activity: *Mazze e panelle fanno li figli belli!*[2] Now we are most anxiously looking out for news of the dear little Russians [*dei cari Russicelli*]; if they come quick, I hope we shall soon string them all up [*faremo la festa*], and with the divine help put an end to this cursed story."

The queen writes: ". . . not much is left for me to tell you, but I see, from all accounts, that in the capital the greater number is of those who are good and loyal; but I would not have any pity used, and the weeds that poison the rest must be hunted out, destroyed, annihilated, and transported."

Referring to these bloodthirsty letters, Ruffo immediately wrote to Acton: ". . . I believe such a step [*i.e.* the sending of the judge] to be unpolitic, and as circumstances permit, I take the liberty of humbly laying my sentiments, unasked, before your Excellency, which you can then estimate as you think fit. In winning back Naples, I foresee that our greatest obstacle will lie in the fear of deserved punishment, in the despair of ever more being able to have employments, places and consideration, in the certainty of being always, in the midst of the re-established monarchical government, suspected and maltreated on every occasion. Now if we shew that we mean to try, and to punish; if we do not make them believe that we are completely persuaded that it was necessity, error, the force of the enemy and not treason that occasioned the rebellion, we play into the hands of the enemy and cut off our own way to reconciliation."

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[1] A royal joke, in allusion to the shape of the common cheeses of South Italy, which have something of a bottle-shape, and are kept hung up by the neck.

[2] Broomsticks and bread make fine children.

Wise and humane words which fell on deaf ears—ears that would not hear! When the letter reached Palermo, the king and queen and their foreign advisers and abettors had already tasted blood.

Ruffo shows here his own view—the only true view—of the case of the Neapolitan revolutionists. The revolution could not justly be considered treason, and such a view offered an escape from rigorous measures. But the Bourbon wanted pretexts for vengeance, not for pardon.

Ruffo's constant and repeated argument was that the Court would only play into the enemy's hands by a rigour which confirmed men in rebellion who would otherwise avail themselves of pardon. "It even appears," he wrote, in one of his really fine letters of April 30th, "that no matter how great a rebel falls into our hands, no matter how he may have distinguished himself in rebellion, he ought to be pardoned. Read the history of France and of the many capitulations agreed upon with rebels, and it will be seen that often party leaders were pardoned who fought against kings; nor are examples very remote from ourselves of agreements and pardons granted to persons less excusable than in this case, where a force hitherto invincible has almost obliged the peoples to revolt . . . " The republicans, he says, and for the moment it was very true, "are a little handful of bankrupts [*quattro falliti*]." Does anyone, he asks, suppose that Moliterno and Roccaromana are republicans? "What is the *use* of punishing?" he asks again with his inexorable common sense; "indeed how is it possible to punish so many persons without incurring an indelible reproach of cruelty?"

"A few bombs and a general pardon will finish our business," he repeats on May 7th, and again, next day, begs Acton to "read his *scribble*," and expresses his extreme distress to see that *i padroni* (*i.e.* the king and queen) go on perpetually talking of more or less rigour—*always of punishment.* "Now I continue to believe that our course should be the very opposite, and that the past transgressions ought sincerely to be pardoned." There will always be an occasion, he says, to punish obstinate rebels later on, if obstinate they prove. "Less rigour, I repeat," he says elsewhere, "and renounce your revenge, or at any rate let it be limited and above all very slow."

Here was a man worth twenty Actons, full of energy, activity, and good sense. But such a man served the Bourbon almost at the peril of his life, as we shall see, and retired from their immediate service as soon as he conveniently could. These wise counsels of his made a certain impression on the queen, but certainly not the impression Ruffo intended; and Acton no doubt fanned her smouldering misgivings into a real torment of suspicion. The cardinal, she thought characteristically, was evidently seeking to curry favour with the Jacobins for his own ends of personal aggrandisement.

While always professing the most profound admiration for Ruffo's wisdom, the queen never pretends to agree with him. At the same time the tone of her replies must be noted. So late as May 3rd she writes: "I am thinking of making a note on paper of various points and ideas, for the good of my ungrateful Naples . . . *very far from meaning to have them adopted*, but for my own tranquillity to have said them. If my weak head allows me to put them together, I will send them for your Eminence's examination, and for your lights and judgment."[1]

When these "points and ideas" come, the queen declares that the spirit of revenge is unknown to her heart, and that her proposed course of action is dictated by the "extreme contempt" she feels for the rebels, who do not deserve to be won over. She calls the whole nation "vile, corrupt, and *egoistical*"—as though nations could ever be other than egoistical! "I say it with pain," she writes, "but those who have served the king, like Caracciolo, Moliterno, Roccaromana, Federici, etc., etc., and are now in arms against him, are to be punished with death; all the rest transported. . . . These [*i.e.* the exiles] will not increase the strength of France, as they have neither energy nor courage. . . ." So that those who had neither courage nor energy were only to be exiled; those who had both were to be put to death because they were dangerous.

After a thorough purging out of all the guilty, the queen proceeds with her simple and easy prescription, "bisogna mettere pietra,"—a stone must be laid, and all buried in oblivion. Oh, stupid and cruel woman! Well mightest thou desire to lay down that stone, and bury all the phantoms of the past!

"Such is my way of thinking," writes the queen, "with deference to the lights of your Eminence"; and again: "Enough, your Eminence will know better than I what is necessary. Do not think me hard-hearted, nor a tyrant, nor vindictive; I am ready to receive and to pardon all, but I believe it would cause the loss of the two kingdoms. . . ."

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[1] Arch. Stor. Nap. V., Fasc. 3, p. 556.

Mingled with her recipes for the extirpation of pernicious ideas, and for the restoration of tranquillity at Naples, are repeated expressions of the queen's determination never, *never* more to live in Naples, never as queen—to retire to some secluded spot, to some convent, never more to take part in the affairs of the Government, lest the blame of further misfortunes should fall upon her. Henceforth she will be nothing but the mere wife of the king. Some of these letters, where the pen seems to have rushed over the paper driven by the flood of the writer's bitter feelings, are really eloquent, and would be touching were it not that one knows how for fifteen long wretched years more Maria Carolina never for a day ceased to meddle and intrigue as actively as ever before, although with less satisfaction to herself because her first power was gone never to return. The king blamed her, we are told, and her perpetual meddling for all his disasters.

Ruffo must have read her voluble effusions with a smile and a frown, and have trusted to events to frustrate the mischief it was too evident she would do if she could. She might and did, over and over again, and right up to the time of the capitulation with the republicans in the castles of Naples, profess to submit her judgment to the superior wisdom of the cardinal; but he could only take these expressions at their true value, to be measured by the character of the writer whose loyalty was the sport of events. If fate were propitious, Ruffo might yet hope to carry out his statesmanlike and merciful policy, and to force it upon the Court by sheer necessity and by virtue of his full powers. But he knew that it never would be their policy, and that if the necessity on which he counted were to fail him, and it should be in their power to retaliate, nothing would prevent them from revelling in revenge.

This revenge was already being initiated at Procida, in spite of Ruffo's earnest protest, under the protecting wing of the English; perhaps it was some relief to feelings he was not in a position to express more openly when Ruffo at this time took occasion to remind Acton that the English were hated by all good patriots.

Troubridge did not share the royal admiration for the judge sent from Sicily, whom he described as "the poorest creature I ever saw; frightened out of his senses," and did not wish to have him on the *Culloden*. Speciale told the English captain that seventy families were concerned, and from his urgent letters to Palermo one sees that Troubridge was right: he *was* frightened. On the one hand the royal commands, reiterated more strongly with every messenger, gave him no loophole of escape. He knew he must discover, more or less try (though this was the least important part), and certainly condemn to death, some ten or twelve Jacobins, if he was to maintain his position in the royal favour; but being Sicilian and accustomed to the prompt revenges of his compatriots, he stood in terror of the kinsfolk of his proposed victims, and begged and prayed his sovereign, and importuned Troubridge, to allow him to return to Palermo the moment the execution should have been accomplished.

Meanwhile the royalists on the islands had been busy forwarding accusations to Palermo, which were now sent to Speciale, and served as documentary evidence against the prisoners. Considering the instructions given to the judge, one almost wonders they took the trouble to hand in any evidence at all, since in the very letter in which the papers were enclosed the Principe di Cassero, who was Minister of Justice, reminds the Governor of Procida that in trials for treason there are no particular forms nor laws, and the mode of procedure is "absolute and without distinction of persons."

Troubridge meanwhile wrote to Lady Hamilton: "I have given the old judge all the *wholesome* advice I am master of, and to-morrow he means to *begin*. You shall know how he behaves. I feel highly honoured by her Majesty's notice; I wish I could serve them more *essentially* and *quick*."

If these brave Englishmen had felt a little less honoured by the flatteries of the queen, they might have been less blind in their judgment. At this same time Nelson was writing to his wife from Palermo: "Good Sir William, Lady Hamilton and myself, are the mainsprings of the machine, which manage what is going on in this country."[1] Behind Lady Hamilton one must understand the queen, and that sometimes the one and sometimes the other was the real "mainspring" of what "went on."

Speciale wrote to Palermo at frequent intervals, always protesting his own zeal and complaining of the difficulties he had to contend with. His assistants were suffering with fever; he himself had been awakened more than once in the night in terror at the frequent skirmishes between the English and the Jacobins—"things," he observes, full of pity for himself, "which are bad for a man who has to lead a sedentary life." Meanwhile he thinks he may boast that in a few days he has completed a process which ought to have taken a year. In fact we find Troubridge already writing to Nelson on April 18th: "The Judge made an offer, two days since, if I wished it, to pass sentence; but hinted that it would not be regular on some. I declined having anything to do with it. By his conversation I found his instructions were to go through it in a summary manner, *and under me*. I told him the latter must be a mistake, as they were not British subjects. The trials are curious; frequently the culprit is not present: however, he assures me he shall soon have done with them all. I doubt it much. The odium I find is intended to be thrown on us . . . "[2]

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[1] PETTIGREW: *Life of Nelson*, Vol. I., p. 214.

[2] *Despatches*, III., p. 357, note. Mark this policy of the Sicilian Court, so soon perceived by Troubridge, of throwing the odium on the English. We shall see it again.

Of the imputed Jacobinism of some of the men executed in the islands, Speciale himself was doubtful. There was notably one Luigi Verneau, son of the commandant of Ponza, who had been arrested on the representations of a certain convict, who produced in evidence a letter which was at once proved to be forged. Speciale was quite convinced of the falseness of the letter, and had no other proofs of Verneau's treason. He wrote to Palermo to know what to do, not daring to acquit an innocent man: "was he to arrest his steps?" The Court told him "to proceed with his steps and report," and Verneau was accordingly hanged.[1] Well might Troubridge call the trials "curious"!

To his disgust Speciale, urging "the custom of his profession to return home the moment they have condemned," "hinted at a *Man-of-War*." Nor was this all. Speciale had written to Palermo expressing the naïvest wonder, marvelling "that in all these islands there have never been hangmen nor gallows," and says that if by some means they cannot be found, the prisoners must be shot. He is further much taken up about three priests whom he has been ordered to condemn, as they cannot be hanged until they have been unconsecrated. Troubridge found these scruples sufficiently amusing; not so, however, Speciale's views for carrying out the process. "I found also from his conversation," Troubridge writes to Nelson, "that the priests must be sent to Palermo, to be disgraced by the King's order, and then to be returned for execution to this place. *An English Man-of-War to perform all this!* at the same time making application to me for a hangman, which I positively refused. If none could be found here, I desired he would send for one from Palermo. I see their drift: they want to make us the principals, and to throw all the odium upon us."[2]

The three unfortunate priests—excellent men, who for mere peace and order's sake had urged their people to obey the Republic—were sent to Palermo, and, having been unconsecrated by the Bishop of Cefalu, were brought back to die. Besides these three ecclesiastics, sixteen of the foremost men who had been municipal councillors and justices of the peace in Procida were sentenced to death, and Speciale reported how he had chosen the place before Santa Maria delle Grazie, where two of the condemned used to "preach liberty," and one foot of the gallows was planted in the very hole whence the tree of liberty had been torn. There was no disturbance, he writes with relief; on the contrary, the sentence was executed to the terror of the entire public and to the universal edification.

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[1] Sansone: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. xli., *et seq.*

[2] *Despatches*, III., p. 358.

"Some of the villains are very rich," Troubridge wrote. He did not know that the richer the man, the greater his Jacobinism was sure to be.

Besides these more important victims, Speciale proceeded to clear the ground of a hundred more persons whose presence in the islands was considered dangerous to the State, and proposed that Captain Troubridge or Captain Foote should be charged to carry them away to some foreign port. Meanwhile they were shut up in the Castle of Ischia.

Asked how it was that all the representatives of the Republic in Procida had been hanged, while those of Ischia and the other islands had not been punished; Speciale wrote that Troubridge had set them all at liberty "on the consideration that their number was excessive, and that they were connected with all the families of that island, and that the quantity of prisoners who remained in the power of the law was sufficient to spread terror." Let it be set down to the credit of Captain Troubridge on this occasion, although, alas! many of them were taken again shortly after and hanged. To the Court no number seemed "excessive."

And so our blundering English captains, sure of their mission under God, sure that they were serving a good king and a great queen, never once dreamed of hearing the other side, confidently assumed all these victims to be deserving of death, armed their oppressors once more against them, and lent English ships to serve as their prisons. It seems strange that Nelson and Troubridge, who do not spare their criticisms, and often so very strongly condemn most of the persons with whom they have occasion to deal among the royalists of all ranks and positions, never entertained a misgiving that a large party in opposition in such a state might possibly have some reason on their side. It never seems to have occurred to them that the case between the republicans and the king was an exceptional one, by no means a deliberate armed rebellion of subjects against their monarch. And even rebellion should not have been altogether condemned unheard by these most loyal devotees of the House of Hanover.[1]

Generosity, humanity, even wisdom, were, as we know, too much to expect from the Court; but it is painful to find honest and gallant English sailors so blinded by partisanship as not to seek refuge, even in such common sense as that of Ruffo, from the necessity of butchery like that to which they lent their helping and protecting hand.

It was in this month of April that Troubridge received in a basket of fresh fruit the ghastly present of a man's head, sent from Salerno, with the following letter:

"Your Excellency—As a faithful subject of my king Ferdinando (whom God save), I glory in presenting to your Excellency the head of Don Carlo Granozio of Giffoni, who was employed in the administration directed by Ferdinando Ruggi, that infamous commissary. The said Granozio was killed by me in a place called *Li Pugi*, in the district of Ponte Cagnaro, while he was endeavouring to escape. I beg your Excellency kindly to accept this head, and to consider what I have done as a proof of my attachment to the Crown.

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[1] "Is not rebellion a sin?" asked the queen [Victoria].—"As a loyal subject of the House of Hanover," answered Lord John [Russell], "I am unable to say that it is."—*The Spectator*, April 27th, 1901, p. 609.

"I am, with the respect due to you, the faithful subject of the king,

"*Giuseppe Mancuso Vitella.*"[1]

Had the kindly Troubridge become an ogre, that he wrote, upon the margin of the assassin's confiding letter, his own sympathetic approval: "*A jolly fellow!*" And how was it that Nelson too enjoyed the story as a capital joke, and passed it on to Lord St. Vincent with his own facetious comment? Did they not evidently regard all these Neapolitans contemptuously as a pack of "damned foreigners," with whose doings their own humanity and morality had no concern?

The beautiful islands, which hitherto had never seen a gallows nor a hangman (somewhat to the disgust of Speciale), became for the next few months the scene of these so-called trials, of this miscalled justice. Boat-loads of prisoners were carried thither when the Republic had fallen, and other executions took place.

The appearance of the English at Procida in April, and the approaching prospect of the withdrawal of the

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[1] R. PALUMBO: *Maria Carolina, etc.*, p. 63.

Among the pensions granted shortly after by the king to scores of persons who had suffered on his side, or claimed to have rendered some special service, a long list of which has just been published by Professor Sansone, is this: "To Donna Maria Giuseppa Gabellone duc. 25 a month for the loss of her husband *Don Carlo Granozio* killed during the anarchy." The prefix *Don* both here and in the letter, and also the high amount of the pension, mark a certain rank in the victim. The name of Granozio is so uncommon that, coupled with the prefix and the same Christian name, one is justified in suspecting the two to be identical, in which case the victim was on the wrong side after all! See SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. 433.

French, led the republicans to use every means in their power—persuasions certainly, veiled threats perhaps—to induce Caracciolo to take command of their crippled marine. Caracciolo would rather have remained in Naples as a private citizen, taking his place in the National Guard, but avoiding further public action. But he was not a man to be left in peace at such a moment, and must sooner or later have yielded to the manifold pressure that was brought to bear upon him. The sight of the English ships may have turned the scale on the side of decisive action.[1]

On April 8th Caracciolo's first proclamation as head of the marine was published. It was couched in the violent and stilted language then greatly in vogue, and was probably edited and improved in style by some younger and hotter head than Caracciolo's—just as the pastorals of Zurlo, the Archbishop of Naples (reporting Ruffo to have proclaimed himself pope and to be filling the provinces with blood and massacre), were written for him by some orthodox republican, and merely sent to him for his trembling signature.[2]

In this proclamation Caracciolo accuses the English of being the only cause of the ruin of the royal fugitives, "sacrificing every right to their own interest, perhaps they are now despoiling them of the treasure they carried off, while they still affect to protect them and are enjoying their confidence."

Here is a true expression of Caracciolo's feeling: the English enjoyed, and enjoyed unworthily, the confidence of the sovereigns; the foreigners—in this instance once more—were everything, the *patria* nothing, a mere stepping-stone under their feet.

This was no mean spirit of personal spite or envy. It

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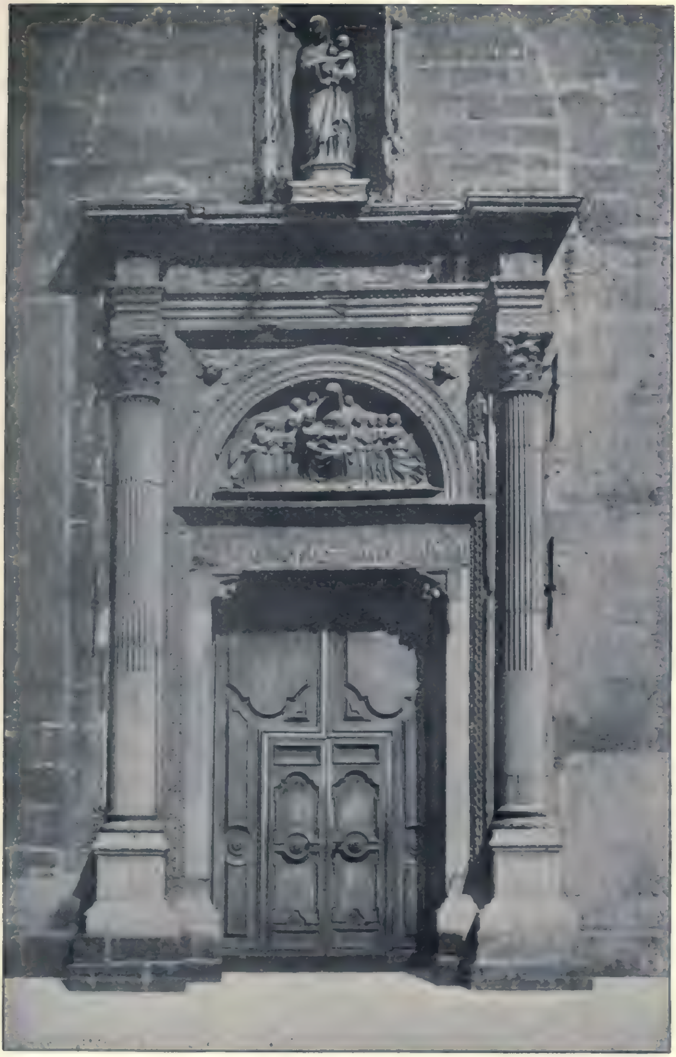
[1] The details of the naval action of the Republic are drawn from MARESCA: *La Difesa Marittima della Repubblica Napoletana nel 1799*, Arch. Stor. Nap. XI., Fasc. 4, 1886.

[2] *Diario Napoletano* for April 9th.



DOOR OF THE CHAPEL OF SANTA BARBARA IN CASTEL NUOVO.

[*To face p.* 218.

was most natural, inevitable, that Nelson (of whom it has sometimes been suggested that Caracciolo was jealous) should appear to him the very incarnation of that reckless, overbearing foreign interference which had ruined king and country, and had led to the Neapolitans' cutting such a pitiful figure in the eyes of Europe. Caracciolo himself had received an affront he must have been mean indeed to swallow, and which he knew he had not deserved. He *must* have hated Nelson, with all that he represented, from mere patriotism first, and next because it was his coming which had led to the sudden opening of an abyss between patriots and the king, with whom till then they had no quarrel.[1] And still the feeling cannot be called a private or personal feeling; Caracciolo respected the English, and would sooner have been tried by them than by Neapolitan royalists.

On April 27th a number of royalists came down upon Castellamare from Gragnano and attacked the fort that protected the Mole. The gunners in the fort refused to obey their officers, one of whom, the young Garofano, was killed by the insurgents.[2] The English came to the aid of the royalists, with whom they were probably acting in concert, in the *Minotaur* and the *Swiftsure*, landed some hundreds of troops and insurgents, and carried off another officer, a third being saved by the republicans. Caracciolo, with five gunboats, spent the whole day fighting against superior forces between the double fire from land and sea.

Next day General Macdonald, with about four thousand men, took up his position at Torre Annunziata, and Caracciolo, who had returned in the night to Naples for reinforcements, came back, together with his friend and pupil Mazzitelli, with a few more gunboats and the solitary frigate of the Republic. For the time the English were driven off, the forts retaken, and the royal banners carried in triumph to Naples.

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[1] The queen was almost universally hated and blamed; but no one blamed the king in 1799, except for mere fashion.

[2] See the letter written to his father by Gabriele Manthonè, in the *Monitore*, DRUSCO, *Anarchia Popolare*, p. 201.

This was the first time that Caracciolo actually entered into action against the English. Whatever price he may have foreboded he was to pay for it eventually, this day's action, the success of which at sea was due to him, must have been balm to his bleeding patriotism.

Now that the English were already on the scene, the Republic urged on too late the fortification of the coasts. Officers and artillerymen went to Salerno and to Sorrento to construct forts; others were erected on the Mole at Naples. To fill the earthwork behind the battery the civic guard were called out, and were eagerly helped by the passers-by, and even by noble gentlewomen, such as the Duchesses of Cassano and Popoli, who were seen carrying baskets of earth and stones with the rest.[1]

The construction of fresh gunboats was ordered, and a conscription called for the marine; but these measures came far too late to be of the smallest use.

On April 25th the Gallo-Spanish fleet sailed out from Brest and entered the Mediterranean on May 5th, so that Nelson was obliged to summon the English ships away from Procida, leaving only the *Sea-horse* and a few smaller vessels to keep up the blockade, together with the Neapolitan frigate, the *Minerva*, and a few gunboats and *galeots*.

On May 15th Manthonè received information that the bulk of the English force had departed. It was the moment to be seized for an attempt to dislodge what remained of the enemy, and on the 16th Caracciolo was ordered to prepare immediately for an attack on Procida.

Caracciolo lost no time, and that same evening spread his little force in order of battle before the enemy in the Canale di Procida: six bomb-vessels, eight gunboats, two *galeots*, and a number of small supplementary unarmed boats. In this action took part Luigi de la Granelais, Giambattista de Simone, Andrea Mazzitelli, and Raffaele Montemayor, all four eventually executed.

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[1] *Diario* for May 7th.

At dawn on the 17th Caracciolo began the attack, and reported afterwards that the first fire of his men was so well directed that the sailors were transported with enthusiasm, and maintained so spirited a fire that the enemy retired within the protection of the batteries on shore. The *Minerva*, commanded by the Conte di Thurn, was at one time surrounded by the little republican fleet, and their hopes of victory were rising high when a fresh breeze sprang up—as it constantly does towards midday in the Gulf—and the sea grew rough. In the Canale di Procida the sea is always rougher than either outside or in the Gulf itself, and the little fleet of the patriots, taken by the strong current, had much ado to retreat before the enemy could take advantage of the situation.

Caracciolo's official report made the best of the action; but perhaps his losses were more serious than was allowed to appear. He professed to be satisfied with the behaviour of his men, whose courage and steadiness of aim he praised, speaking pointedly of the right wing and *part* of the left. Another part of the left, however, seem to have behaved badly, and to have retired before the order was given.

The *Minerva* was damaged in the action, a fact to be borne in mind when we come to the trial of Caracciolo, less than six weeks later.

Caracciolo left the boats which were still sound in the port of Miseno, and brought the damaged ones back to Naples, hoping to return speedily to Procida and dislodge the enemy.

Meanwhile, at the news that five sailors had been killed and as many wounded, all the sailors and fisher-folk were in an uproar, and dishevelled women went screaming through the streets, calling for their husbands and sons. They may not improbably have been encouraged underhand to exaggerate this display by the agitators with whom Naples was teeming at the moment.

The state of the sea, perhaps, or the consciousness of its futility, or the absolute impossibility of inducing a sufficient number of sailors to serve, prevented a second expedition to Procida.

The Executive Commission did all in their power to tempt sailors into the public service. They decreed a present of fifty ducats to each bereaved family; the continuation of the pay to one member of the family; to each daughter a gift of twenty-five ducats; to the wounded a gratification of fifty ducats and a month's double pay. Besides this, the State adopted the sons of the family, the adult being taken at once into the marine, and the younger educated at the expense of the State.

But the well-meaning promises and decrees of the bankrupt Republic fell quite flat before the more substantial persuasions of the other side, and bitter were the invectives of Manthonè and the Government against the seduction of "English gold."

Whether it were English or Sicilian gold, or only the growing persuasion that the Republic was in its death-struggle, or the influence of both or all three, certain it is that the apparent forces of the Republic fell away wherever they were touched in these days, like the dust that seems to clothe a skeleton, and left as it were nothing but the grim effigy of decay and death.

Acton, writing to Ruffo on June 1st, says that he knows the greater part of the republican troops are royalists at heart, who have enlisted for the express purpose of creating confusion and dismay when the pinch comes. Of such, in the artillery, many were discovered and arrested, but there could be no real remedy.

June 5th saw the last victory of the Republic. Schipani drove back the royalist insurgents from Torre Annunziata with great loss. In this action he was greatly assisted by Caracciolo, who supported him with gunboats from the sea.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHRISTIAN ARMY

The *Santa Fede* according to Baron Helfert—Micheroux describes the "royalised" provinces—Advance on Altamura—Sack of the city and neighbourhood—A republican massacre—Sciarpa—Picerno—Tito—Libero Serafini.

BARON HELFERT, the Austrian champion of Maria Carolina and of Ruffo, has painted such a charming picture of the edifying march of the Christian army that his reader almost comes to regard them as a sort of guileless shepherds, scrupulously bent on the observance of religious festivals, officers and men alike imbued with the high conviction that their undertaking was under the special protection of the Almighty. In their spare time, refreshed by Sabbath rest, and when prayer no longer occupied their thoughts, they advanced, all smiles and merriment, singing and dancing and playing on instruments of music, a glad, festive procession; so that while before the march of other armies the populations are wont to flee and hide themselves, here men and women, old and young, ran in crowds to meet them, beckoning them on and clapping their hands as they echoed the cry of the passing army, "Viva la Religione! Viva il Re!"[1]

This description reminds us of one of Ruffo's historians, Fra Cimbalo, who joined the great expedition about the middle of May, and eventually received a pension in consequence. This monk, when he recalls to mind one of the religious functions of the Christian army, protests that he is constrained to lay down his pen, "because of the abundance of hot tears that impede my sight, and oblige me to suspend my work for a space while I meditate upon the exuberant joy experienced in that day, marked by me as the most memorable of my life."

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[1] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 204, *et seq.*

Regarding Ruffo's expedition in this rosy light, it is scarcely surprising that Helfert should be indignant with the republicans for calling the Sanfedisti *briganti*, notwithstanding the fact that Ruffo himself, writing to Acton in April, described them as "all ferocious men" (*tutta gente feroce*). Helfert, for his part, cannot use the name patriot without underlining it, to emphasise his scorn for the men to whom it was accorded then by friends and enemies alike. Nelson alone took exception to the name, and complained in a letter that Ruffo persisted in calling the rebels patriots, adding: "What a prostitution of the word!"[1]

We shall see the army in another light now that our story brings us into the already devastated and desolate province of Puglia, lately won for the Republic, now abandoned and defenceless once more.

Ruffo's object was now Altamura in Puglia, a city built on the confines of three provinces and surrounded by high walls. Some force of republicans had gathered there, especially of fugitives from Basilicata and Puglia, and a General Mastrangelo had been sent from Naples, together with the usual "democratiser," one Nicola Palomba, the one to organise the military defence, the other the republican sentiment of the place. The French were expected to arrive with reinforcements; but, as usual in the course of all this story, the bruised reed of France gave way and pierced the hand that leant upon it: no French soldiers made their appearance.

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[1] But Nelson's complete misapprehension and ignorance of the situation and the men he was so ready to judge are too evident in all we find him writing—and, alas! doing—at this time. It is enough to contrast his views with those of Paget, Elliot, Sir John Moore, and others who came upon the scene very soon after, and expressed themselves in language of trenchant condemnation such as no patriot could have wished to surpass. See *The Paget Papers* and the Countess of Minto's *Memoir of Hugh Elliot*.

The cities which but yesterday had planted the tree of liberty and shouted "Viva la Repubblica," hastily, on the approach of the terrible army, hewed it down and set up the Cross, shouting, "Viva il Re!" "Muoiano i Giacobini!" and often the action was suited to the word, and real or supposed or pretended Jacobins paid with their lives the long smouldering grudges of the partisans of the other side.

In fact, as Ruffo drew near Matera, the royalist malcontents in that city "reduced the tree of liberty to pieces and obliged the citizens to change their sentiments," and with this pretext they began robbing the neighbouring territory. In hundreds of places the same things happened; the political sentiment was shuffled on and off at the dictation of expediency, and each wretched change was sealed with the blood of new victims, and became the occasion for new licence and robbery. At Palermo they were congratulating themselves upon Ruffo's success and upon the number of towns "won over to religion and the Throne."

What this phrase really stood for nothing can better portray than some extracts from a letter written at this time by Antonio Micheroux from Lecce to Acton, dated May 8th.[1] Micheroux was royalist to the core, and was, as we have seen, a man of higher principles than Ruffo, with whom therefore he could not always agree.

"Meanwhile as I come to obtain a better knowledge of these provinces, I am constrained to say that I have found them plunged in the utmost misery. In the name of the king a horrid anarchy and popular licence hold iron sway. Except in the good city of Brindisi, Ostuni, and one or two other places where the syndics are as devoted to the king as they are upright, humane and beneficent, there reigns on all sides a *robespierrian* terror. Almost everywhere the populace have deposed their lawful governors and magistrates, replacing them generally with violent, persecuting men. Under pretext of arming—which has not proved of the slightest use where the very smallest number of men has had to be faced—besides having consumed all the public money, and brought every commune into debt, the quality of wealth and of jacobinism has come to be one and the same thing.[1] The great number of imprisonments has produced the most atrocious class-war, hatred between families and a widespread understanding among the prisoners against the populace and their leaders. These latter become ever more suspicious and timid, and therefore more cruel. . . . It would be impossible to me (and would require volumes) to describe the melancholy state of these parts. The revolutionised provinces of Italy, whence I come,[2] are as gardens of Eden in comparison with the province of Lecce, royalist as the popular fury has reduced it. Let it be added that so much calamity is fruitless, both for the royal treasury and for the fame of his Majesty, and for the future destiny of this land, which like that of all Italy, depends solely on the struggle of the armies of the great powers in Lombardy."

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[1] B. MARESCA: *Il Cavaliere Antonio Micheroux nella reazione napoletana dell' anno 1799*, Arch. Stor. Nap. Anno XIX., Fasc. 1, p. 97, *et seq*.

In another passage in the same letter Micheroux speaks of the Russian commodore as being "ready to fight with alacrity against the French or against *jacobins in arms*, but quite contrary to the employment of his forces for sustaining that terrorism which the self-styled royalists are endeavouring to perpetuate without necessity, and without justice."

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[1] This sentence does not construe perfectly, and was perhaps interrupted, but the meaning is sufficiently obvious.

[2] Micheroux had lately come from Milan, the capital of the Cisalpine Republic.

What was patent to the newly arrived Russian officer was not hidden from Ruffo; but his rough-and-ready policy could not afford to scrutinise too nicely the instruments he was using, nor to look beyond the one immediate goal.

An Altamurano of those days has left a manuscript chronicle of "Facts to be sent down to posterity touching the misfortunes which happened in Altamura, because of the sack suffered at the hands of the Calabrese, united with the Materani who from friends became antagonists in the year 1799."[1]

Our chronicler, who was an eye-witness of all that he describes, and is neither altogether a republican nor yet anxious to put things favourably to Cardinal Ruffo, gives a fearsome picture of the advancing swarm seen from Altamura on May 9th. Their number, he says, "might be calculated from the extent of some three miles of road along which they came trampling in confusion," an immense horde of brigands, covered with rags and vermin, fourteen or fifteen thousand. The brigands of the cardinal were reinforced, according to Sacchinelli,[2] by a "redundance" of men from all the neighbourhood, who suspected that Altamura was going to be pillaged, and were unwilling not to have a share in the spoil.

From Matera, disguised in all sorts of ways, Ruffo sent out priests, monks, engineers, and others to spy and reconnoitre and bring him information. Last of all he sent a messenger under the protection of a white flag. But not one came back. Ruffo accordingly began the attack.

The men of Altamura defended themselves as long as they had ammunition, but so scanty was the provision that after one single long day's fighting it was all spent, and in the last charges many coins were found. No better example could be quoted of the helplessness in military matters, and the dilatory incapacity in action, that distinguished the republican Government. It would be inexplicable did one not remember the state of bankruptcy to which the Republic became heir; but even so, it is difficult to avoid the reflection that proper capacity and energy might have put a very different face upon things, money not being the only, nor even the greatest, lever among men.

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[1] L. CONFORTI: (*1799*) *La Repubblica Napoletana e l' Anarchia Regia, etc.*, p. 105.

[2] SACCHINELLI, p. 162.

Further resistance being impossible, the people of Altamura determined to make a sortie in the night with their women and children, break through the besieging mass of the enemy, and try to reach some place of shelter and safety. About two-thirds of the men volunteered for the first hazardous sortie; the women and children were to follow behind the men, and were warned, in case there should be firing, to throw themselves upon the ground, "having the firmness not to speak, and above all not to cry out." The shouts of the men sufficed to alarm and scatter the unwarlike enemy, and many young men went back to encourage the rest of the people to follow, with the result that few remained behind.

Great was the astonishment of the besiegers in the morning to receive no response to their bombs. Ruffo, always timorous, at first suspected an ambush; but seeing that the silence remained unbroken, and being repeatedly assured by spies that all was safe, he assumed "the sacred Cardinal's robes," and, preceded by a monk bearing on high the Cross, and attended by one of his captains on either side, headed the procession, which made some sort of formal entry into the city.

Already during the preceding days, from all the towns around—Matera, Gioia, the Casali di Bari—greedy crowds had collected about the fated city with carts and oxen and mules, ready to carry away the spoil.

Ruffo's chief care, at the sack of Altamura, was to prevent a second escape of his brigands with their booty,

TITO, NEAR POTENZA, ATTACKED BY SCIARPA'S HORDES, APRIL 19, 1799.

[*To face p.* 228.

and such a melting away of his forces as had been occasioned by the sack of Cotrone. By exorbitant promises he succeeded in inducing his own guard to remain about him while the sack went on. The city gates were all guarded, and all the booty, by Ruffo's orders, was brought together in the *piazza* where he sat, and divided—to each man his portion—by the officers, priests, and other leaders.

Racioppi[1]—taking due account of all the notices of the fall of Altamura which have come down to us—believes that Ruffo had no deliberate intention of sacking the city; and that after the disastrous example of Cotrone, he had meant to reward his followers by levying an enormous fine upon Altamura. However this may have been, such little restraint as he could exercise was suddenly scattered to the winds by a discovery over which republican writers have drawn a veil, and of which even the Altamuran chronicler, for the honour, perhaps, of his fellow-citizens, says nothing.

This is Racioppi's account:

"The first who on the morning of the 10th entered into the city, went in search of those priests, monks, engineers and messengers who had not returned to the camp; and particularly, among these, of a certain Vecchioni, an officer of the regular army, who had gone under the safeguard of the white flag. They believed them to be in prison, and ran to set them free. But the government of the patriots, on the same day of the 9th when they abandoned the city, had transferred them, and others whom they called brigands of the Cardinal, to the Church of San Francesco, and they were 48 in number, and in that Church they were bound two and two, and shot. And since time was short, and Hannibal in purple was at the gates, a vault was uncovered, and dead and dying, corpses and living men, were tumbled in in their chains. It is said that a sudden council of war condemned them to death; and I believe it; and I believe also that in good faith, as though bound in honour to their patriotism, those who ordered, those who judged, and those who executed, goaded themselves to these acts of maniac political wisdom. I believe it, and I account for their blindness; blindness of party, blindness of patriotism, which acted and agitated in the same way on the Seine, on the Sebeto, at Altamura, in other places, and even yesterday, as we have seen, in our own days; nor have the light and humanity of our times yet made it clear to liberals, to patriots, that acts like these are even more follies than crimes; they are murderous explosions of arms that wound those who handle them; and with such a wound as remains for ever, and although healed, still bleeds.

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[1] GIACOMO RACIOPPI: *Storia dei Popoli della Lucania e Basilicata*, Vol. II., p. 271.

The passage is quoted entire, because in its temperate historic sympathy and conscientiousness, nothing could be juster or more to the point.

"The newcomers uncover the grave and draw forth the bleeding couples: the more part are dead and cold; others, not yet dead, expire in the light so long desired in vain; three of those disinterred revive, and lived for many years. History gives us their name, their condition, their age; one was the messenger Vecchioni; another was of Matera, and was called Emanuele di Marzio.

"This was the spark which gave fire to the powder; and these are the facts. It is not honest to suppress them; all are free to judge them, to explain or to excuse them."

So this was the immediate provocation at which Ruffo's inflammable hordes took fire; and there was no more talk of fines and contributions. Systematically, one by one, every house, shop, tavern, church, and convent was sacked. The few people left in the city were massacred, only the nuns of the two convents escaped by going in procession to Ruffo, with their confessors, "praying pardon" and a refuge. The pillage went on until the houses were absolutely bare; in the country round all the sheep, cows, horses, and every kind of animal were carried off, as well as "hens, turkeys, geese, and every feathered thing, and all the instruments of iron, cords and every sort of rural implement, and all the provisions stored in the barns, from the parts about Casale, le Torri, Fece and Carpentino. . . . Persons wandering in the fields . . . also had the bad fortune to be stripped, and of those poor unhappy women they took their earrings, with the daggers (of silver) they wore in their hair, and their silver buckles, while the more part of the masses in the city proceeded with the exterminating sack, gold, silver, copper, lead, even from the window frames, silk, linen, wool, salted meats, cheeses, oil, and they even broke the glasses of the old carriages, and carried off the good ones.

"They pillaged all the Churches, the Cathedral, and the Collegiate Church of San Niccolò, as also all the convents of rich and poor brethren, . . . and lastly the Calabrese took all the sacred furniture, pixes, chalices, patens, corporals, stoles, chasubles, surplices, wax and all necessaries of divine worship, by the counsel of the most eminent Ruffo, *qui benigne annuit*."[1]

The chronicler, apparently himself a priest, further relates how Don Gaetano Redichichi, Ruffo's Calabrese confessor, "betook himself with his morality to the cathedral," and, calling the sacristan, asked for the keys in order to appropriate the silver vessels. "Everything has been carried off by your associates," replied the sacristan, but he did not get rid of the holy man until he had given him the thirty-six *grani* (a matter of a franc and a half) he happened to have about him.

Another Calabrese priest, who three years before had conducted the Lenten missions in Altamura, now came in uniform at the head of a legion of Calabrese, with sword and pistol like the rest. This man gave orders to his people to bring him every sacred vessel they could find, and bought them by the pound at the price of old iron.

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[1] MS. chronicle, already cited.

So much for the priests!

"Those of Matera," proceeds the chronicler, "took away 105 carts loaded high with the best of the pillage, besides horses and mules they had stolen, all laden with the finest linen, wool and silk, coverlets, kitchen utensils—in short everything they could carry, and brought them to Matera.

"Others set up a sale in the booths of the market-place, and the unlucky Altamurani who wished for a change of linen or other things, were forced to buy them of the Calabrese. The sack went on in the town and in the country round; it lasted more than fifteen days. Oxen, cows, mares, sheep, farm-horses, they led away to Matera, whither went their owners and ransomed them with much money. Another number of stolen cows they carried to Montepeloso, and thence the Altamurani ransomed them, and those unfortunates shut their eyes tight as they flung down their money [*serravano gli occhi a buttar denaro*] because they had their little farms without an ox [to till the land].

"The Gioiesi stole about 3000 sheep, and it was never possible to ransom them, because whatever the Gioiesi stole they appropriated to their own use."

These people of Gioia, Matera, and Montepeloso were not even supposed to be engaged in the holy war; and from this sample one may divine how very little the Calabrese themselves are likely to have believed in the sacredness of their mission.

The poor chronicler describes the Calabrese as "dressed in horrid garments, all of black rags; and of these rags," he goes on, "we found a quantity full of vermin, and they in an instant changed their aspect, dressing themselves from head to foot, adorning themselves with the spoil, and their hats [imagine the high-crowned Calabrese hats] with the best silk ribbons, and so they swaggered about the city."

Such poor stragglers as wandered back to Altamura, squalid and cadaverous for want of food, had to ask leave of the conquerors to enter their own houses.

After some fifteen days "my lord Cardinal Ruffo proclaimed a general pardon," and invited the Altamurani to return. And when they came, he arrested one hundred and thirty of them (pardoned though they were to be) for "imputed crimes of jacobinism," and sent them to the prisons of Melfi and Bari, where they languished for the next fourteen months.

Of his great clemency and mercy Ruffo, to the prayers of the citizens who were pinched with famine, finally conceded ten mules to turn the mills; and for the service of the mass the priests with difficulty obtained a chalice and paten for each church and a few vestments.

In this way the cardinal with the army of the *Santa Fede*, pillaging always, burning and massacring not seldom, passed through Gravina, Venosa, Melfi, Ascoli, Bovino, Ariano, and, by way of Avellino and Nola, drew on towards Naples, the promised prey of that vast horde of brigands.

Meanwhile all the province of Salerno had been won over to the king again by Ruffo's worthy lieutenants, Monsignori Torrusio and Ludovisi, with a *Santa Fede* army of their own, gathered round the convicts put at their disposal by the king, who was ready enough to give such material even without the asking, but was very careful to keep his effective soldiers at Palermo till the fighting was done. Altamura had already fallen, and Ferdinand was still hesitating to send soldiers, urgently as they were demanded by Ruffo. "As to the troops which you ask me to send to Calabria, and especially cavalry with the brother of the General [*i.e.* of Acton]," he writes to Ruffo, "I would not have omitted to comply instantly and with pleasure, especially seeing how well things are going in our favour, and the progress of the good Cause, but the cursèd squadron that has left Brest and nobody knows where it is and which, appearing all on a sudden on these coasts, may occasion a not indifferent alarm, prevents me for the present."[1]

He sent, instead, a banner embroidered by the queen and her daughters, which he hoped would attract fresh volunteers, and promised to despatch soon a lieutenant-colonel at the head of fifty volunteers, all officers who had fled from Naples, "and about whom opinion is rather *pro* than *contra*," and whose commander has orders "not to stand upon ceremony," and if he sees one whose conduct seems in any way doubtful, "to get rid of him immediately." The king evidently prefers the room to the company of these fugitive officers.

At Melfi, on May 29th, Ruffo receives the Turkish messenger sent to announce the arrival of a little Turkish force at Manfredonia, and about the same time arrived Micheroux with Captain Baillie, the Irish commander of four hundred and fifty Russian soldiers, the meagre support which was all Micheroux had been able to obtain after four months of incessant negotiations, and the most ample and flattering promises, from the Russian commanders at Corfu.

Another valuable lieutenant of Ruffo in bringing the rebellious towns of much of the province of Salerno, the whole of Cilento, and part of Basilicata once more under royal rule, or "royal anarchy," as Conforti aptly calls it, was Gerardo Curci, called Sciarpa, the same who drove back Schipani after his foolish rejection of his offer to become a republican. He, like Ruffo, and making use of the same means, became the head of vast mixed masses of armed men, having their strongholds in the mountains, who ravaged the country at their will and descended upon the little towns whenever they found

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[1] DUMAS: *I Borboni di Napoli, Documenti in appoggio dei primi quattro volumi.* Napoli, 1862, p. 249. "The General," in the royal correspondence, is always Acton.

PICERNO, ATTACKED BY SCIARPA, MAY 7, 1799.

[*To face p.* 234.

themselves in sufficient force. That robbery rather than any purely military advantage was their motive is shown by the fact that the open country and the small defenceless towns were their favourite prey, while important centres were neglected.

Little bands of patriots from Potenza, Avigliano, Tito, Ruoti, Picerno, and other places gathered and made head against Sciarpa and his robber horde; but without help from the Government they were fighting for, their heroic resistance was in vain. Coco considers that if the Republic had sent them but a hundred regular soldiers and one or two capable officers, with ammunition, of which no provision was ever made, the union of Sciarpa with Ruffo might have been prevented. The leaders of these patriots, and in general of the republican movement in Basilicata, were the brave brothers Michele and Girolamo Vaccaro, of Avigliano; they did their best to prevent the entry of Sciarpa into Picerno, and died fighting upon the walls.[1] History, as yet at any rate, gives us no detailed account of that struggle; only in the death registers of the place there is still the list of seventy who were killed "in conflict in this *terra* of Picerno," and buried "without funeral pomp" in the Church of San Nicola, May 10th, 1799.[2]

First on the list is the name of Nicola Caivano, stoned to death in the church itself as he stood with the crucifix in his hands. Nineteen out of the seventy are women, wives and sisters of the men. Colletta says that many women fought together with the men at Picerno, and though it has lately been the fashion, even among liberal writers, to decry and repudiate, in an over-studied attempt to be impartial, all the heroism of the republicans, this silent yet eloquent list of names, springing to light after more than eighty years, justifies Colletta rather than the ultra-impartial school who are afraid to allow to the patriots even their patriotism.

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[1] These two brothers Vaccaro appear to have been tried for treason in Naples in 1794. See CROCE: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 242. Probably they were students at that time.

[2] This list was discovered in the church registers by Signor G. Fortunato in 1884, and published by him in *I Napoletani del 1799*. Firenze, 1884, p. 75.

Nor is this the only instance of manly courage among the women who belonged to the republican side. When Sciarpa took the little town of Tito, sacking and burning the houses of all who were not of his own party, while the inhabitants fled into the open country, he caused to be arrested the whole family of Scipio Cafarelli, who had been president of the republican municipality, and had set up the tree of liberty in the midst of much opposition. The head of the family escaped, but was eventually caught and died in prison at Matera; his brother, a priest, was shot and beaten to death with the butts of muskets in Potenza; the eldest son was taken in hiding, and his head cut off and carried about his native place decked with ribbons and spattered with mud; three younger sons, under age, were taken away and imprisoned, and two daughters shut into a convent. The wife, Francesca de Carolis, was tortured to make her cry, "Viva il Re!" and finally, seeing she remained constant, condemned to be shot. Taken to the public square and shown the preparations for her execution, she was told she had only to cry, "Viva il Re!" and her life would be spared. But she only cried aloud as before, "Viva la Repubblica!" and was shot with these words on her lips.[1]

Yet those who thus met a sudden, cruel, and violent death were far happier than those of their kin who escaped, the more part to drag out persecuted lives in ruin and beggary.

Acts like these were committed in scores of places, without trials or pretence of justice, at the mere caprice of the brigands or their captains, secure in their impunity, nay, certain of their reward. The rewards were bestowed eventually by the king out of the confiscated property of men immeasurably better and greater than he—not in gratitude, for neither Ferdinand nor Carolina was capable of the feeling, but in the spirit of the coward who throws food to the dog he is afraid to trust, to keep it in a good temper.

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[1] L. Conforti: (*1799*) *La Repubblica Napoletana, etc.*, p. 153.

Here, in the record of the fate of the scattered and half-forgotten martyrs of the provinces, the story of Libero Serafini finds fitting place, none the less that we owe it to Ruffo's two special historians and panegyrists, Petromasi and Sacchinelli.[1]

The great army of Ruffo had swarmed down upon Avellino on June 10th. Certain troops of fusiliers, "transported with enthusiasm," were for pressing on immediately and independently to the taking of the capital, and Ruffo therefore sent Colonel Scipio Della Marra to bring them to reason. While proceeding on this errand, Della Marra and his companions fell in with a little detachment of Calabrese, who were bringing in a prisoner, no longer young, bound in their midst. He was called, it appeared, Libero Serafini.

"Moved by natural curiosity, they asked the reason why the unfortunate man had been arrested; indeed, they asked the prisoner himself who on earth he was; and everyone was astounded to hear the cool reply: 'I am the President of the Municipality of Agnone in the Province of Abruzzo.' This bold answer drew forth another question, which was: *Chi viva?* And he, without changing colour in the least, nor losing his presence of mind at seeing himself surrounded by the royal troops, replied: *Viva la Repubblica Francese e Napoletana!* This second answer moved the listeners to such indignation, that they would have killed him on the spot, had it not been that they reflected that possibly the wretched man was out of his senses; and so undoubtedly every one would have believed, if facts had not subsequently proved the contrary. The ex-President was then conducted before our most Eminent leader, and being asked the same questions, gave those identical answers with a mind as unmoved as though he had been surrounded by the vain crowd of would-be republicans. The clement Cardinal then endeavoured to bring him to a sense of his duty by explaining to him that he had fallen into the hands of the Royal troops, and that he might save himself by professing detestation of the fault he had committed. As well speak to the winds! In vain a thousand arguments were put before him; in vain some pretext was sought whereby he might have been exempted from the rigour of the law; in vain, lastly, was the attempt to make him pronounce *Viva il Re!* notwithstanding the promise that with these words alone he might save his life. *No*, he answered; *I have sworn fealty to the Neapolitan and French Republic; and therefore I cannot and must not retract the oath I have taken.*

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[1] See especially the fine account of this forgotten hero in Fortunato's *Napoletani del 1799*, quoted already. PETROMASI: *Storia della Spedizione dell' Eminentissimo Cardinale Don Fabrizio Ruffo.*

"Seeing thus that clemency was useless towards a person whose heart was depraved to such a degree that he was completely incapable of recanting, he was immediately handed over to the Ministers of Justice, to be judged and condemned according to law. So his case was tried that same night, he was condemned to lose his life on the gallows, and the sentence was carried out the next day. And it is further worthy of note, that not even the prospect of an infamous death nor the persuasions of the assistant priests were of the smallest effect in moving him from the mad ideas which possessed him, he being content thus to receive the reward of the faith he had sworn to the Republic."

It is indeed *worthy of note*!

Petromasi thus tells the story, "to shew to what a pitch of frenzy some persons were carried by the spirit of republicanism." Had he been able to see anything other than mere madness in the conduct of the man whose constancy he records so graphically, we might perhaps never have read his story. Sacchinelli records the same incident, adding, moreover, that the man had been wounded the day before in a fight with a party of royalists, "by him called brigands," and that he had come to Avellino with the intention, if possible, of "disorganising the army."

Serafini probably did not inform his judges with what exact intentions he had left Agnone, far away in Molise—left his honourable position, wife and sons and daughter, and set forth alone and of his own free will towards Naples, if haply he might serve the Republic in her last days of deadly peril.

And so he was hanged there, alone in the midst of the triumphant enemies of his cause, under the Porta di Puglia at Avellino, "content to receive the reward of his constancy to the Republic."

Signor Fortunato, moved at Petromasi's story, and still more that the name of this brave man should have found no place in the various lists and accounts of the martyrs of Italian liberty, has published the extract from the register of burials of Santa Maria di Costantinopoli, in Avellino, which notes the death and burial of Libero Serafini, *vir Conceptæ Arruffo*, the husband of Concetta Arruffo—three words which tell us that he spoke of his wife to those who comforted his last hour.

Serafini was of good family and wealthy; he studied jurisprudence at Naples, became a public notary, and returned to his native place, where he married young and had three sons and a daughter. In the provincial archives at Campobasso are still preserved four and twenty volumes of legal documents drawn up by his hand. "His memory," wrote Signor Fortunato in 1884, "still lives in Agnone, and they record to this day his uprightness, his high character, his benevolence, his justice especially in those three most difficult months during which he was president of the municipality under the republican *régime*."

Another "weed," as the queen called such men, to be extirpated and annihilated, that she and such as she might dwell safely, and her children enjoy "their patrimony"!

CHAPTER XII

FALL OF THE REPUBLIC

Last days of the Republic—Suppressed exultation of the populace—The *Gallo-Ispana*—Leisurely philanthropy of the Government—Tardy remedies and attempts at defence—Dissolution of the republican forces—The 13th of June—Battle of the Maddalena—Vigliena—Schipani.

THE discovery of the conspiracy of the Baccher, as it was called, disposed the Republic to increasing suspicion and to a fitful severity that betrayed the uneasiness of the Government, while it failed of its only legitimate purpose, that of keeping order. While the English were presiding over the arrests that led to the executions at Procida, eleven royalists, who had made a seditious movement with robbery and murder at Torre Annunziata, were condemned as traitors to their country, and were shot in the famous Piazza del Mercato, the civic guard standing round, and Michele il Pazzo haranguing the populace in order that they might draw the right moral from the example made before them. But people persisted in thinking it a mere piece of policy, and De Nicola wrote in his diary, that if one might believe one of the advocates for the defence, "they did not deserve death, and have suffered it more as an example and a terror than for justice." He changed his mind later on, and admitted the justice of their sentence, whatever its motive.

At the same time that dangers were thickening and becoming more visible round them, the Neapolitans began to suspect the withdrawal of the French. Several French regiments marched away northward towards Capua; all the women who had followed the army were ordered to leave the city; the sick and wounded were moved and carried away. At the same time the provisional Government was remodelled, and in the new legislative and executive councils new names came up; new energy also, but not energy of the only sort that might yet possibly have saved the Republic.

Vincenzo Russo, as we have seen, at once distinguished himself by his disinterested and patriotic motion upon the official Government salaries; but De Nicola wrote in his diary, after noting Russo's motion: "Meanwhile our tremors increase, on all sides the insurgents are advancing and the troops of the Republic have been beaten. The French do not care, and cannot care, for they are not sufficient in numbers to oppose a population of five millions who are in insurrection. They say there is a secret treaty already concluded with the English and the royalists, and that the preliminary symptoms are the departure of the women who followed the army, and the departure of the wounded. The French who remain will shut themselves into the Castles to consign them to the English; the General will retire upon Aversa, and the city will remain a prey to the fury of the populace, oh what a massacre if God in His divine pity does not provide!"[1]

"The French," he notes presently, "are still putting ammunition into the Castles, and the news of insurrections increase daily"; and again: "False tidings and true mingle together in the most confusing way. I give an example. It is certain that Macdonald said to Gennaro and Filangieri that he would remove all the troops from Naples, adding that the Neapolitans ought to become accustomed to defend their own liberty by themselves. This is already contrary to the promise given by Championnet that the army of Naples would remain here to defend our independence. Now they leave us to ourselves, with the English blockading us, and the royalist troops drawing near, not to mention the populace ready to revolt on the first occasion." There is no doubt, meanwhile, De Nicola says, that the sick French are on the move, the strong are packing up, and the general idea is that they are about to march. Five thousand rations were ordered for Monday, April 22nd, for French troops who were *expected to arrive*, and a requisition made for four thousand horses.

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[1] *Diario, etc.*, Arch. Stor. Nap., Anno. XXIV., Fasc. 2, p. 109.

That the Government were in the secret an entry for Sunday, April 21st, seems to show. Manthonè has placarded up an invitation to all footmen, coachmen, cooks, and other servants out of place, promising them employment. "It looks as though he were thinking of reducing the number of the malcontents, a thing which the government should have made its business from the beginning; instead, they are taken up about the sword-knots of the civic guard, whether they are to be all of gold or of silk; about inscriptions, about the lamps and their colours, and about the names of the streets, while they ought to be thinking about the tranquillity of the people and of their maintenance."

De Nicola further notes about this time that very few valid men come forward to serve in the civic guard, and that whereas in the early days of the Republic there were uniforms everywhere, now very few were to be seen.

On the Monday, sure enough, the French began to march out of Naples, Macdonald having put up a proclamation to the effect that he was leaving the castles prepared to stand a siege. The Government found this language too alarming for the populace, and sent round agents early next morning to tear down all the placards about the streets, so that this one of Macdonald should disappear with the rest—a futile precaution which deceived no one. Indeed, those who knew most of the situation and of what was likely to happen in the immediate future were probably the very populace whom the Government were perpetually attempting to blind, coax, or terrify. Quiet, conservative people of the classes next above them were extremely uneasy, noting the signs that appeared on the surface, but not being sufficiently in the confidence of either side to know what was going on out of their sight.

When the English were at Procida the conspirators, in their exultation, could not keep quiet. From time to time alarming but mysterious placards were found posted up in places of popular resort, and these are noted—one imagines with a trembling hand—in the journal of our good diarist. One ran thus,—

Quest' oggi mangiate forte;
Domani chiudete le porte;
Martedì conterete i morti,—

i.e. "Eat your fill to-day; shut your doors to-morrow; on Tuesday you will count the dead."

A professor of music, coming out of the theatre and lighting his lantern, according to a new regulation that obliged all foot-passengers to carry lanterns after a certain hour of the evening, was addressed with the ominous words: "This evening and to-morrow evening this little lantern will serve you, and after that it will serve you no more." "In fact," adds the diarist with a shudder, "we are likely at any moment to find ourselves in the midst of massacre and ruin."

On the tree of liberty before the ex-royal palace about this time the following was put up during the night,—

Repubblica Napoletana
Da Palazzo a Porta Capuana,[1]—

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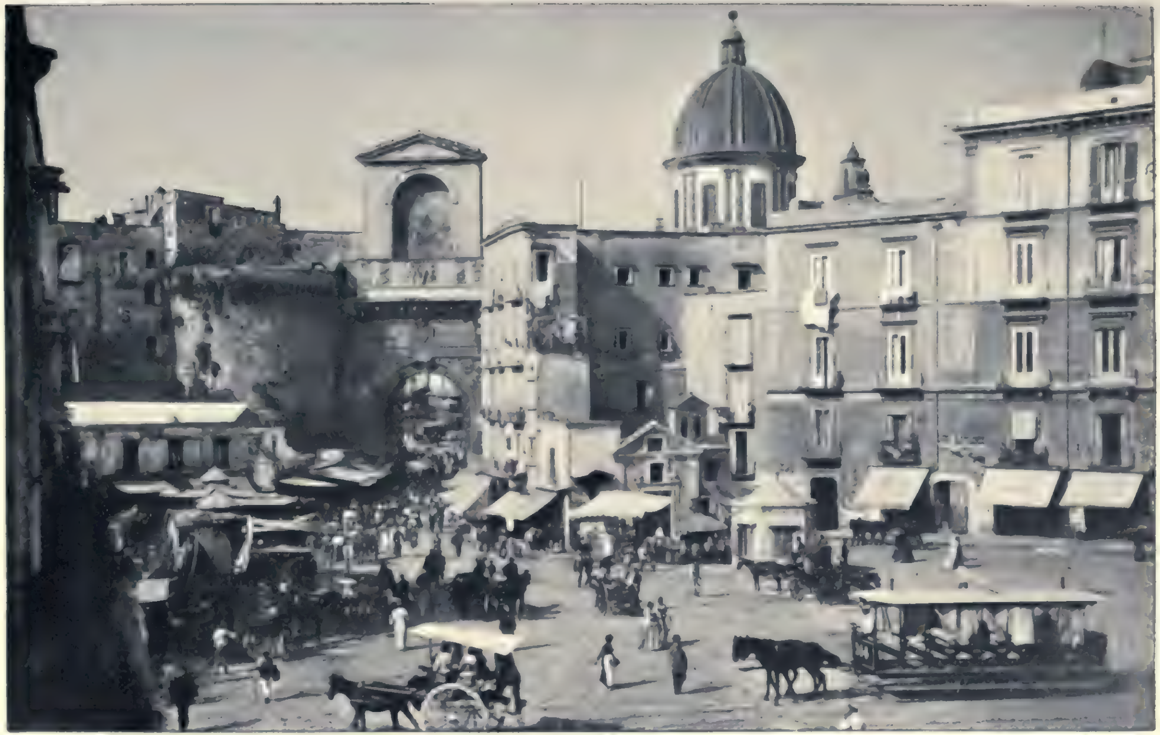
[1] *Memorie Inedite di una guardia nazionale della Repubblica Napoletana* (Giuseppe De Lorenzo), Arch. Stor. Nap., Anno XXIV., Fasc. 2, p. 255.



PORTA CAPUANA, WHERE THE LAZZARI MADE THEIR FAMOUS STAND AGAINST CHAMPIONNET.

[*To face p.* 244.

which meant that the Republic no longer extended beyond the gates of Naples.

The Republic, keeping up its policy of maintaining a good appearance and hiding unpalatable truths as long as possible, capped the proclamations of the commander-in-chief by one of its own, with a characteristic preamble, boldly giving the lie to all the rumours of the approach of the king, of the landing of the English at Pozzuoli and in Salerno, of the coming of the army of Ruffo, pardons held out to republicans, and so forth. The proclamation then called upon the people to "admire the wisdom of the great general Macdonald who, with the sole object of relieving the people of the great burden that the residence of an army inevitably brings with it, and of watching over our defence, in order not to let the army destined to preserve our liberty become effeminate, goes to pitch his camp outside Naples, whence he will continually despatch light columns for the safety of the city . . ." "So they have given a certain colouring to the departure," comments the chronicler, "but the French *are* departing, a thing they have not done from any Italian city they have occupied."

On April 24th Macdonald came back to review the troops of the Republic in the Piazza Nazionale, and formally announced his withdrawal towards Caserta, leaving a French garrison in St. Elmo, and consigning Castel dell' Ovo, the Carmine, and Castel Nuovo to the patriots, with eight thousand rifles and four cannon, declaring that on the first breath of danger he would rush to their aid, like the thunder, carrying death to all their enemies.

One can imagine the sinking at heart of the republicans, who listened to this martial vaunting, with the English men-of-war lying so confidently at Procida week after week and the floods of the "counter-revolution" swelling and coming on. Their one great hope was now in the *Gallo-Ispana*, the Franco-Spanish fleet that was always expected; this hope it was which lent an excuse to all their flagrant political fibbing, and to this hope they clung, some of them even at the foot of the scaffold.

Our diarist, pondering the words of Macdonald, can find no consolation in them: "Eight thousand rifles and four cannon are but a trifle, and they are absolutely nothing when you come to consider that there is no powder nor shot in the Castles consigned [to the patriots]; but all in those which are retained [by the French]. Meanwhile the patriots are alarmed, the populace in a ferment; rumours of the approach of the Royal troops are spreading, and the risings in the kingdom become daily more frequent. Such is our unfortunate condition."[1]

Another writer, whose account of these things, written when all was over, is preserved in manuscript in the National Library at Naples, puts this of the departure of the French very bitterly:[2] "On the 13th day of Fiorile the French troops left for the camp at Caserta, and a requisition was made for 300 carts for the transport of the belongings of the army which was to start for the Cisalpine [Republic], and then the mask fell from the robber Heroes of the Great Nation, who, after having compromised the Neapolitan Patriots, after having beggared them (a proof of which is, that having come naked hither, they required 300 carts at their departing to transport the booty), cowardly they abandoned them to themselves . . . . On the 9th [of May] the French army began their march, and not content with carrying off all that they had stolen in this fair land, they further took 500 cows, so as to make a little broth by the way for their sick."

Abandoned in this wretched plight, short of food, short of ammunition, short of fighting men, without horses for their cavalry, certain that conspiracy encompassed them on every side, with their once friends growing cool or going over boldly to the enemy, with the English in the bay and Ruffo almost at the gates, the patriots did not regard their own case as hopeless. Was there not the *Gallo-Ispana*? They pursued their benevolent way, brimming with erudition and zeal, preoccupied with the national education, with republican functions round the tree of liberty in the Piazza Nazionale, the solemn burning of royal banners, the reception of *lazzari* into the Sala Patriottica, the public pardoning of rebels, and other similar things, all betraying in what a Utopia and dreamland they were dwelling, while the reality was hid from their eyes.

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[1] *Diario, etc.*, for April 24th.

[2] EMANUELE PALERMO: *Breve Cenno Storico Critico su la Repubblica Napoletana*, MS., in the National Library, Naples.

The members of the Government could not persuade themselves that the populace, if only brought to appreciate the advantages of liberty and justice, could possibly desire a return to the late condition of things. All their most strenuous efforts were therefore directed towards educating the popular sense, the popular opinion and conscience, whether by pageants devised to this end, by addresses in dialect in the public squares or from the pulpits, by popular catechisms, or by propitiatory measures to relieve them of financial burdens. Persuasion ought to have been better than force, and the abolition of the feudal system worth all the armies of Ferdinand.

Colletta attributes their immovable placidity in the face of danger to their natural leanings towards a quiet life. But, after all, they were right, only they did not realise that the work they had begun would take generations, aye centuries, for its full fruition, and that the sword, unhappily, has also its right place among human things. When the Republic had but a month to live and the realities of the situation were being forced upon the members of the Government, they turned in their anxiety to the Marchese De Marco, who had been a minister under the royal government, and, asking him "what remedies were possibly to be applied to the evil," they received the chilling answer that "he knew of none that could be of any use in that moment; and that if Ferdinand of Bourbon had contrived to upset his own throne, the republicans had done their best to bring the Republic to hopeless ruin."[1]

Not till May, when Ruffo was already at Altamura and Speciale was condemning the republicans of Procida, was General Federici despatched from Naples with the nucleus of some new legions to be completed in Puglia. A small force of cavalry followed Federici under Ferdinando Pignatelli, Prince of Strongoli, and General Matera; and shortly afterwards yet another little force under General Spanò marched in the same direction. Schipani was directed to oppose the advance of Sciarpa upon Salerno, and General Bassetti was sent out towards Capua. Gabriele Manthonè, commander-in-chief, remained in Naples with about three thousand men, who were called the Calabrese legion. They bore as their motto, on a black banner, "Vincere, vendicarsi, morire" (*i.e.* Conquer, avenge ourselves, or die), and neither wore uniform, nor even had weapons alike. The greater number had made their escape from the cities devastated by Ruffo in Calabria. These were chiefly young men of well-to-do families, not soldiers, but, like all the Calabrese, first-rate marksmen. They had seen the things done in their homes, they knew what was coming, and the words upon their banner were indeed the deadly earnest of each one.

The so-called generals of the Republic were generals in name only; some of them were but captains in real rank, and scarcely even that in practice and experience. Schipani, as we have seen, was but a lieutenant; Manthonè, himself a major of artillery, an excellent man and a brave and skilful soldier, was no born general, and was perforce unequal to his position.

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[1] B. Croce: *Nel Furore della Reazione del 1799—Dalle Memorie inedite di una Guardia Nazionale della Repubblica Napoletana* (Giuseppe De Lorenzo), Arch. Stor. Nap., Anno XXIV., Fasc. 2.

We know that many writers, General Pepe among them, consider that, if instead of breaking up their scanty forces and scattering them in all directions, the republicans had concentrated their strength in one enterprise and marched straight upon Ruffo and his brigands, they would almost certainly have destroyed the whole expedition, after which they would have had leisure, with incalculable added prestige, to combat dangers less imminently pressing. This would be true if the French had been disposed to help. But we have seen that at Naples, far from their own centre, the French were never in earnest; Championnet had been lured thither, outside his plans and instructions, by the aggression and the tempting flight of Ferdinand. Once there, they stayed as long as they found it worth while and there was nothing else to do. The first touch of disaster in the north carried them back whence they had come, leaving the republicans to shift for themselves. Considering the immense extent of the royalist conspiracy within the city and the disaffection of all the timid, the false, the time-serving, it seems certain that the first result of any further withdrawal of force from the city would have been the instant uprising there of another army of the Holy Faith, more terrible even than the one commanded by Ruffo. The more fully one bears in mind the complete insolvency of the Republic from its beginning, the more difficult it is to perceive any moment of its existence when it was not foredoomed. It was a making of bricks without straw from the first, and the public, standing aloof, expected not only a tale of bricks equal to that of the former time, but more and better bricks.

The little columns were routed one after another, and forced to retire upon Naples. To speak more correctly, they fell to pieces because at sight of the enemy the lukewarm, discontented soldiers of the Republic refused to fight, and went over to the other side, or dispersed.[1] At the end of May the Republic was confined to the city itself, the strip of coast as far as Torre Annunziata, and Pescara in the Abruzzi, where the gallant Ettore Carafa not only held at bay some twelve thousand of the armed populace under Pronio, but with his little handful of a hundred and forty men harassed them with frequent sorties *alla repubblicana*, as he said.

Schipani, in the early days of June, remained with a meagre force between Castellamare and Torre Annunziata, skirmishing day after day, and from dawn till dark, about the lower slopes of Vesuvius, at Pompei, at Bosco tre Case, and the little places round, but not venturing to attack Sciarpa's main force because of his own scanty numbers, nor yet formally attacked because those untrained masses of men were cowardly in the open field.

Guglielmo Pepe, then a lad in his teens and "delirious for the Republic," as he says, was fighting under Schipani in those days of ever-thickening disaster. They were obliged to keep near the coast, where they were supported by Caracciolo with his little flotilla of gunboats, and were able to keep up their communication with Naples.

In Naples itself reigned gloom and apprehension. Food was scarce because the villages and surrounding country were in revolt; there was no money in circulation, and most of the citizens were dressed in mourning. The wounded who found their way into Naples were without assistance until the two noble Carafa sisters set the example by going about begging and collecting linen, medicaments, and other necessaries for the sufferers. Many ladies followed in their steps. In this womanly devotion the queen could see nothing admirable, and wrote to her daughter: "Mme. Cassano et Mme. Popoli, haute (noblesse) et que nous appelions 'Leurs Altesses' vont avec les cheveux coupés quêter, monter dans toutes les maisons pour avoir des secours pour les braves soldats qui doivent battre le Tyran, enfin des horreurs."[1]

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[1] G. Rodinò: *Racconti Storici, etc.*, Arch. Stor. Nap., VI. 1, 2, 3, 4.

And now the hordes of Ruffo were in sight. On the morning of June 13th the cardinal entered San Giovanni a Teduccio, coming down by San Giorgio, and was met at the church by the parish priest, who came out bearing the Holy Sacrament. Ruffo immediately dismounted and received the benediction upon his knees, and recommended all the attendant clergy to pray for the successful issue of the coming struggle.

The Sanfedisti, meanwhile, were impatient of delays, each man being eager to secure his own full share of spoil, and Ruffo found it impossible to keep the undisciplined masses in hand now that their prey was in sight. He had been recommended not to attack until the English fleet should be in the Gulf; and yet anyone who studies the letters that came to him from Palermo in June from Acton can perceive that the recommendations of the Court were most ambiguous, if not contradictory,[2] Acton distinctly saying on June 1st that if the king's forces can take Naples independently of the allies, there will always be less harm done and less expense, and less chance, one may read between the lines, of a foreign power's advancing some pretension upon Naples. In the queen's letters the tiger's claws are displayed and retracted with an uncertainty which shows that even she might yet have been made to submit and relinquish the prey. On the very 14th of June she was writing to Ruffo: "I leave it to the wisdom of your Eminence to direct everything; I too wish heartily that massacre and pillage may be avoided . . . ."[3]

A new and unexpected factor in the situation was now the Franco-Spanish fleet, which it was supposed might at any moment appear in the Gulf and frustrate the whole expedition and the work of the last months, now so near completion. Moreover, depredatory hordes from all the country round came flocking to increase the disorder and the jealousy in the great invading army. The only way to keep them together and command their slippery obedience was to promise an immediate attack.

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[1] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 567.

[2] See Correspondence in Arch. Stor. Nap., VIII. 4, p. 649, and VIII. 1, pp. 71–72.

[3] *Ibid.*, V., 3, p. 57.

By way of keeping up the religious comedy, the cardinal resolved to place his advance upon the city under special saintly patronage. S. Gennaro, after his late complaisance toward the Republic, was for the moment under a cloud—his aureole somewhat tarnished. June 13th is sacred to St. Antonio of Padua, a saint who enjoyed, it seems, a special measure of Ruffo's devotion; to him accordingly the cardinal decided to commit the issues of his undertaking. An altar was set up, mass was said, the new saint invoked, blessing given, and then the devout army was let loose upon the city.

The chief attack was by the Ponte della Maddalena, the long bridge over the little Sebeto by which one enters Naples on the Portici side. A few troops were told off to keep check upon St. Elmo and its French garrison; and the Duke of Roccaromana, with the cavalry regiment he had raised for the Republic and had at the last moment carried over to Ruffo, was to prevent any sortie of the French from Capua—somewhat idle precautions, since the French, for any help they attempted to give the republicans, might almost as well have been at Paris. For the three hundred soldiers conceded to Manthonè for the purpose of keeping open a way for supplies to enter the city, Méjean—always in search of money—exacted six thousand ducats.

Panedigrano, with his convict regiment, received the order to put himself in Resina, and prevent Schipani from effecting a junction with the republicans in the capital.

BATTLE OF THE PONTE DELLA MADDALENA.

(From a contemporary water colour drawing in the Museum at San Martino.

[*To face p.* 252.

That day the members of the Government, and all the patriots unable, from age or infirmity, to bear arms, retired into the Castel Nuovo with many women and children. It had been arranged that on the firing of three cannon-shots from St. Elmo the people were to retire into their houses, and all who belonged to the National Guard were immediately to report themselves at Castel Nuovo.

How the day went is soon told and well told by a young captain of the guard in his memoirs:[1] "The national guard," he writes, "but what am I saying? that little remnant of it that was willing to unite under our banner was shut, by order of the Government, into the Castel Nuovo, whence the different detachments issued forth against the enemy. I, who together with my company and with my legion had also entered into the Castle, marched out an hour later with my company directed to the Ponte della Maddalena, where the enemy was already arrived. But, *gran Dio!* all was useless, the Republic was at an end. We found General Wirtz at the head of a small part of the Calabrese Legion and of a few troops of the line who were fighting desperately; he had also some fifty men on horseback, but these would never enter into action, and in vain the General cried '*Cavalleria, in avanti!*'

"We also entered into action after being drawn up in fighting order behind the above-mentioned combatants, who, although they fought with the greatest courage, were nevertheless obliged by the superior numbers of the enemy to beat a retreat.

"In vain General Wirtz sought to set the example of courage to the cowardly cavalry; he advanced supported by the Duke of Montrone and the Marquis Di Maio against the enemy calling on the cavalry to follow, but always without effect; indeed this valour of his was the cause of his death; the poor General was hit in the left side by a shell that was well directed at the three, and half dead was borne from the battlefield by six soldiers, who made a litter for him of their rifles, and carried him to the Castel Nuovo where he died in a few hours.

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[1] *Memorie inedite di una Guardia Nazionale della Repubblica Napoletana* (GIUSEPPE DE LORENZO), Arch. Stor. Nap., Anno XXIV., Fasc. 2. De Lorenzo, in 1799, was only twenty-one; he was a bank-clerk.

"That sufficed to discourage us all, and to set the cavalry flying; at their example the little handful of infantry and the skeleton of my Legion of the national guard which till then had obstinately held a foot of ground against the enemy, seeing themselves alone, retreated as far as the square of the cavalry quarters, not being able to resist Ruffo's cavalry which, seeing ours was fled, charged us, and had it not been for our two little cannon would have massacred us all. The enemy then brought up two of their pieces of heavy artillery which began to make short work of our position. Our gunners lost heart, cut the ropes and fled, and so we all fled too, the enemy pursuing us as far as the Castello del Carmine, beyond which they would not venture."

From other accounts we know that it was toward evening when General Wirtz was shot, so that the defence of the bridge lasted the better part of the whole day. Towards evening, moreover, the republicans found themselves suddenly attacked from the rear by the *lazzari* of the Mercato—the quarter just behind the Castello del Carmine—and the unequal struggle became a furious massacre, and ended in the flight of the patriots. The republicans had been supported by the little fort of Vigliena on the sea, and by the gunboats of Caracciolo, which wrought some havoc among the enemy. One who was on the royalist side writes that the greatest damage and the greatest fright were caused by this brisk fire, and that so many bombs and large grenades were thrown upon the bridge that it was impossible to advance.

Accordingly the Russians, "accustomed to victory," were ordered up with heavy cannon, and poured such a constant fire into the gunboats that they were forced to retire "in spite of themselves."[1]

The little garrison of Vigliena consisted of a detachment of one hundred and fifty of the Calabrese legion, chiefly students, under the command of a young man of six-and-twenty, Antonio Toscani, of Corigliano, near Cosenza.[2] Ruffo's crusaders attacked the fort, and the fighting was all the fiercer because assailed and assailants were men from the same province, and, as in all this story, poverty and ignorance were fighting against wealth and culture. The repulse was so severe that the assailants had to be reinforced by some hundred Russians with artillery. A great breach was made, but still the patriots were able twice to beat back the onrush of the enemy. The third time they were overborne, and fighting hand to hand, their numbers dwindling every moment, they were reduced to a little handful in a corner. "It is all over," said Bernardo Pontari and Francesco Martelli to their young captain; "we can but die like heroes." Toscani, wounded in the head, dragged himself painfully to the place where the gunpowder was stored, and, crying, "Viva Dio e la Libertà!" fired his pistol in upon the powder. In the awful explosion that followed, some hundreds of the assailants perished with that little band of heroes. Of the defenders of Vigliena some nine survived, recovered from their wounds and lived to hand down the story to their grandchildren of the present time.

Among the hundreds of republicans killed that day near the Maddalena was the brave old poet Luigi Serio;

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[1] DURANTE: *Diario Storico*, p. 75.

[2] PASQUALE TURIELLO: *Il Fatto di Vigliena.* Napoli, 1881. L. CONFORTI: *La Repubblica Napoletana e l'Anarchia Regia, etc.*, p. 125. Turiello and Conforti have been at great pains to sift the evidence as to the defence of Vigliena, and obtained many particulars from the family of Toscani, and from the descendants of the survivors.

he was nearly blind, but persuaded his three nephews to bring him into the middle of the fight, urging that his blindness mattered little where the enemy were so many that he was sure to kill some of them. He had suffered much from the tyranny of the Bourbon, and cared not to survive the Republic. Rodinò, who by his own account does not seem to have been a very valiant person, tells us that he tried to persuade Serio to remain in Castel Nuovo, but the fiery old man indignantly reproved him "for wishing to see him a coward."

Caracciolo kept up his fire far into the night, until the enemy retired, and then withdrew into the arsenal under the guns of Castel Nuovo. De Simone, another naval officer, also kept up the fight even after Ruffo's people had entered the city, and retired by the arsenal, fighting hand to hand over every inch, until the overwhelming numbers drove him to seek refuge in the castle. Mazzitelli, covered with wounds, was taken prisoner.

That night Schipani received an order to come with all speed to the assistance of the patriots in the capital. He had with him fifteen hundred men, of whom five hundred were hired Dalmatians; and between him and Naples and on his right flank lay the whole immense force of Ruffo. He knew his task was hopeless. Nevertheless, in the little council of war held that night, Pepe, who was one of their number, says that not one voice was heard in favour of surrender; all their anxiety was how to lay about them with most effect before they died. At dawn on the 14th they began their resolute march through Resina and Portici, where the level ground left them the one advantage of being able to keep together. In front, among a group of officers, was the lad Pepe, and he tells us how Schipani, himself of Calabria, said to him with a quiet smile, "In arduous undertakings there is always a Calabrese in the van," and the boy drew himself up proudly, and saluted, with his heart full of gratitude. It was his last salute to Schipani.

As they came down past the royal palace of Portici towards the Church of San Ciro, their further progress along the narrow street (for the present spacious *piazza* did not then exist) was cut off by a battery, and in vain Schipani tried to hew a way to right or left. He therefore detached the five hundred Dalmatians, with orders to make a detour by a side street and take the enemy in the rear. They obeyed the order, but when they came out upon the main street farther down, they cried, "Viva il Re!" and thus making friends with the royalists, they agreed to feign the concerted attack, and then, in the *mêlée*, to turn their arms against the patriots.

Schipani had meanwhile drawn up his men in a compact square, facing the fire that came not only from the front, but from all sides and from the windows above, and awaited the counter-attack from below.

As soon as the feigned disorder appeared among the enemy the republicans threw themselves upon their opponents, but the treacherous Dalmatians rushed upon them with lowered bayonets. Friends and foes knew each other no more in the confusion, blood flowed in torrents, the battle became a massacre, and the patriots, all but a few wounded and prisoners, perished where they stood. A very few escaped across the country, Pepe among them, only to fall into the hands of the enemy before night fell; and of the prisoners many were massacred on the spot.

Schipani, who had courted death in vain all day, was also wounded. He managed to escape to Sorrento, but was soon taken by the royalists there, and was carried prisoner across the bay to Ischia, which, as we know, was in the hands of the English and Sicilians, together with Procida and the other islands.

Near the beautiful Castle of Ischia there is a strip of sandy shore backed by low, squalid houses and a church.

The place is called La Mandra, and there, some five weeks later, on July 19th, towards the time of sunset, Schipani, with another unfortunate republican officer, General Spanò, was hanged as a traitor, expiating his deficiencies by the ignominious death which has added his name to the long list of the martyrs of Italian liberty.

CHAPTER XIII

THE "SANTA FEDE" AT ITS GOAL

Sack of Naples, and massacre of "jacobins" by the mob—Popular atrocities—The *granili*—Pepe—De Lorenzo—Official maltreatment and robbery—Settembrini's recollections—Street scenes—Arrest of republican ladies—Ruffo *accused of clemency*—The queen sides with the mob.

IN the night between June 13th and 14th, or possibly on the morning of the 14th, the hordes of Ruffo attacked the Castello del Carmine, which seems to have been less well prepared to resist than the other castles (to which as a fortress it was always far inferior), so that a capitulation was agreed upon. "It was consigned to us by a sort of curious capitulation, by Ovvel di Borgogna," wrote the cardinal to Acton on the 21st.[1] But the moment the garrison laid down their arms they were massacred indiscriminately by the Calabrese and the *lazzari*.[2] Of all the capitulations agreed to at this time, and there were several, every one, except that concluded by Captain Foote with the garrisons of Castellamare and Revigliano (the observance of which he obtained as a personal favour at Palermo), was violated by the royalists. This of the Carmine is the first on the list, and no one survived to remonstrate; in the other cases, as we shall see, the violation was further defended and approved by the judges and by the king. Sacchinelli says nothing of the terms, but says that the commandant escaped on giving himself out as a foreign officer, a royalist, and a friend of the cardinal.[3] From this circumstance one may

[1] Arch Stor. Nap., VIII. 4, p. 653.

[2] DE LORENZO: *Memorie, etc.*, p. 258.

[3] SACCHINELLI: *Memorie, etc.*, p. 215.

guess how it was that the Castle of the Carmine fell a comparatively easy prey to the brigands and the populace.

Sacchinelli goes on to relate that after the battle of June 13th, and while the desultory and hopeless, but obstinate, fighting was being perpetually renewed in the days that followed, the mob dragged "a few unhappy patriots" before the cardinal at his quarters at the Maddalena; that he "ordered them to be set free, since war was only to be made upon the enemy who were still fighting in the Castles," and that "scarcely had those victims retreated a few paces when they were massacred." After that, for a "momentary asylum for many other victims who were dragged to the bridge, the Cardinal destined the great building of the Granili."[1]

Let us look at pictures of this "momentary asylum" by some of those who enjoyed its protection.

One of these was Pepe, who, after surviving the destruction of Schipani's force at Portici on the 14th, had been taken prisoner at Ponticelli the same evening. He spent the night with a few companions in a damp coach-house, guarded by peasants who were armed with iron-tipped staves and bill-hooks. At dawn a company of the cardinal's crusaders came with an order to carry all the prisoners to the Ponte della Maddalena. What with their wounds, hunger, and fatigue, they were too much exhausted to rise from the ground. A little bread and water were given them, and soon all but the most severely wounded were able to start.

But their peasant captors did not let them go before they had stripped them to their shirts; and when the lad Pepe, wounded in the arm, had some difficulty in pulling off his boots, one of them proposed to cut off his legs by way of hurrying matters. Tied two and two, the prisoners had to march barefoot to Naples. None of them believed the capital to be in the hands of the enemy, but they were soon undeceived. Horrible sights met their eyes: men and women of all ages and conditions were being dragged barbarously along by a howling mob, some half dead, some covered with blood, maltreated and insulted, many with no clothing but a torn blood-stained shirt, many absolutely naked. The yells of the mob were so horrible that it was difficult to believe them human beings. They threw stones and every kind of foul missile at the prisoners as they went by, threatening to tear them to pieces. The prisoners were thrown first into a large *locale* opposite the *granili*, and here among the crowd Pepe recognised many persons well known because of their learning or their high birth; there were priests and monks, professors, artisans, officers of every rank. Many were wounded and disfigured with blood; many completely naked; others, whose disguise of priest or peasant hung about them in tatters, had been battered and bruised in their struggle with the mob.

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 231.

In tens and twenties these prisoners were conducted across the road, through a great crowd of the frenzied populace, to the *granili* opposite; and though so short the way, not all reached the other side alive.

Pepe found himself shut into one of those vast chambers (used generally for storing wood or grain) together with some three hundred others. Here he was drawn by their common spirit of enthusiastic patriotism and their common suffering into instant close friendship with Vincenzo Russo, who had been one of the last to retreat from the defence of the bridge, and so retreating had been taken prisoner. Here, too, he found the learned Marchese Berio, Goethe's friend; the abate Marino Guarano, professor of jurisprudence in the university; many learned monks and other men of letters, and even many lunatics from the hospital of the *Incurabili*, taken together with the ardent republican medical students.

De Lorenzo, whose account of his share in the defence of the bridge has already been quoted, was also so unlucky as to fall, after infinite vicissitudes, into the hands of the Calabrese, as Ruffo's people are often called, and on the 14th was taken with his friend, both disguised as monks, before the cardinal at the Maddalena.[1] Here, he says, they were massacring indiscriminately all the prisoners that the mob brought up, and he was lucky among them who arrived face to face with the cardinal. Women and girls of every condition were there, naked, and, together with men old and young, were being despatched without mercy by the brigands. There were two carts standing there to receive the bodies, and, dead or alive, they were immediately thrown into the sea.

It was with the greatest difficulty that De Lorenzo's captors succeeded in bringing him into the cardinal's presence; the brigands declared Ruffo was not giving audience then, and said they had been deputed to receive the prisoners of State. The two parties began to quarrel, and were coming to shots, when an officer of some kind came up, and after much parleying was prevailed on to take the two monks before the cardinal. When Ruffo asked them their business, De Lorenzo sprang forward so eagerly to speak in his own and his friend's defence that the cardinal, always suspicious, quickly gave him with both fists a violent blow in the chest, and sent him staggering to a safe distance. In the end Ruffo was inclined to let them go; but, seeing that the mob was bent on massacring them, ordered them to be shut up in one of the temporary prisons near at hand. The mob, on seeing that they had lost their prey and that the two monks were really officers of the civic guard, burst into indescribable fury, biting their fingers and crying out, "Ah, dogs! if we had known you were not monks, we would have torn you to pieces!" So that when the two found themselves in prison at last, it was an unspeakable relief to know that they were "in the power of justice of no matter what kind, and saved from the arbitrary fury of a populace which with impunity and

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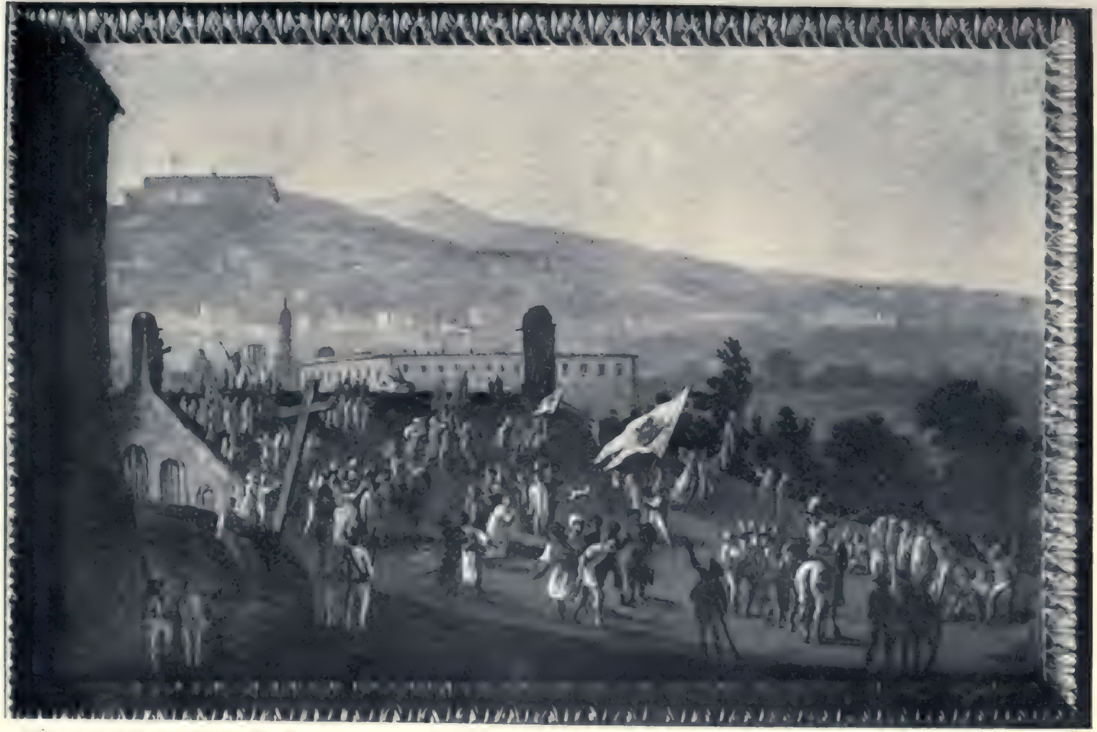
[1] De Lorenzo: *Memorie, etc.*, p. 271.



A group of prisoners being shot.

THE *SANFEDISTI* AT THE BRIDGE OF THE MADDALENA.

(On the lid of a box containing a coffee-set given by the Sovereigns to Cardinal Ruffo.) [*To face p.* 262.

quite unrestrained was massacring every supposed jacobin, and mostly those who, because they were seen to be well-to-do and decently dressed, stimulated their greed of rapine."

In this place were more than forty prisoners, whose number increased within an hour and a half to more than a hundred. The greater part of them were stripped naked, at least half were wounded, and many of them mortally, so that within the first hour two died there where they lay.

Next morning they heard that Ruffo, afraid they might escape from that prison, had ordered them to be taken elsewhere. Escorted by a numerous guard under command of a Calabrese priest, armed with a sword and two pistols, the prisoners were marched forth in the direction of Portici. As they went, their guards called upon the populace to insult and buffet the prisoners, and before they arrived at their destination, less than a couple of miles away, they were half dead and half blind with the multiplicity of blows and thrusts they had received. The guards contrived to rob the prisoners as they went; one assured De Lorenzo that they were all about to be shot, and with this pretext took away his boots and socks. Every forty paces or so the malicious priest ordered a halt, and declared they had come to the place where the prisoners were to be shot, and then, after some preliminary preparations, during which their hearts beat in an agony of anxiety and apprehension, affected to find some obstacle, and ordered them to march on. This was repeated four or five times, until the manœuvre had lost its first effect upon the prisoners, most of whom began to long for death to put an end to their suffering. They were at last shut up in some stables at the Due Palazzi, in San Giovanni. During that day their number increased to three hundred, and they were packed so closely that as they lay down at night on the bare ground, the head of each was on the body of his next companion.

Among the prisoners here De Lorenzo mentions one young man who had been on guard with his company at the Monastery of Montesanto, and after a vigorous resistance had capitulated to the attacking party, stipulating to be allowed to rejoin the republicans in Castel Nuovo. But the promise was no sooner given than it was violated (as usual), and the poor lad, burned in the face by the brigands with a lighted torch, was thrown into prison with the rest. Next day, amid a repetition of all their former sufferings, the prisoners were marched back towards Naples and shut into the *granili*.

Many of the prisoners whose friends discovered their whereabouts received clothing, bedding, and other comforts; but very many remained half naked and dependent on the daily meagre pittance of bread and water.

De Lorenzo relates how his father found him out, and brought him bread, fruit, cheese, and wine, how he could touch no food, and gave all away but the wine, for which he had a craving, as they had no water. Nevertheless, he goes on to tell very naturally and simply how there were near him a republican captain and a certain surgeon who had both been severely wounded by the mob two days before; the neglected wounds were putrefying, and the captain, eyeing the bottle of wine, said, "How much good that wine might do my wound!" and how eventually, with rags torn from the shirt of a companion, he used little by little all the wine to wash the wounds of these two fellow prisoners.

De Lorenzo's account confirms that of Pepe, who says the prisoners were left three whole days without either food or water in that hot summer weather; and he adds that a wounded prisoner having died among them, there was some consultation as to whether they should eat the dead body. It was not till the evening of the fourth day that Ruffo had leisure to think of his prisoners, who had begun to believe that they were to be starved to death, and their first scanty ration of half a loaf of brown bread and a piece of cheese was served out with a little water. This became their daily allowance during all the time they remained in the *granili*. The guards explained that the delay and apparent neglect arose from the general confusion, and from there being twenty thousand prisoners shut up in the *granili*.[1]

"Our existence in that place," writes De Lorenzo, "although, fortunately for us, not long, was nevertheless the most unhappy that can be imagined. Every hour the number of unfortunates increased; these were brought in by the populace after being disfigured and wounded so badly that many of them died a few moments after their arrival; and others, whose wounds were dressed either badly or too late, remained maimed for life.

"Our guards were changed every forty-eight hours, and each new commandant was inexorably bent on making a booty at our expense. This generally happened towards evening, when the officer in command, coming in on his round of inspection, as a pretended measure of precaution examined our clothes and our very socks in search of arms; arms there never were, and instead of these, they took away from us all we had in the shape of valuables or money, so that we at last abstained from asking money of our relatives and thus the greed of our commandants was disappointed. One of these nevertheless hit upon a plan; being convinced by his first perquisition that there was nothing to be extorted from those poor wretches, who had gained too much experience by the robberies they had undergone, he planned one of a new kind. He pretended to have been informed that a quantity of arms were hid in our prison and in all the others of the Granili, and that these were concealed in the mattrasses. He therefore appeared on the evening of the second and last day of his guard, together with six armed soldiers, and four more without rifles, and by blows with a stick and threats obliged us all to lie down with our faces to the earth. Then, calling out repeatedly, 'Rascals, Jacobin traitors, I've found you out!' he ordered those four satellites to carry out of the prison every single thing they could find, mattrasses, sheets, pillows, and even the clothes of such as happened to be undressed. Arms, I am certain, there were none; and so our mattrasses, as we learned, served to give a comfortable sleep to the guard, while we, as we had done the first nights, were obliged to sleep on the bare earth, which, having never been inhabited, pricked more than any thorns; and the next day very early the Signor Comandante loaded up everything on two carts, and directed his booty, sufficiently fat, to his own house."

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[1] Ruffo himself put them at thirteen hundred; but the total number in the many dungeons and prisons of Naples may well have reached twenty thousand.

After some three weeks, when the poor prisoners had once more been furnished with bedding and other comforts by their friends, a runaway horse came rushing along one evening past the prison. It was enough to undo them. In a moment all the troops guarding the *granili* flew to arms, and gave out that the prisoners were in revolt on the approach of a body of patriots who were coming to their rescue. The sentinels were doubled, and a guard of Calabrese was stationed outside the doors ready to fire in upon the helpless prisoners at their slightest movement. In the middle gangway was placed a loaded cannon with the match lighted. Under all this protection the commandant came in, obliged the prisoners to lie down on their faces, and once more every single thing in the prison was carried off.

In this "momentary asylum," suffering every kind of discomfort and every spite the cruel ingenuity of their guards could inflict, the prisoners remained over six weeks, and were then transferred first on board a sloop of war in the Gulf, and eventually to the prison of the Vicaria.

Pepe describes the undaunted spirit of many of those republicans: how there were among them four poets who improvised songs to cheer their companions; how Professor Filippo Guidi gave lectures in mathematics two hours a day to a large audience; how Vincenzo Russo was foremost in their discussions on moral and political themes; and also, alas! how the jailers used to come in at midnight and call out one and another, who passed from among them to the scaffold or the gallows.

Who that has read it can forget Luigi Settembrini's account of his father's reminiscences of those days, when friends came in to chat, and the little boy Luigi sat listening near his mother's work-table?[1]

"Who can describe," his father used to say, "the fury of the mob, and the terror at the cry of *Viva il Re!* . . . My friend Gaspare Giglio from Calabria, who was with the Cardinal, sent to tell me to come and take refuge with him. I went out; the streets were full of scattered dead bodies, stripped naked, and white as white, for they were of gentlemen. In the Via di Porto suddenly a whole wave of the populace is upon me; I feel them snatch off the false *queue* of tow that I had put on, crying 'a Jacobin!'[2] They seize me, they strip me, they leave me not even my shirt, they bind me, they prick me with bayonets, and drag me towards the marina to shoot me. When we get there one, as he gives me a blow, says in a low voice 'Don't be afraid; I am sent by Don Gasparì;' and then to the crowd: 'to the bridge, to the bridge! We'll shoot him before the Cardinal!'"

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[1] L. SETTEMBRINI: *Ricordanze della mia Vita.* Napoli, 1879, 2 vols. Vol. I., pp. 3, 4.

[2] A great many young men who had more or less served the Republic had followed the new fashion of cutting the hair short, and were sadly put to it to conceal the fact when the royalists came in. The mob was not long in finding them out; witness this popular verse:

Vuoi conoscere il Giacobino?
E tu tiragli il codino,
Se la coda ti viene in mano,
Questo è vero Repubblicano.

See *Diario Napoletano*, p. 192.

And so he is dragged to the *granili*. Here before the entrance stands a Calabrese sentinel with a great blue net on his head and a rose in his hand. When he sees the prisoner he says in his dialect: "Poor lad! art half dead; smell this rose; refresh thyself!" The flower is thrust into his face, and the helpless prisoner feels his nose, and as it were his very brain, pierced by an enormous pin. He is pushed into one of those vast chambers among some three hundred other prisoners, many of whom are dying, and flings himself down upon the ground. A fellow-prisoner brings him water to wash his wounds, and a few rags to bind them.

"After two days came my father with my sister Carmela, who when she saw me across the iron bars ran, wrung my hand hard, and fainted away." The father runs for water, and asks help of Major Baccher, who is walking up and down in front of the prison.[1] The officer comes. "Oh! it is nothing," he says; "I'll make her come to," and he cuts the girl twice across the face with a whip. The poor father took her in his arms and carried her away, and came no more to visit his son.

The scenes in the streets during those days of horror have been described for us by eye-witnesses. The Republic, after June 13th, was soon reduced to the two Castles, Nuovo and Dell' Ovo, San Martino (the Certosa just below St. Elmo), the Royal Palace, and Pizzofalcone. As the last scattered bands of the patriots retreated from Toledo and the adjoining *vicoli*, the hordes of Ruffo, the robber bands of Sciarpa, Panedigrano, De Cesari, and other freebooting leaders, and masses of "royalists" from far and near swarmed into the city and gave themselves up to an atrocious orgy of pillage and massacre, with circumstances and details of unimaginable horror and sickening cruelty.

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[1] This Major Baccher was brother to the two who had just been shot by the republicans in Castel Nuovo.

De Nicola, the writer of the *Diario Napoletano*, a most timorous, prudent, and strictly conservative person, has noted down what he heard and saw from his balconies and from his house-top in those days, together with all the rumours, true and false, brought to his ears by his acquaintance, and originating as a rule in the populace. He looks out towards evening on the 15th, while his house vibrates to the incessant firing from all the castles, and wishes he knew whether the cardinal has really come, because "up to the present we have seen nothing but *hordes*, so to speak, of insurgents, marching at hap-hapzard, and without order, without drums, without form of drilled troops. . . . The story of these times of ours will not be believed," he writes. "Within six months, two popular anarchies, two invasions, one may say, one of the French, the other of insurgents, a double sack, two fierce wars within the city. The first lasted nearly three days and was kept up solely by the populace against a well-ordered and experienced French army, supported from within by the jacobin party, afterwards called the patriots; for the second, this is the third day that the struggle is still most vigorous . . . this war being maintained with energy and resolution solely by the patriotic party against swarms of insurgents who are the only ones that keep up the firing, because the Neapolitan populace has taken arms for the sole motive of joining in the sack of the houses of the jacobins; and among these God knows how many quiet citizens have suffered the same fate. . . . God forgive those who have placed us in such cruel and tearful circumstances!"

The robbery and violence went on day after day, and though we hear of repeated proclamations by Ruffo forbidding all arbitrary action on the part of the royalists, neither his own hordes nor the populace ever paid the smallest heed to any such order. On the 17th De Nicola notes: "The whole of this day patriots have been carried past in the middle of Calabrese, some in only a shirt, some in dressing-gowns, some in drawers only; they say they were all taken up in the vineyard [*i.e.* at San Martino]. Who knows, however, how many are arrested without being jacobins! It is certain that the Calabrese do not know which they are, and depend on the populace who point them out; and who knows how many will be victims either of mistakes or of malice; all the more so in that the sequel of such arrests is always robbery." De Nicola saw enough without venturing into the streets. De Lorenzo and his friend, vainly trying to make their way to Castel Nuovo, saw infinitely worse.

" . . . We met swarms of brigands and armed lazzaroni, all intent upon a remorseless sacking of those houses which, from their being well furnished, the people judged to belong to jacobin patriots, and perhaps they were persons the most indifferent [*i.e.* politically], but who happened to be well-dressed, and they were led in arrest by the lazzaroni, after having been stripped completely naked and so wounded as to be unrecognisable. Bodies lay here and there, most of them mutilated of some member; women, matrons, girls of every condition were borne by the populace naked, in procession, and that because they were supposed to belong to the family of some jacobin; heads and mutilated limbs were scattered in the street corners . . ." etc. etc.

As fast as the two young men in their monastic disguise escaped from one scene of horror they were confronted by another. Their way led them to Largo Mercatello (now Piazza Dante), and here they were brought up short. Let De Lorenzo speak:

"Great God! What did we behold in that piazza! The tree of liberty was already torn up and thrown down by the Calabrese and the populace, a great number of whom were performing acts of private necessity upon it and around it without the smallest regard to a number of women who were present at the spectacle.

"At the same time the most cruel massacre was going on, which we, in spite of ourselves, were forced to see with our own eyes.

"A great number of victims, pretended to be jacobins, kept arriving every moment, and were all shot, one after another, at the foot of the tree. The air resounded with the cries of these unhappy people who were led like oxen to the slaughter house; their cries ceased each time that a number of badly aimed shots came to interrupt the sound, and left those miserable victims some dead, some with only a broken arm or other wound. This done, those butchers, not caring whether they were alive or dead, proceeded to cut off their heads, part of which were borne in procession on the ends of long poles, and the others served them to play with, rolling them along the ground like balls."

Escaping by a hair's breadth from this dreadful scene, they reached the Largo della Trinità Maggiore just in time to witness the death of their common friend, a poor gentleman who had been insane for some months, and had that morning insisted on going out with a tricolour cockade in his hat. He was massacred on the steps of the church. In the *piazza* were bands of armed men, soldiers, and Calabrese brigands, who sat eating upon the dead bodies that lay around.

These same scenes are described by Rodinò, who was also taken prisoner at this time, and so beaten and buffetted and spit upon that he could only long for death. "Thou that criedst Death to the Tyrant," howled the mob in his fainting ears, "Come now, infamous jacobin, if thou wilt not have two bullets in thy forehead, cry *Long live the tyrant!*" and as he remained dumb, in the obstinate hope that he might indeed be shot, he heard the women dissuading the men from further persecution, saying the Jacobins were all possessed by the devil, and were therefore incapable of pronouncing "the sacred names of king and tyrant." Another cry proffered by the mob to their prisoners was, "Muore Giacobbe!" ("Death to Jacob!"), the imagined patron of the Jacobins.[1]

The cynical cardinal spread a report that the republicans had planned to hang the entire populace of *lazzari*, preserving only their infants, who were to be brought up without religion, and that for this purpose the Jacobins had prepared thousands of ropes, which would be found in their houses. From this plot he now gave out that St. Antonio had saved the populace. An immense number of prints were distributed, representing St. Antonio with a bundle of cords in his hand.[2] These things served further to inflame the credulous and savage masses, while they gave their actions that tincture of religion and cloak of zeal in a holy cause for which the king and queen and the Church, in so far as it was their tool, were responsible.

The search for these cords formed one of the many pretexts under which the houses were broken into and sacked, and the patriots, real or pretended, wounded, killed, or dragged to prison. But in truth the brigands themselves and the *lazzari*, though glad to be assured of eventual absolution, were not under any real delusion as to their own motives; possibly few of them ever had been. This little rhyme of theirs, in which one seems to see the cunning grin of the speaker, expresses their common sentiment, as cynical as Ruffo's own:

Chi tiene pan' e vino
Ha da esser giacobbino!

Whoever has got bread and wine [*i.e.* anything worth stealing],
He must be a jacobine!

The mob gave out that every patriot bore, imprinted on the thigh, the figure of the tree of liberty, and with this pretext the hunted victims of their caprice and greed were stripped, men and women alike, and submitted to indecent outrages. As late as three weeks after the battle of the Maddalena the sacking and the massacre were still going on; and De Nicola recounts that on July 1st the mob burned the bodies of two Jacobins, and were seen to eat the roasted flesh, the very boys offering it one to another! Ladies who had shown any public sentiment or mere humanity, such as the Duchesses of Cassano and Popoli, Luisa Sanfelice, Eleonora Pimentel, the Duchess of Andria, and many more, were hunted out of their houses, or sought everywhere by the mob; those that were found, after being stripped and scarcely covered with a sheet, or made to represent the "naked figure of Liberty or Parthenopæa," were driven and dragged through the streets by the yelling mob, and thrown into loathsome dungeons. The Duchess of Popoli, though she did not escape exile eventually, seems to have eluded the arrest by the mob to which her sister was victim. Ricciardi, speaking of a young French lady living in Naples, to whom Vincenzo Russo was engaged to be married, says that it was in her house that Maria Antonia Carafa, Duchess of Popoli, was hidden for many weeks, while the mob was hunting down the Jacobins; and "it was truly a miracle that she was not arrested and maltreated in the street, especially as she had her hair cut *alla Repubblicana*, so that, beautiful and majestic as she was, you would have called her the image of the Goddess of Liberty."[1] Dumas tells us that Emanuela Sanfelice, the elder daughter of the unhappy Luisa, used to recall how her mother, in the last days of the Republic, came to see her in the convent where she had been placed to be brought up, and wrung her hands, and repeated desperately to her, "I am lost! I am lost!" The *lazzari* and the Calabrese found her hiding in a garret of her house in the Largo della Carità in Toledo.

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[1] RODINÒ: *Racconti Storici, etc*, Arch. Stor. Nap., VI.

[2] B. CROCE: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 95.

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[1] G. RICCIARDI: *Memorie Autografe d' un ribelle.*

The lowest estimate of the numbers massacred by the mob during the sack of Naples, which lasted from June 14th to the 20th, was arrested for a few days at the time of the capitulation of the castles, and after the arrival of the English was resumed and pursued with redoubled fury until July 8th, is given by royalist writers as more than a thousand. We may believe that they were many more.

Ruffo, writing to Acton in those days, complaining of his own terrible situation, helpless as he was to govern the hordes he had led to Naples, says that they have already brought to him at the bridge thirteen hundred Jacobins, whom he is keeping in the *granili*; that they have shot at least fifty before his eyes without his being able to prevent it, and wounded at least two hundred who have been dragged naked thither. He adds that the Calabrese, seeing his horror, have consoled him by saying that the dead were really master-scoundrels (*capi di bricconi*), and that the wounded were "decided enemies of the human race"; that the populace, in fact, knew them well. "I hope it may be true," he adds, "and so I quiet myself somewhat."[1]

As for these "scoundrels, and enemies of the human race," we have seen of what sort they were; and Ruffo must have felt the flimsiness of the hope with which he tried to salve his futile remorse. That he felt and showed horror and indignation may well be true, since we read in the *Diario* for July 2nd: "In Naples they [the Calabrese and the *lazzari*] are once more going about arresting those whom they suspect, and what makes it more horrible is that they massacre them as they catch them. . . . Those whom they do not kill they carry straight on board the English ships, no longer to the bridge, *because they complain of the clemency of Ruffo, and perhaps they suspect him also.*"

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[1] B. MARESCA: *Il Cavaliere Antonio Micheroux, etc.*, Arch. Stor. Nap. XIX. 3, p. 505.

MARIANTONIA CARAFA, DUCHESS OF POPOLI.

[*To face p.* 274.

The queen, who, as we shall see, had brought Nelson down to her level, sided, as usual, with the lowest of the populace, and wrote to Ruffo on June 19th: "I hope, from the prudence of your Eminence, that you will punish no one who has punished an enemy of the State."[1] As late as July 7th she had no scruple in writing to Lady Hamilton: "It is my misfortune to know thoroughly the nobility and all classes of Neapolitans, and I shall always say the same: that only the bourgeois-artisans and the populace are loyal and attached [to the throne], the latter are given to occasional licence, but their sentiments are good."[2] On the 29th of the same month she wrote to her daughter: "The Archbishop of Naples has committed horrors, the canons, bishops, clergy, monks, nobility, in fact all, with the sole exception of the populace."[3] The infinite horrors committed by the mob did not count with Maria Carolina, because not directed against herself. And although they were committed in her name, she did not even care to repudiate them. While she was still at Naples, on December 21st, 1798, and thought herself to be in danger, she wrote to the Emperor that the populace were "licentious and cowardly, and in a hurry to begin the sack lest the French should be before them";[4] but it is perhaps the only instance of the queen's admitting a fault in the populace, on whom, as they proved themselves more and more barbarous, ferocious, and brutal, even to repeated acts of cannibalism, she and the king bestowed an ever-increasing share of their royal trust and affection.

[1] Arch. Stor. Nap. XIX. 4, p. 660.

[2] R. PALUMBO: *Maria Carolina, Carteggio, etc.*, p. 202.

[3] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 584.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 518.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CAPITULATION OF THE CASTLES

Ruffo's situation; pressure on all sides; anxiety—The capitulation of the castles—Sentiments of Ruffo, Micheroux, the Court—Colletta in Castel Nuovo—Nelson arrives—Struggle between Nelson and Ruffo—Nelson won't hear of any terms—The Hamiltons—Nelson's ignorance—The natural view of the capitulation—The patriots are not to be moved from their attitude—Bocquet—Ruffo's efforts to solve the problem—Lady Hamilton—Sudden change of attitude by Nelson—Contemporary evidence—The republicans evacuate the castles under the impression that the capitulation is being carried out.

RUFFO had come thus far surprised at his own success. Even when the battle of the Maddalena had practically given Naples into his hands, he was full of timorous anxieties and uneasy suspicions, ready to fly at sounds of distant tumult, not at all sure of his own people, and half expecting to be despatched for a Jacobin if he betrayed too much anxiety that the terror and carnage in the city should cease. His fears were justified by his situation and by the manifold dilemma it presented.

Here he was, nominal and responsible leader of tens of thousands of absolutely undisciplined peasants, robbers, and malefactors, accustomed during the last four months to a roving life, to killing their fellow countrymen upon the flimsiest pretext, to stealing whatever they chose, and spoiling wherever they passed; kept together by mere interest, aware of their own power, and under no fear of punishment, but rather looking to be rewarded when all was done. In the city prevailed, day after day, the most heartrending anarchy, as we have seen. St. Elmo, in the hands of the French, had definite power for offence and destruction. The republicans in the other castles and more or less fortified positions, desperate as their case was, were yet a very formidable obstacle to his further progress and to the establishment of any kind of order; moreover, they held many illustrious and notable royalist prisoners, whose lives were in perpetual peril. To crown all, it was possible, and, as far as Ruffo knew, most probable, that the Franco-Spanish fleet might arrive at any moment in the bay and undo all that had been done.

Thus pressed on all sides, Ruffo desired nothing so much as to come to terms with the republicans, so as to avoid the alternative of taking their strongholds by storm one by one, with infinite further bloodshed on both sides, and the destruction of the castles and the royal palace. The necessity of taking St. Elmo first of all does not seem to have preoccupied the cardinal; he had probably some reason to suppose that the French commandant would not prove intractable if once the patriots were disposed of. But the days passed, the cannonading on both sides was incessant, and though there had been several short suspensions of hostilities with a view to a possible arrangement, the negotiations repeatedly came to nothing, and the situation remained unchanged; while the tension in the mind of Ruffo and also of Captain Foote, then commanding the small British force in the bay, increased every hour. What if the Franco-Spanish fleet should come before the royalists could man the castles? What if the example set at Vigliena should be followed by the other republicans, and all the hostages and prisoners be blown into the air together with the patriots, to say nothing of the palace and the castles?

The cardinal tried threats, always with a view to avoiding further bloodshed and violence, of which by this time he was sincerely tired. He sent Micheroux to the commandant of Castel Nuovo on the 16th to warn him that "further resistance was useless and might cost the entire garrison their lives, since his batteries were within a very short distance of the Castle, and the breach once made, no power on earth could prevent the infuriated populace from taking it by assault and making a horrible massacre of every single person in the Castle and in the adjoining Royal Palace."

The commandant asked two days for deliberation; two hours were granted, and again nothing came of the attempt. On the afternoon of the 17th General Oronzo Massa, commanding in Castel Nuovo, demanded a suspension of hostilities, in order that the republicans might consult with Méjean, the French commandant of St. Elmo. According to Sacchinelli, the negotiations fell through this time in consequence of the exorbitant pretensions of the French colonel, who, "on the pretext that the fortresses had not been regularly besieged, but only blockaded, demanded sums of money so excessive that even if the Cardinal had been willing to pay them, he had not whence to take them."[1]

Ruffo was persuaded that the sole object of the republicans was to gain time, in the hope of the arrival of the Franco-Spanish fleet to their rescue. He accordingly repeated his threat to General Massa, declaring that the armistice would be at an end in twenty-four hours, and that he would then permit the populace to assault the castle. The twenty-four hours brought the contending parties to the morning of the 19th. On that morning Micheroux wrote to Ruffo that he had just been informed that General Massa desired an escort to St. Elmo, in order to obtain leave from the French commandant to surrender the castles. Micheroux wished therefore to know from the cardinal within what general limits a capitulation might be agreed upon, and under whose signatures it was to be concluded, further informing the cardinal that the negotiations might occupy from

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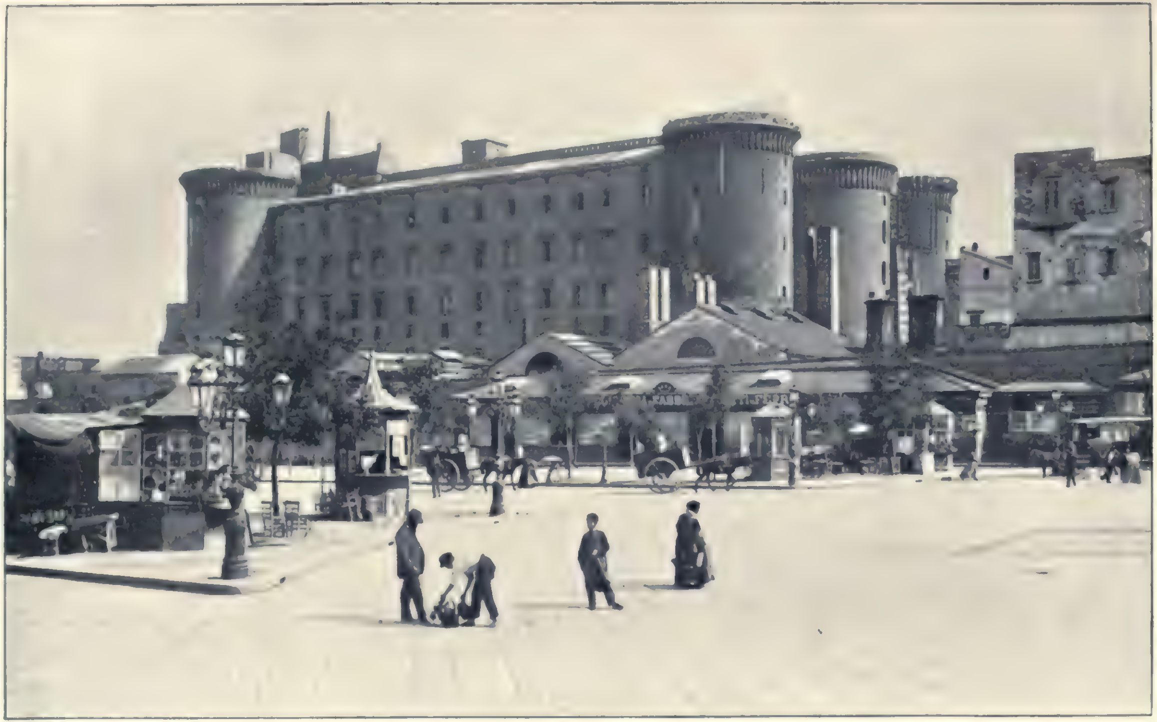
[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 241.



CASTEL NUOVO.

[*To face p.* 278.

four to five hours, and that in the meantime he had given orders to all the batteries, from the Carmine as far as Chiaja, to suspend hostilities until further orders.

Ruffo, nettled at this assumption of authority on the part of Micheroux (who seems to have been at this moment a sort of supernumerary plenipotentiary of the king), replied that after Micheroux had taken steps so prejudicial to the cause, it was useless to ask his advice, as the rebels were only gaining time to make a better defence. In fact, he foresaw that this conquest of the capital would not run smooth, and was glad to vent a little ill-humour and irritation on the imperturbable Micheroux, responsible for no one but the very well-behaved and efficient Russians.

The state of Ruffo's mind is apparent from a letter he wrote to Acton while the treaty was pending:[1] "I am so oppressed and exhausted [*affollato e distrutto*]," he wrote, "that I do not see how I can support life [*reggere in vita*], if this state of things last another three days. The being obliged to govern, or rather to hold down, an immense populace accustomed to the most complete anarchy; the having to rule a score of uneducated and insubordinate light troops, all intent on carrying on sack, massacre and violence, is so terrible and complicated a thing that it is absolutely beyond my strength." And again: "The immense danger of the city must not be forgotten, cannonaded incessantly when they fire from St. Elmo. Meanwhile the populace and many convicts who are come to fight for the king, and eighty confounded Turks are robbing and sacking with impunity. All the gentry are taking flight into the country. Our better sort of soldiers are guarding their houses against the sack, but in vain. Often the pretext is jacobinism, that is the name they put upon it, but in truth it is the lust of robbery that often creates jacobin proprietors. I found the same thing in smaller towns. To the cry of *Viva il Re!* they dare anything with impunity. It seems that the consideration of these things might make us clement towards the rascals who are shut up in the castles, and compassionate with the many refugees and prisoners who are locked in with them." Ruffo wrote this on the 21st, when the capitulation was in progress.[1]

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[1] Arch. Stor. XIX. 3, p. 505.

On the 19th the articles were finally agreed upon, signed by the commandants of the two castles and by Ruffo and the Russian and Turkish plenipotentiaries; on the 21st they were ratified by Méjean; on the 22nd they were sent to Captain Foote, who returned them, signed, on the 23rd.

The treaty of capitulation consisted of ten articles, which provided principally that the castles were to be handed over to the allied troops. The persons composing the garrisons were to take their choice of being carried with their property under safe-conduct to Toulon, or of remaining unmolested in the city. The garrisons were to retain the castles until the vessels should be ready to set sail for Toulon. They were to be allowed the honours of war, and all the hostages and prisoners of State whom they held in the castles were to be set free immediately upon the signing of the articles. Four royalist hostages were sent into St. Elmo as a guarantee for the observance of the treaty, and were to be detained until the republicans should have arrived at Toulon.

The terms were probably drawn up by Micheroux, who, during all the months he had spent in the royal service in Puglia, had constantly advocated a lenient policy towards the republicans. He never hesitated to make quite clear to Ruffo how completely he disapproved of his system of stirring up and letting loose the worst passions of the people, and abandoning the most sacred prerogatives of justice into the hands of a mob of brutal and ignorant peasants. He had foreseen what the results might be of the arrival of the Sanfedisti at Naples, and had urged Ruffo towards the end of May to send a herald to Naples, with an offer of terms of surrender which he then drew up for Ruffo's approval—terms as indulgent towards the republicans as those which were eventually granted. This plan he again urged a week later.[1]

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[1] Arch. Stor. XIX. 3, p. 507.

Ruffo, always jealous of the interference of Micheroux, had replied drily that if his excellency had analogous instructions from the Court, he was welcome to carry out his plan, with which the cardinal professed himself delighted—with the proviso, however, that these were but his own personal sentiments, and that he did not see that he, Ruffo, was authorised to promise such conditions.

The cardinal, in fact, knew very well how contrary such a proceeding would be to the wishes repeatedly expressed by the king, and more especially the queen, during the last months; and no doubt he hoped he might yet be able to dispense with terms of any kind by sheer force of numbers. His coarser moral fibre and less sensitive imagination prevented his realising, as Micheroux did, the full nature of the weapons he was using and the inevitable consequences. The sequel proved Micheroux to be in the right, and Ruffo, sick to death of slaughter and violence, came to welcome any measure that promised a return of peace and order. The objections and prohibitions of the Court at Palermo faded into insignificance before the dreadful realities and imminent perils of the situation.

The king and queen from the outset had never entertained for one moment the notion of pardon. It may be said that the meaning of this word was not in the royal dictionary. Witness the following complicated and most characteristic royal sentiment, written while Ruffo was before Naples:[2] "As a Christian I pardon everybody; but as he whom God has placed in my position, I must be a rigorous avenger of the offences committed against Him, and of the harm done to the State and to so many poor unfortunates"—only, of course, on the royalist side.

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[1] Arch. Stor. XIX. 2, p. 274, *et seq.*

[2] DUMAS, IV., p. 253.

Nevertheless, clear as are the intentions and real sentiments of the king, judging from his letters alone, there is no great reason to think that Ferdinand, safe in Sicily and busy with his new country house and his hunting and fishing, while his vicar did all the disagreeable work, would have felt very deeply indignant at the fact or at the terms of the capitulation which gave him back his kingdom with so little further trouble. Ferdinand hated to be bothered. "Your dear Father," the queen had written at the end of January to the empress,[1] "whether from religion or resignation, keeps well and is content, he has taken a pretty little country house, builds and gardens, in the evenings goes to the theatre or the masquerade, is cheerful, and I admire him. Naples, as far as he is concerned, might be the land of the Hottentots [*Naples est pour lui comme les Hottentots*], he does not give it another thought." Religion and resignation had of course nothing to do with it; Ferdinand only wanted to enjoy himself and not be frightened. The dreadful fright he had had made him vindictive when his supposed enemies were in his power; but had not the queen and Acton perpetually worked upon that "very proper sense of danger" which Sir Arthur Paget wittily attributed to him, it is easy to believe that at this time Ferdinand might have been led to acquiesce in the capitulation.

The queen, however, who lived pen in hand, and never lost an opportunity of expressing her feelings on paper, was far more fiercely implacable than the king. At the same time her letters cannot be said to carry all the authority of those of Ferdinand, and in fact she often concludes her most violent expressions of opinion with a submission of all she has said to Ruffo's superior judgment. At the same time Ruffo knew whose counsels would prevail as long as the queen was at Palermo.

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[1] HELFERT: *Fab. Ruffo*, p. 530.

But even in the queen's letters the general idea is of banishment, of a complete "purgation" of the realm "of a few thousands who will not add much to the force of France"—*i.e.* by being exiled thither. "We must hunt down, destroy, annihilate, and transport the evil growth that poisons the rest," she had written in April.

"I cannot change my principle," she wrote again in May; "the population will not suffer for a few hundreds the less of infected persons; as for gaps among the nobles, we can create new ones, . . . but the branded, proved traitors all go for ever from the country they have betrayed, men and women without remorse. . . . I have wished to express my sentiments from which I shall never deviate." In the same letter she gives a curious reason for her opinion that extreme rigour must be used—namely, that the republicans are "not guilty of the treason of having given allegiance to a sovereign not their own, but of subversion of all the principles of Religion, duty, and gratitude," wherefore she considers that clemency would be taken by them for mere weakness, and the throne would not have one instant of safety or tranquillity. Still more explicitly she wrote on May 23rd: "The king, as a Christian and a Father can and ought to pardon his infamous, rascally and most ungrateful subjects and do them good, but he must not make a compact or armistice with them which would have an air of fear." And again, in the same strain, in a letter of June 14th, which must have reached Ruffo at the very time that the capitulation was in progress: "I long ardently to hear that Naples is taken, and negotiations entered into with St. Elmo and its French Commandant, but no treaty with our rebel subjects. The king in his clemency will pardon them, diminish their punishments of his goodness, but never capitulate nor treat with criminal rebels who are at their last gasp, and even if they wished cannot do any harm, being like mice in a trap. If it is found to be for the good of the State, I would pardon them, but not treat with such low and despicable scoundrels. Such is my opinion, which I submit like all the others to your lights and experience . . ."[1]

Here the queen again submits her opinion to Ruffo's judgment and knowledge, while she underrates the power of the rebels to do harm, unless by harm she merely understood, as is indeed likely enough, harm to the throne. Moreover, even pardon must be offered, unless the castles were to be assaulted and the garrisons taken out by force.

The republicans, meanwhile, had been prepared for less advantageous terms, as may be seen in Colletta's autobiography. General Massa, he says, when the proposals for a treaty were being considered, was asked by the representatives of the Government in Castel Nuovo to report upon the condition of the defences. Massa replied frankly that, were he the assailant, he could reduce the castle in two hours. The majority of that mixed garrison were completely demoralised, and could think of nothing but saving themselves; but the real republicans were for fighting to the last, that their ruin might be complete.

Pietro Colletta, then a very young artillery officer, was one of the garrison. In spite of the difference in their age and standing, it was to him that General Massa turned for support in his efforts to persuade the republicans to capitulate. Colletta became, as he says, the orator, Massa the supporter of terms of peace. The difficulties were great, and the disputants nearly came to blows among themselves; but Massa prevailed, and was deputed to negotiate.

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[1] DUMAS, IV., p. 46. From all which letters the feelings of the queen are evident enough. But it is useless to search them for logical reasoning or clear instructions. How curious the argument, for instance, that the republicans are to be punished, not for treason, but for subversion of religion and ingratitude; the king, meanwhile, *as a Christian ought to pardon*, but is to lay aside his Christian character in order to punish men for subversion of religion!

As he went out he said to Colletta: "You see that I advocated peace, and that now I am going to arrange the treaty. In the abject condition to which we are reduced I think it impossible that the lives of all can be saved. The enemy will demand a few victims, and I shall grant them as a condition of peace, provided that I be the first. A few of us will lose; all the rest will be saved. I prefer the lives of any two citizens to my own."

While the vessels were being prepared for the embarkation of the republicans, it appears that the prisoners and hostages whom they held were released. The four hostages for the guarantee of the treaty of capitulation were sent into St. Elmo, and a great number of persons who did not intend embarking for Toulon left the castles and went into the city. On the 24th De Nicola noted in his diary: "The departure of the patriots is certain, and to-night the Palace will be evacuated; now they are only employed in selling their remaining property."

Towards evening on the 24th upwards of a score of white sails appeared off the point of Posilipo. Those in the castles who had been for prolonging resistance, thinking the long-desired and long-expected Gallo-Spanish fleet was in sight, began reproaching the peace party for their precipitation in coming to terms with the enemy. They were soon undeceived; it was the English fleet under Nelson which, late in the afternoon, anchored in the bay.

By the morning of the 25th it seems that some of the patriots encamped under San Martino, included by Ruffo in the terms of the capitulation,[1] left their position and dispersed to their homes; certain it is that the temporary shedding which had sheltered them there was taken down that day by the French.[1]

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[1] NICOLAS: *Despatches*, III. Appendix, p. 481. Ruffo to Captain Foote.

Meanwhile a new element had come to disturb the peaceful course of events. Before the English ships had cast anchor, an English boat reached the shore of the Maddalena bearing a letter to Ruffo, written by Sir William Hamilton on board the *Foudroyant*, June 24th, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

In this letter the British Minister informed the cardinal that Lord Nelson had just received from Captain Foote a copy of the capitulation his eminence had thought fit to make with the castles, that Nelson entirely disapproved of the capitulation, and was determined not to remain neutral with the force under his command. Further, that Nelson had sent Captains Troubridge and Ball to explain his sentiments to the cardinal, who, he hoped, would be ready to act in concert with him next day at dawn.[2]

Ruffo, believing that a personal interview would be the best means of setting matters clearly before Nelson, embarked in the English boat and went on board the *Foudroyant* that same evening. Here he was received by Nelson in company with Sir William Hamilton and his wife. The conversation was carried on in French, and Ruffo, giving a detailed account of the circumstances of the taking of Naples, explained the reasons which had led him and the allied powers into making and signing the treaty of capitulation. And now he found that the matter was more serious than he had imagined, and that even when it was explained to him that the treaty was an accomplished fact, Nelson still persisted in his utter refusal to acknowledge its validity.

"Kings don't treat with their rebel subjects," said Hamilton, and Nelson agreed.

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 252. *Diario*, Arch. Stor. XXIV. 3, p. 213.

[2] SACCHINELLI, p. 248.

"Even if it be well not to treat," Ruffo replied, "when once a treaty is made, they are obliged to observe it"; but he found he was speaking to deaf ears.

Nelson, completely ignorant of the situation, saturated with the ideas of the Court, with the two conscienceless Hamiltons at his elbow, completely fallen as he was under the spells and deceits of the queen and of the beautiful Emma, her wily agent, was already most deeply prejudiced against Ruffo, and in company with the queen and the sanfedisti saw nothing but Jacobinism and treason in the sense and humanity of the cardinal; and where the king, the queen, and Acton, not from policy nor from humanity, but from fear, might have come to give way and let the treaty pass, Nelson knew no policy but his own rough-and-ready opinion—his humanity had nothing to say to rebels, and with him fear was of course out of the question.

The cruel tiger-instincts of the cowards crouching at Palermo, sheltered behind the ample skirts of the British fleet, behind the borrowed strength and recklessness of their great ally, were now able to claim full play.

Ruffo at last said that he would consult the other representatives of the allied powers and take their opinion, and so the interview closed that evening. Ruffo lost no time in consulting Micheroux and the Russian and Turkish commanders. They were unanimous in indignantly repudiating any infraction of a treaty already concluded, which they further declared "*useful, necessary and honourable* to the arms of the King of the two Sicilies and of his powerful allies the King of Great Britain, the Emperor of all the Russias and the sublime Porte, *because without further blood-shed that treaty put an end to the deadly civil and national war, and facilitated the expulsion of the common foreign enemy from the kingdom. . . .*"

It seems strange that the British admiral could not enter into these sentiments, and could continue, then and always, to call the treaty *infamous*, as Nelson did, His amazing blindness to the real proportions of things at Naples can only be accounted for by the extraordinary influence now so long exerted upon him by the queen, working through and around his two master-passions, his mortal personal hatred of the French and his unmeasured admiration and love for Lady Hamilton—two master-passions indeed that left room for little else in a mind kept narrow by ignorance and vanity. No one supposes that he deliberately sacrificed the patriots to the caprice of his mistress, or that he consciously laid under her feet one particle of his own or his country's honour. But he had become one in heart and soul with his most unworthy friends at Palermo, and was absolutely incapable of criticism, or of seeing and judging things from any point of view but theirs, his own temper the while inclining him to the utmost severity.

Ruffo found himself brought up against a wall.

On the 25th Nelson, brushing aside the protest of the allies with the mere remark that he would "always keep in view the honour of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, as well as that of the King his own sovereign,"[1] sent Ruffo a "Declaration" by the hands of Captains Troubridge and Ball, to be handed in to the rebels in the two castles: "Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, K.B., Commander of His Britannic Majesty's Fleet in the Bay of Naples, acquaints the rebellious subjects of His Sicilian Majesty in the Castles of Uovo and Nuovo that he will not permit them to embark or quit those places. They must surrender themselves to His Majesty's royal mercy.[2]

Ruffo would send in no such paper, and on being asked by Troubridge whether, if Nelson broke the armistice, he would help him in his attack on the castles, he replied shortly and clearly that he would assist neither with men nor guns; and further wrote to Nelson to say "that if he would not recognise the treaty of capitulation of the castles of Naples, into which, among the other contracting parties, an English officer had solemnly entered in the name of the King of Great Britain, the sole responsibility rested with him; and that if the execution of such treaty were prevented, he, the Cardinal, would restore the enemy to the condition in which they were before the signing of the treaty; and finally he would withdraw his troops from the positions they had latterly occupied, and would entrench himself with all his army, leaving the English to conquer the enemy with their own forces."[1]

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[1] *Diaries and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. George Rose, Containing Original Letters of the most Distinguished Statesmen of his Day*, edited by the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt. 2 vols. R. Bentley, 1860, I., p. 237.

[2] *Despatches*, III., pp. 386, 392.

After a morning spent in fruitless discussion and much going to and fro, Ruffo went once more on board the *Foudroyant*. A long and stormy interview followed, in which Nelson "used every argument" to convince Ruffo that the capitulation was annulled by the arrival of the British fleet. The cardinal was in nowise to be persuaded. After two hours' discussion, obstinate on both sides, Nelson drew up his final opinion in writing and gave it to the cardinal: "Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, who arrived in the Bay of Naples on the 24th June with the British Fleet, found a Treaty entered into with the Rebels, which he is of opinion ought not to be carried into execution without the approbation of His Sicilian Majesty."

This opinion gave a somewhat different aspect to the matter, and if Ruffo and the other parties to the treaty had regarded it as a question still in any part open, they might have agreed to await the decision from Palermo. But they held the treaty binding, and Ruffo, foreseeing greater difficulties and dreading the consequences of delay, resolved to try another expedient. He wrote a letter to General Massa, the commandant of Castel

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 254.

Nuovo, to say that, "although he and the representatives of the Allies held the treaty of the capitulation of the Castles to be sacred and inviolable, nevertheless the Rear-Admiral of the British Squadron would not recognise it; and as it was within the option of the garrisons to avail themselves of article 5 of the treaty, as the patriots of the hill of San Martino had done, who had all left by land, so he sent them this information, in order that on consideration that the English had command of the sea, the garrisons might take the resolution that best pleased them."[1]

But the republicans had no faith whatever in Ruffo, and saw here nothing but a trap. From the outset of the negotiations their greatest anxiety had been to secure the signature of the English commander as a guarantee of the solidity of the capitulation. Massa accordingly sent the following reply:

"We have given your letter that interpretation which it deserved. Staunch, however, to our duty, we shall religiously observe the articles of the treaty, persuaded that a similar obligation must bind all the parties who have solemnly intervened to contract it. For the rest we shall not allow ourselves to be either surprised or intimidated, and we shall resume a hostile attitude if it happens that you drive us by force so to do. Meanwhile, as our capitulation was dictated by the Commandant of St. Elmo, you will be so good as to arrange at once an escort to accompany our envoy to that fortress, to consult with the French Commandant, and give you eventually a more precise reply."

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 252. That this asserted departure of the patriots of San Martino was only partly, if at all, true is shown by an entry in the *Diario* for June 27th: "A quantity of carriages and cars [*canestre*] have come down from St. Elmo, which were going to be embarked. . . . Many others of them have been arrested and carried to the Bridge, among whom is, I hear, Don Giorgio Pigliacelli who was Minister of Justice under the pseudo-Republic." [Note the change: lately our friend wrote of the *ex-queen*; now we have the *pseudo-Republic*!] So that if the patriots of San Martino did take advantage of the capitulation, it is evident that for many of them this ambiguous "going away by land" only led them into the arms of the enemy. Pigliacelli was hanged eventually.

Whether any consultation took place or not with the French commander there is at present no clear evidence to show.

Sacchinelli glides over the break here, after his crafty fashion, leaving the reader to complete the episode as best he may. But Sacchinelli is not the only actor or spectator in those scenes who professes to give us a record of what happened. On August 15th of that year, within two months after the arrival of Nelson at Naples, one of the French lieutenants who had served under Méjean in St. Elmo published in France a *Historical Memoir of all the Events, political and military, which took place in Naples from the departure of the French army until the surrender of Fort St. Elmo.*[1] This memoir, written by Lieutenant Bocquet at Marseilles, was signed by fourteen of his brother officers of the 27th *mezza-brigata* light infantry, five of whom were captains. Bocquet gives the text of the capitulation in full, with a preamble which, it now appears by the *Compendio* of Micheroux, was added by Méjean to the original draft. If General Massa had come, or sent an envoy, on the 25th, with proposals for setting the treaty aside, and if, further, Méjean and his council of war had agreed to these proposals, and to the acceptance, therefore, of Ruffo's suggestion that the republicans should all quietly abandon the castles and walk into the city, full as it was of their triumphant enemies, it is incredible that Bocquet should ignore it. Micheroux, in his very clear and orderly account, makes no allusion to any such proposal; if he knew of it, he can but have regarded it as a good-natured but short-sighted subterfuge on Ruffo's part, on a par with his ignorance of official technicality and correctness.

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[1] CONFORTI: *La Repubblica Napoletana e l' Anarchia Regia* Cap. IV. and Cap. VI., p. 131.

In spite, however, of the very decided reply of General Massa, Ruffo determined to give the republicans another chance of accepting his offer. About half an hour before sunset a herald with a trumpet announced "the surrender of the Castles Nuovo and dell' Uovo agreed upon with the commander of St. Elmo, and the public were warned not to molest either the persons or the property of all those who should be about to issue from the Castles and their neighbourhood, not even with words, on pain of being shot."[1]

But although this announcement calmed the public apprehension of a renewal of hostilities, and was received with joy and celebrated by an illumination in the town, it had no effect whatever upon the situation between Ruffo and the republicans.

To add to Ruffo's agitation and anxiety, he now perceived that powerful mischief was brewing underhand against his authority, supported most evidently by an authority greater than his on board one of the vessels of the British fleet. A number of *capi-realisti*, or royalist leaders, were going about the city, followed by a mob of armed *lazzari*, arresting whom they chose, and carrying their victims to the sea and so to Procida, thus avoiding the chance of their being saved by the cardinal. Wherever they found Ruffo's edict of the 15th, forbidding the molestation of any citizen not found actually fighting against the royal arms, on pain of death, and commanding respect for the white flag, they tore it down and began to murmur loudly, declaring that the cardinal must be a Jacobin and that these measures had been only for the protection of Jacobins.[1] These *capi-lazzari*, Sacchinelli says, were set on by the English. In the light of this assertion it is interesting to compare with his account Lady Hamilton's letter of July 19th to Mr. Greville:[2]

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[1] *Diario* for June 25th, Arch. Stor. Nap., XXIV. 3, pp. 212, 213. This "surrender" evidently alludes to the original capitulation. On the early morning following the arrival of the English fleet, De Nicola says, "Now we may hope for certain that the capitulation will be carried out." Later in the day he speaks of the rumours to the contrary, and of the *delay in the publication of the terms*. At last in the evening he notes their publication by a herald, and the general satisfaction in consequence.

"The Queen is not come. She sent me as her Deputy; for I am very popular, speak the Neapolitan language, and [am] considered, with Sir William, the friend of the people. . . . We arrived before the King 14 days, and I had privately seen all the Loyal party, and having the head of the Lazerony an old friend, he came in the night of our arrival, and told me he had 90 thousand Lazeronis ready, at the holding up of his finger, with . . .[3] with arms. *Lord Nelson, to whom I enterpreted, got a large supply of arms for the rest*, and they were deposited with this man. In the meantime, the[4] . . . were waiting in orders. The bombs we sent into St. Elmo were returned, and the citty in confusion. I sent for Hispali,[5] the Head of the Lazeroni, and told him, in great confidence, that the King wou'd be soon at Naples, and that all we required of him was to keep the citty quiet for ten days from that moment. We give him onely one hundred of our marine troops. These brave men kept all the town in order. . . ."

The fact is that Lady Hamilton's and Nelson's "Lazerony" came to blows in the streets with Ruffo's Sanfedisti, and the "order" they kept so bravely was a renewal of the arrests and the sack of the days before the armistice.

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 254.

[2] JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, Vol. II., pp. 109, 110.

[3] Gap in Mr. Jeaffreson's copy.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] This is an impossible name, whether so written by Lady Hamilton or mistaken by the copyist.

At daybreak on the 26th[1] Nelson sent in to the castles on his own account the "Declaration" which Ruffo had declined to send, but said Nelson could send if he chose;[2] and Ruffo, aware that the declaration had been sent in, now clung to the faint hope that the republicans, seeing their case desperate, might possibly agree to surrender unconditionally, and thus relieve him and the allies of all further responsibility. At the same time the cardinal sent in a note, signed by himself and the Russian commander, warning the garrisons that the troops (hitherto guarding the castles against the danger of an assault during the armistice) would now retire to their original positions.

This sudden withdrawal of the troops from about the castles caused instantly the utmost terror in the city, under the apprehension that the armistice was at an end and a general bombardment about to begin, so that in a few hours thousands of persons left Naples.[3]

"Great has been the agitation and great the movement this morning in Naples," wrote De Nicola. "It is rumoured that the troops of His Majesty are insisting absolutely on the evacuation of the Castles by eleven o'clock, that the Jacobins refuse, and that all is being prepared for an assault upon St. Elmo. This has caused a number of people to leave the city, lest they should again find themselves in the midst of the firing from St. Elmo."[4]

Rumours were circulating as to there being mines under the castles and the palace, which added infinitely to the general alarm; that this was not unfounded, the *Compendio* now reveals to us: "The most desperate in Castel Nuovo," writes Micheroux in his *précis* of what occurred during those few momentous days, "had torn up the last step over the powder-magazine in order to be able, in the last extremity, to throw in a match; and we have since learned that Manthonè himself, grown less violent than the rest, had mounted on permanent guard there to prevent the execution of such a horrible design."[1]

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[1] *Compendio* in Arch. Stor. Nap., XXIV. 4, p. 460

[2] *Despatches*, III., p. 386.

[3] *Compendio*, p. 460.

[4] *Diario* for June 26th.

These things show that the idea of unconditional surrender was never at any time entertained by the patriots; no offer of Ruffo's, no explanation of the views of the British admiral, no threats, had power to move them from their position as parties to the signed treaty, for the due execution of which they were waiting. In this position was their only hope, and they did wisely in not abandoning it.

On this same morning of the 26th, contradictory rumours reached Naples of military action at Capua. De Nicola notes the news of the taking of Capua by the royalists, with great slaughter, news which he rectifies next day, reporting only a sortie of the garrison. Ruffo, meanwhile, heard that the Jacobins and French in Capua, reinforced by the desperate fugitives from Naples, had attacked the royalist troops, defeated them, taken all the artillery and powder, and were marching on Caserta. He wrote this news to Nelson, pointing out how necessary it was to bring matters in Naples to some conclusion, and to disembark troops for that purpose and for the defence of the city. "I consign to your Excellency the disposition of everything," he wrote in conclusion, "and your orders can be given to the Captain General the Duke of Salandra, but the assistance must be immediate."[2] Ruffo now resigned himself to Nelson's violent policy, it seems, under the apprehension that delay might cause still greater disasters; he withdrew his troops, and apparently expected hostilities to begin again.

A further source of pressure and disquiet were the hostages in St. Elmo, who wrote that they were in imminent danger of being hanged because of the delay in executing the treaty.[1]

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[1] *Compendio*, p. 458.

[2] F. P. BADHAM: *Nelson at Naples*, p. 21, notes.

And now occurred that curious and sudden change in Nelson's attitude which no historical documents have as yet been sufficient perfectly to explain, while those that gradually come to light serve more and more to confirm the belief that, somewhere, treachery was resorted to.

Certain it is that by ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th Micheroux received a letter from the cardinal to say that "as Lord Nelson had consented to carry out [*porre ad effetto*] the Capitulation, I was to replace the Russian troops in the posts they had abandoned. In proof of this his Eminence sent me urgently the accompanying documents by Lord Nelson[2] for the safety of the garrisons, but as these trusted in my simple word, I had no occasion to make use of them."[3]

The letter which the cardinal had received was the following, in French, written early that morning by Hamilton:

"Lord Nelson begs me to assure your Eminence that he is resolved to do nothing which can break the armistice which your Eminence has accorded to the Castles of Naples."

This letter was brought by Captains Troubridge and Ball, who either wrote or dictated the following declaration in Italian:

"Captains Troubridge and Ball have authority on the part of Lord Nelson to declare to his Eminence that his Lordship will not oppose the embarkation of the rebels and of the people who compose the garrisons of the Castles Nuovo and dell' Ovo——"[4]

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[1] F. P. BADHAM: *Nelson at Naples*, p. 21, notes.

[2] As this *Compendio* is the private note of Micheroux for the memorial he wrote to Acton, the original documents, or copies of them, naturally went with the complete memorial, and no duplicates were found with the original memoranda.

[3] *Compendio*, p. 460.

[4] Facsimile given by Sacchinelli at the end of his book.

CASTEL DELL' OVO.

[To face p. 296.

Troubridge, says Sacchinelli,[1] declined to sign this paper, saying that their credentials only authorised them to treat by word of mouth on military matters, and not by writing on matters of diplomacy.

The two documents which the cardinal sent to Micheroux, but which Micheroux himself says he did not show to the republicans because they were satisfied with his simple word, seem evidently to have been Hamilton's letter and the unsigned paper brought by the two captains. Sacchinelli here also is inexact, and the inexactitude serves his own side as usual. The facsimile given at the end of his book does not correspond with his version of it in the text. The facsimile goes no further than to say, as we have seen, "that his Lordship will not oppose the embarkation of the rebels, etc."; while Sacchinelli in his text, professing to give the same document, puts it, "*Rear-Admiral Nelson will not prevent* [*non impedisce—i.e.* literally, does not prevent] *the carrying out of the capitulation of the Castles Nuovo and dell' Uovo,*" while expressly saying that the lithograph at the end of his book is a facsimile of this paper. It is impossible to believe that if Sacchinelli had the originals of two distinct papers he would not have chosen for reproduction the one which gave the stronger support to his cause, Sacchinelli's object throughout being to clear Ruffo and the Bourbon king (from whom he received a pension) from blame in the matter of the castles.

After noting that Troubridge would not sign the paper, he proceeds thus:

"The Cardinal, although he suspected there might be here some treachery [*mala fede*], not wishing to wrangle [*contrastare*] with those two Captains, took no further measure beyond deputing the Minister Micheroux to accompany those two Captains to the Castles to arrange with the republican commanders the execution of the articles agreed upon. . . .

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[1] SACCHINELLI, pp. 255, 256. In fact, the signature by Troubridge of a paper declaring his own authority from Nelson could have had no meaning; the only valid signature, of course, would have been Nelson's or possibly Hamilton's.

"After an hour or two Micheroux reported to the Cardinal that, thanks to God, all had been arranged by common consent.

"The English themselves carried out that treaty which at first they would not recognise."

Sacchinelli makes no attempt to explain why Ruffo did not wish "to wrangle with those two Captains." Seeing how equivocal were the terms both of Sir W. Hamilton's letter and of the unsigned message the captains presented, nothing could have been more natural, and indeed imperatively necessary, than immediate discussion and insistence on more precise orders. Sacchinelli admits that the cardinal suspected some trick, but glides on as though that were a trifle, merely alleging Ruffo's reluctance to discuss with the two officers. This is such a glaringly flimsy artifice that the simplest reader is brought up short, and, like the cardinal, suspects bad faith.

Micheroux saw the two documents, but he received, besides, a letter from Ruffo declaring that Nelson had "*consented to carry out the capitulation*"—as far as our evidence goes, an arbitrary and exaggerated rendering of the purport of the two shifty documents he had received. Micheroux, therefore, had some excuse for acting without suspicion, his own note showing that he acted rather on the cardinal's letter than on the two documents enclosed in it—documents, whatever they were, which the patriots did not even see, so that neither could any suspicion of bad faith reasonably enter their minds.[1]

The result was that the patriots who had chosen exile and a safe conduct to Toulon were all embarked that day, with their effects, on board the transports, which had been partly prepared for the purpose. Of the evacuation of Castel dell' Ovo we have the formal report of the officer who took possession in the name of the King of the Two Sicilies.[1] Ninety-five chose to embark, and thirty-four to return to their homes in the town, which latter step was to be effected under cover of night. The evacuation of Castel Nuovo seems to have been more precipitate,[2] although there is some evidence that the Russians, at any rate, yielded the honours of war to the garrison, as they went out by the side of the arsenal, while the English came in from the other side to take possession.[3]

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[1] *Compendio*, p. 460.

So that it appears that while Micheroux and the republicans, on the one side, were actually carrying out in all good faith the capitulation, the English gave no honours of war and took possession of the castles. Those who had chosen to remain were detained in the castles[4]; those who embarked, as is notorious, were never suffered to sail, and very early in the morning of the 28th the transports were brought under the guns of the castles, and of the English ships, and made fast.

The question, as yet unsolved, is here, who played the trick which resulted in the evacuation of the castles? and of the chief actors—Nelson, the Hamiltons, Ruffo, and Micheroux—how many were privy to the cheat?

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 257.

[2] See the letter of Albanese, SACCHINELLI, p. 262. Pepe speaks of the garrisons being "hurried and driven" down to the ships; but he was shut up in the *granili* at the time, so that his evidence cannot weigh against that of men who were actually of the garrison. See MARESCA, Arch. Stor. Nap., XIX. 3, p. 527.

[3] F. P. BADHAM: *Nelson at Naples*, p. 43.

[4] Arch. Stor., XIX. 3, p. 526.

CHAPTER XV

THE GREAT QUESTION

Who played the trick ?—Hamilton ; his letters and despatch—Nelson ; his account ; incoherent ; possible construction ; his attitude of mind towards the republicans ; his ferocity—He is dupe of the queen and Lady Hamilton—The Court policy ; its stupidity—Ruffo ; was he deceived ?—Flaw in his case—The queen's ignorance of character—Racioppi's verdict.

MICHEROUX, it appears, acted in good faith ; but what of the other three ?

Whatever the precise arrangement was, and whatever share each party had in it, it appears evident from the correspondence that passed between Naples and Palermo that the idea originated with the Hamiltons. Hamilton, in fact, wrote to Acton [1] on June 27th :

"Your Excellency will have seen by my last letter that the opinions of the Cardinal and Lord Nelson by no means agree. However, after good reflection, Lord Nelson authorised me to write to his Eminence yesterday [2] morning early, to certify to him that he would do nothing to break the armistice which his Eminence had thought proper to conclude with the rebels shut up in the Castles Nuovo and Dell' Uovo—and that his Lordship was ready to give him every assistance of which the fleet placed under his orders was capable, and which his Eminence might think necessary for the good service of his Sicilian Majesty. That produced the best possible effect. Naples had been upside down in the apprehension that Lord Nelson might break the armistice; now all is calm. . . .

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[1] DUMAS, IV., pp. 87–89, *et seq.*

[2] This letter must have been written on the 26th, and it should run here *this morning*. Dumas may have misunderstood or misread the word in English, and have fitted the date to it, or mistaken the date by accident. But there is no doubt as to when the letter was written, as he speaks of the rebels as embarking "this evening"—*i.e.* the 26th.

"It has been necessary for me to interpose between the Cardinal and Lord Nelson, or else all would have been lost from the first day, and the Cardinal has written to thank me, as well as Lady Hamilton . . . however, now we act in perfect accord with the Cardinal, for all that we always think and feel exactly as we did when we arrived here in regard to the treaty concluded by his Eminence. If one can't do exactly what one wishes, one must act for the best; and that is what Lord Nelson has done; I hope therefore that the result will be approved by their Sicilian Majesties."

And again on the 28th Hamilton writes to Acton:

"Lord Nelson, concluding that his Sicilian Majesty has totally disapproved of all that the Cardinal has done in contradiction to his instructions as regards the rebels of the Castles, and those rebels further being on board of 12 or 14 transports . . . Lord Nelson has believed himself sufficiently authorised to seize the transports and have them anchored in the middle of the British squadron, where they will remain at the disposal of his Majesty."

Dumas here unfortunately omits something, and resumes:[1]

" . . . Matters could not have been going worse for their Sicilian Majesties than they were going before this resolution was taken. In our mind this [resolution] was most necessary for the decorum of their Majesties. I have reason to believe that we have Cirillo and all the greatest traitors on board the transports and that the *coup* will have been totally unexpected, as will be the arrival here of their Majesties . . . "

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[1] It looks as though the passage omitted by Dumas in quoting this letter might give the missing clue, and make it clear what exact resolution was taken, left a mystery by the letter as it stands.

There is nothing to show in this letter, as Dumas gives it, exactly who it was by whom the *coup* was totally unexpected—by the republicans certainly; whether also by Ruffo is not clear, but there is room for such an interpretation. That Hamilton was completely prejudiced against Ruffo, and disliked and mistrusted him to the full as much as Nelson did (if indeed he was not himself the well-spring of Nelson's sentiments in this as in other matters), an extract from his letter of the same evening will show:

"If I were to tell all that I hear of the conduct of the Cardinal and of the encouragement given to those who have been proved beyond doubt to be jacobins and to have had posts, and to have been actually serving in the artillery under the Republic, I should not finish my letter . . . that his Eminence is governed by Padre Severino and others whose principles are well known to be anti-monarchical,—that every protection is given in Naples to those noble families who are most decided enemies of his Sicilian Majesty. . . ."

The tone of these letters is reproduced strongly in Hamilton's despatch to Lord Grenville, dated from the *Foudroyant* July 14th, while the despatch itself is a tissue of misstatements throughout, to whatever reason the inaccuracy may be due. The first thing that is clear, after reading the whole account, is that Hamilton considered it a defensible and even honourable proceeding to take advantage of the capitulation, by which (according to his statement) the republicans were already embarked and on the point of sailing, to seize them all, and convert the transports into prison-ships.

After preparing the ground by calling the treaty *shameful,* and saying that its execution would have sullied for ever the honour of their Sicilian Majesties; further, by asserting that Ruffo's "*ambitious views were certainly to* *favour the nobles, put himself at their head, re-establish the feudal system and oppress the People,*" etc., Hamilton proceeds:

"When we anchor'd in this Bay the 24th of June the Capitulation of the Castles had in some measure taken place. Fourteen large Polacks or Transport vessels had taken on board out of the Castles the most conspicuous and criminal of the Neapolitan Rebells, that had chosen to go to Toulon, the others had already been permitted with their property to return to their own homes in this Kingdom, and Hostages selected from the first Royalist nobility of Naples had been sent into the Castle of St. Elmo that commands the city of Naples. . . .

"Lord Nelson on our first interview with Cardinal Ruffo told His Eminency without any reserve, in what an infamous light he viewed the Treaty, and how disgracefull it would be to their Sicilian Majesties, whose opinion and Intentions we both knew were directly contrary to such a Treaty [capitulation], which if carried into execution wou'd dishonour their Majesties for ever. (The Cardinal persisted in the support of what was done as His Eminency said to prevent the Capital from becoming a heap of stones.)

"There was no time to be lost, for the Transport vessels were on the point of sailing for Toulon, when Lord Nelson order'd all the boats of His Squadron to be mann'd and armed and to bring those vessels with all the Rebells on board directly under the sterns of His ships, and there they remain, having taken out and secured on board of His Majesty's ships, the most guilty chiefs of the Rebellion. Lord Nelson assured the Cardinal at the same time that He did not mean to do any act contrary to His Eminency's Treaty, but as that Treaty cou'd not be valid until it had been ratified by His Sicilian Majesty His Lordship's meaning, was only to secure His Majesty's Rebellious subjects untill His Majesty's further pleasure shou'd be known. . . ."

Put in this way by Hamilton, the trick played upon the garrisons disappears altogether, and only violence is obvious, committed upon men who were defenceless only because their safety was guaranteed by the treaty. The action which Hamilton thus attributes to his own dear friend is sufficiently abominable, and the morality of the thing is not affected by the fact that the despatch is completely incorrect as to dates and details. It has been suggested, in excuse for this inaccuracy, that it is due to the age and broken faculties of the writer and the lapse of some two to three weeks since the events occurred which the letter misrepresents. The more one studies the despatch, the less tenable becomes such a view. Comparing what we know did really happen with Hamilton's account of what did not happen, his wits appear to be infinitely less at fault than his sense of truth and his sense of honour. The statement that *the transports were on the point of sailing* appears to be deliberately introduced so that the idea that *there was no time to be lost* may carry all before it; just as the rebels are said to be already embarked, so that the question as to how they came to embark can never arise.

It seems impossible indeed that all the long and heated discussions, the trafficking to and fro, the delays and anxieties, described by Hamilton himself in writing to Acton, should so soon have escaped his memory, particularly when he and his wife took such especial credit for their own share in removing the obstacle to agreement.

Hamilton, to judge him by his own letters and by this despatch, may well have been the inventor of the clever dodge which betrayed a hundred men better than he to a violent death, while it cast an indelible reproach on the name of the heroic man who listened to his counsel, and on the country whose most unworthy representative he was.[1]

In answer to Ruffo's letters of "most copious thanks"

[1] Lord Grenville seems to have taken his own view of Hamilton's conduct at this time; within a year [July 4th, 1800] we find him

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

[*To face p.* 304.

for his assistance in carrying out the treaty, Hamilton replied on the 27th:[1]

"It is with great pleasure that I receive the note of your Eminence. We are all equally bent on the true service of his Sicilian Majesty, and of the good cause. Different characters express themselves in different ways. Thank God, all goes well, and I can assure your Eminence Lord Nelson congratulates himself upon the decision he took not to interrupt the operations of your Eminence, but to assist you with all his power to conclude the affair which up to the present moment your Eminence has so well conducted in the very critical circumstances in which your Eminence has been placed.

"My Lord and I are too happy to have contributed a little to the service of their Sicilian Majesties, and to the tranquillity of your Eminence."

But supposing his eminence to have been tranquil thus far, he was soon undeceived. Hamilton wrote next day, the 28th:[2]

"My Lord Nelson desires me to inform your Eminence that, in consequence of an order which he has just received from his Sicilian Majesty, who entirely disapproves of the capitulation made with his rebellious subjects in the Castles of Uovo and Nuovo, he is about to seize and make sure of those who have left them, and are on board the vessels in this port, submitting it to the opinion of your Eminence whether it would not be advisable to publish at first in Naples the reason of this transaction, and at the same time to warn the rebels who have escaped to Naples from the said Castles, that they must submit to the clemency

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writing to Paget at Palermo—that he shall explain to Sir William Hamilton without reserve "*the utter impossibility of his going back to Naples in any public situation.*"—PAGET PAPERS, Vol. I., p. 237. No wonder Lady Hamilton called him "*the cold-hearted* Grenville."—*Rose's Diaries*, I., p. 241.

[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 258.

[2] *Diaries and Correspondence of the Right Hon. George Rose*, Vol. I., p. 238.

of his Sicilian Majesty within the space of 24 hours, under pain of death."

Now comes in the question of Nelson's precise action in this matter.

An Englishman struggles along before he can bring himself to believe that Nelson, intolerant, rough-and-ready as he was, and certainly incapable of fear, not only stooped to treachery, but even stooped to deny it. There are ill-deeds that men overlook or forgive. None denies that Nelson, married to a blameless wife, became the guilty lover of the wife of his own confiding friend and host. This, although it ruined Nelson so sadly, does not make him less than a hero in English eyes; but the suspicion that he stooped to such a trick as that of which Sacchinelli and all Continental writers accuse him, and indeed all students of the Naples episode cannot but lay to his charge, is unbearable to those who can bear the rest.

Nelson constantly declared that the rebels came out of the castles "under his opinion" (*i.e.* that the treaty *ought not to be carried out without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty*), "as they ought and as I hope all those who are false to their King and Country will, to be hanged, or otherwise disposed of, as their Sovereign thought proper."[1] And again to Earl Spencer: "Your Lordship will observe my Note, and opinion to the Cardinal. The Rebels came out of the Castles, with this knowledge, without any honours, and the principal Rebels were seized and conducted on board the Ships of the Squadron. The others, embarked in fourteen polacres, were anchored under the care of our Ships." The terms, he says, were unconditional surrender. This letter was written at the same time that Hamilton wrote his very different account to Lord Grenville.[2] Nelson's letter to Lord Keith, dated June 27th, merely reports the giving of the *opinion* to Ruffo, and says that "Under this opinion the Rebels came out of the Castles which was instantly occupied by the Marines," etc.[1]

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[1] *Despatches,* Appendix, Vol. III., p. 510. Letter to Mr. Davison, May 9th, 1800.

[2] *Despatches,* III., p. 406. Letter to Earl Spencer, July 13th, 1799.

A student familiar with the rest of the evidence, who comes to study Nelson's too brief account of the matter, must be struck with its incompleteness and its incoherency. One would think it must have struck Nelson himself as odd that the republicans, on his opinion that the treaty ought not to be carried out, instead of demanding a continuance of the armistice pending the royal decision or resuming hostilities, however desperate, should forthwith come out like a flock of sheep. Still more odd should it have appeared to him that men who surrendered unconditionally should embark with their luggage on board vessels that had been preparing to take them to France.[2] Most strange of all, perhaps, that some of them returned to their homes in the city.

These things were all known to him. Yet in the letter to Earl Spencer, he says that the rebels were seized and conducted on board the ships, etc., as though their seizure followed instantly on surrender. Yet it was in Nelson's name that Hamilton wrote to Ruffo, two days after the embarkation, that in consequence of the king's disallowing the capitulation he was about to seize and make sure of those who had left the castles and embarked.[3] Under what condition had they then em-embarked? one must needs ask.

If the republicans had been themselves responsible for unconditional surrender, nothing better could have been desired by Nelson, the Court, and all writers on the royal side, Ruffo and the rest; and one imagines that if it actually took place, there would be no difficulty in finding accounts of the matter that agreed in bearing the light. If, again, the surrender was unconditional in Nelson's mind, why did he wish after two days to publish in Naples an explanation of his action with regard to the republicans already embarked, according to him, as prisoners? Was he not then under the impression that the public, at any rate, had regarded the evacuation of the castles as a carrying out of the terms of the capitulation?

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[1] *Despatches*, III., p. 393.

[2] See F. P. BADHAM, *Nelson at Naples*, p. 42, for extracts from letters written on board the transports to Nelson, and much careful weighing of the evidence.

[3] The fact that this letter is among the papers of Mr. Rose shows that Nelson included it among his own documents on the subject, and was prepared to have it published. See *Despatches*, III., Appendix, p. 510.

So far it is evident that both the English accounts of the matter are false. The falsehood of Hamilton's despatch appears (to the present writer, at least) deliberate throughout. The falsehood of Nelson's version, always the same from year to year, appears to be possibly unconscious. It seems just within the limits of possibility to admit that when the transaction took place, Nelson was ignorant of any deception practised, and imagined the surrender to be unconditional, while from regard for Ruffo he abstained from overt action until he had special authority from Palermo. The position was illogical; but logic is nowhere Nelson's strong point, while intolerance and narrowness are characteristic of all he did at this time, so that he may not have troubled his head about the views of the republicans and all the conflicting considerations that torment the student of the present day, anxious but unable to lay his conduct down straight by the line of truth. Whether later on he had misgivings that what actually occurred was *not* precisely what he intended, and guessed or knew that a trick had been played, guessed or knew to whom the trick was due, and felt then bound in honour or in friendship to an eternal silence at any cost, are things we do not know; but it appears that his conduct and eventual steady adherence to his own meaning, while always avoiding discussion, lend a little support to such a position.

If, then, under all the evidence, we may perhaps acquit Nelson of complicity in the trick (notwithstanding that shifty sentence in Hamilton's letter to Acton, "if one can't do exactly what one wishes, one must act for the best; and *that is what Lord Nelson has done*"), he cannot be acquitted of ferocity, fostered, it is true, by all his intercourse with the Court, but still natively his own, and so much so that more than three years after these miserable events and the execution of some hundred men, whose death was due solely to his action on this occasion, he was able to write that he "very happily arrived at Naples and prevented such an infamous transaction from taking place."[1]

The state of Nelson's mind with regard to the French has already been pointed out (Chapter IV.), and his correspondence teems with most violent expressions against the whole nation. Towards rebels—and as such, without any inquiry into their position, he regarded the republicans—his implacable, fierce hatred was even more violent. He regarded nations as mere ship's crews on board a man-of-war, and kings as the captains, and evidently considered it part of his duty to get as many hanged as possible of any such crew that had shown symptoms of mutiny.

Not only had Nelson the king's full approval (we are not surprised to hear it), but the king had his and retained it; observe his postscript to Mr. Stephens, who was writing a history[2]: "I must beg leave to warn you to be careful how you mention the characters of such excellent Sovereigns as the King and Queen of Naples."

That his implacability exceeded his instructions fully as much as Ruffo's leniency was pretended to have exceeded his, a comparison of his own attitude and utterances and actions with the instructions given him when he first undertook the expedition to Naples[1]—the only formal instructions he appears to have had—amply proves. By these instructions the intimations to rebels were to follow the general tenor of the "law given by His Majesty to Cardinal Ruffo on the 29th of April last."

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[1] See *Despatches*, III., Appendix, p. 520. Letter to Mr. A. Stephens.

[2] *Ibid.*, dated February 10th, 1803.

This is the only allusion to a precise law given to Ruffo, and considering that Ruffo was advocating clemency and pardon up to the last moment, one may suppose the question was in fact open, and only closed when the Court saw that Nelson would pull them through.

By the 6th article, in arranging a military capitulation with the French in St. Elmo, the French were to be allowed to stipulate "the departure of various rebels—even leaders—according to circumstances, if the public good, the promptitude of the operation, and reasons of weight were to make it appear advisable."

Nelson, however, before he even cast anchor at Naples, and while under the impression that the treaty was only an armistice, wrote down, "That as to Rebels and Traitors, no power on earth has a right to stand between their gracious King and them: they must instantly throw themselves on the clemency of their Sovereign, for no other terms will be allowed them; *nor will the French be allowed even to name them in any capitulation.*"

The 9th article ran thus: "Since it is the mind of His Majesty, that the Castles of Naples be speedily evacuated by the enemy and the rebels, to use besides force any other means whatever that may be necessary, the Prince Royal is authorised to secure this object at any cost."[2]

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[1] Printed in *Rose's Diaries, etc.*, Vol. I., p. 231, *et seq.*, and presumably given to Mr. Rose as part of the documents to be used in defence of Nelson's conduct. Nelson, it may be remembered, had set sail for Naples on June 13th, been obliged by news of the French fleet to put back, and had finally left once more on June 21st.

[2] The prince, who had embarked with the first abortive expedition, did not accompany Nelson eventually.

Acts of clemency were to be reserved to the king for rebels not covered by a capitulation with the French.

By this 9th article it appears that Nelson was at liberty to get the rebels out of the castles *by any means whatever, and at whatever cost*. What more authority could a humane man have required to enable him to let them go into exile?

Besides his uncompromising sentiments towards the republicans, Nelson laboured under a complete misapprehension of Ruffo's character and motives. This is evident whenever he has occasion to mention him; equally evident, from other sources, is the fact that this prejudice was carefully fostered in him by persons who might have known better, whether their own prejudice was genuine or interested. Hamilton had lived thirty-five years at Naples, and appears to have remained ignorant to the last of the country, and indifferent to all but the petty spites and mean policies of the Court. Nelson, at Naples, merely imbibed the prejudices of those by whom he was surrounded, quite unable to distinguish between truth and slander. We have seen his second-hand, but thoroughly assimilated, hatred of Gallo, Thugut, and Manfredini; observe an instance of his judgment upon Ruffo at this very time. On June 29th he wrote to Acton: "The last placard of the Cardinal is that no-one is to be arrested without his order, which is equivalent to wishing to save the Rebels. In fact, yesterday there was a discussion as to whether the Cardinal ought to be arrested. . . ."[1]

Now this edict was published not at all by Ruffo, but by the regent, Prince of Bisignano, in concert with the whole State Junta. It did, in fact, prohibit all arrests and pillage without express orders, either of the Junta or of the general (*i.e.* the captain-general, Duke of Salandra), on pain of immediate death. And the reason for this stringent order was that a great number of "innocent royalists" had been arrested and maltreated by the mob in quest of plunder. This reason was given in the edict itself, and it was hailed with joy by all quiet and honest people. "One begins to breathe more quietly," comments De Nicola in his diary.[1]

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[1] DUMAS, IV., p. 90.

Before taking his unjust and violent view of it, Nelson, who could not read the original, must have been primed by persons interested in casting suspicion on Ruffo. In September an edict to the same effect, but more severe, was put up in Naples in the king's name.[2]

Instances might be multiplied, but perhaps enough has been said to show that the intention was to throw the *odium* upon the English. Troubridge divined this at Procida. Hamilton, in his despatch, accuses Ruffo of trying to do this, but a far craftier hand and brain than Ruffo's were at work; and it may be said that the plan succeeded, the ground being propitious on which the seeds were cast. Nelson believed that Ruffo had exceeded and flatly disobeyed his instructions; that he was "endeavouring to form a party hostile to the interests of his sovereign"[3]; and again, "the Cardinal appears to be working mischief against the King in support of the Nobles. . . ."[4]

Nelson, blustering about the honour of his two sovereigns, did not perceive that he was the mere tool of a few vindictive cowards, who, by pretending to disavow Ruffo's action and authority, got him to do what Ruffo would not do. But this seems to have been instantly the impression in Lord Keith's mind when he heard Nelson's account, brief as it was, and learned that Caracciolo had been executed. "Advise those Neapolitans not to be too sanguinary," he wrote back directly. "Cowards are always cruel. . . . Give them fair words and little confidence."[5] But it was not in Nelson to give such advice, nor to take a friendly hint.

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[1] *Diario* for June 29th.

[2] *Ibid.* for September 23rd.

[3] *Despatches*, III., Appendix, p. 494. To Captain Foote.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 447.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 419, date July 12th.

Nelson seems to have possessed the faculty of persuading himself that that was right which he chose to do, and is said to have observed in his dying moments that he had *not* been a great sinner. He seems to have had no difficulty in believing that God was on his side at all times, and wrote on July 13th to the Duke of Clarence: "The Almighty has in this war blessed my endeavours beyond my most sanguine expectations, and never more than in the entire expulsion of the French thieves from the Kingdom of Naples";[1] nor only in this case, where political hatred had made him blind, but even where one would have thought there could be no room for delusion. During her husband's life, and while one roof sheltered their common home, he writes to Emma Hamilton as *his own dear wife in the face of Heaven*, and *thanks God* that the child, of whom he believed himself the father, is the only child he or she has ever had. He even alludes to God Almighty as able to *remove the impediment* to their eventual marriage, the impediment being his own innocent wife.[2] Of his wife he writes to Lady Hamilton: "She is a great fool, and *thank God* you are not the least bit like her."[3]

The morality of such a man, public and private, cannot be judged by ordinary standards; there seems no particular limit to what he might have brought himself to do with a comfortable conscience, and to defend with a defiant self-assertion that abashes criticism.

He based the nullity of the capitulation on Ruffo's disobedience to orders, but himself disobeyed orders in remaining at Naples.[4] In his own case he admitted the plea of discretion and necessity, which in Ruffo's case were of far greater weight. In that blind and stupid ferocity which he exalted into a sense of duty, Nelson helped the Bourbons to their eternal shame, and struck a mortal blow to the dynasty of which he had chosen to be a paladin.

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[1] *Despatches*, III., Appendix, p. 410, about July 13th.

[2] JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, Vol. II., pp. 225, 271.

[3] MORRISON: *Hamilton and Nelson Papers*, 502.

[4] *Despatches*, III., p. 408, *et seq.*

The violent and ignominious deaths of the hundred and more patriots who perished through Nelson's action raised them for evermore to the pinnacle of martyrs. These men, who as republicans had failed completely, and with whom as yet the mass of their countrymen were not in sympathy, if they had been suffered to depart as ruined men to France, would certainly have been a thousand times less dangerous to the existence of the Bourbon than they became in their bloody graves, each one the fertile seed-plot whence sprang ere long a hundred patriots.[1]

It is to the eternal honour of Ruffo as a statesman that he saw this so clearly, repeated it openly over and over again, and urged it in the teeth of the petty and vindictive counsels that kept coming from Palermo.

Nelson must bear the blame of his violence and stupidity. Of the charge of treachery and falsehood brought against him by Southey and by every Italian and Continental historian, it seems difficult, at present, to acquit him, unless it could be proved that the Hamiltons in deceiving Ruffo deceived Nelson also. A mere turn of phrase would have been enough, and where all that Nelson said had to be rendered in another language, there was ample room for a little *hocus-pocus* which those two *inglesi-italianati* may have conceived to be for the good of all parties. Under this supposition, even that expression in Nelson's letter to the cardinal at the time of the embarkation, "I hope your Eminence will be satisfied that I am supporting your ideas," may be accounted for if the cardinal's ideas had been misrepresented to him. So far nothing proves that it was so; but the queen's extravagant gratitude to Lady Hamilton at this time, for services which have never been specified, may perhaps be taken to point that way. And while neither the Hamiltons nor Nelson can, as yet, be absolved from the stain of this "deplorable transaction," the question remains, Was Ruffo deceived?

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[1] "Une maxime atroce a été prononcée ou supposée: *il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*; et si on fait attention aux choses plutôt qu'aux mots, cette maxime est aussi fausse qu'elle est atroce. Ils reviennent; les morts sont les revenans les plus terribles: ils reviennent couverts de leur sang et demandant le sang de ceux qui ont versé le leur."—DOMINIQUE-JOSEPH GARAT: Preface to *Mémoires historiques sur le XVIII. siècle, et sur M. Suard.* 2 vols.

Even here history gives no clear answer; but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that if Ruffo's case had no flaw in it, there need have been none in Sacchinelli's defence, published in 1836, when Nelson, the Hamiltons, Ruffo, the king and queen, and the victims were all long dead.

It is difficult to grant that Ruffo, on receiving the ambiguous note from Sir William Hamilton on the morning of the 26th, genuinely took *armistice* to be equivalent to *capitulation*; difficult also to grant that he genuinely took the equally ambiguous unsigned paper brought by the two captains to be a valid document. In these two, to use the half-true words of Nelson's own defence of what was done, "nothing was promised by a British Officer which was not subsequently carried into effect." And even if the student of these things were prepared to grant both suppositions, and allow Ruffo to be completely deceived, Sacchinelli relieves him of the necessity. The cardinal, he says, *suspected bad faith*, and therefore the cardinal cannot be excused for acting precipitately upon the guarantee of the two very papers which roused these suspicions in his mind.

Nelson's decision having been sent in to the castles at daybreak on the 26th, together with the notes of Ruffo and the Russian commander to say the troops were about to retire from guarding the approaches to the castles, the troops in effect retired. Then ensued the panic in the city during which, Micheroux says, "in a few hours thousands and thousands of people left Naples."

This was the circumstance that seems to have led to the decision and message that came from Nelson through Hamilton to Ruffo, Sacchinelli says, "towards mid-day." Micheroux says, however, that Ruffo's order, subsequent upon the message from Nelson, reached him towards ten, which may probably be more correct, because Hamilton (p. 300) tells Acton that he wrote "early" in the morning to Ruffo. The question is whether, though Sacchinelli says nothing about it, Ruffo, when he suspected bad faith, wrote again to Nelson for further assurance, and whether it was on receipt of such letter that Nelson wrote: "I am just honoured with your Eminence's letter; as his Excellency Sir William Hamilton has wrote you this morning, that I will not on any consideration break the armistice entered into by you, I hope your Eminence will be satisfied that I am supporting your ideas."[1]

Mr. Badham[2] with much reason looks upon this letter as an answer to one from Ruffo, demanding further reassurance, which is nowhere at present forthcoming. The expression "has wrote you this morning" would point strictly to the time being still morning, and the expression about the armistice, ambiguous like the rest, may have been written to tranquillise the doubts still expressed by Ruffo. If so, the letter, sailing so craftily near the wind, is another link in the chain of evidence against Nelson, and Ruffo might be excused, perhaps, for accepting it. At the same time, since this moment is the very pith and turning-point of the whole episode, it is unfortunate and almost incredible, if Ruffo wrote again when he first suspected bad faith, and received this letter in answer, that documents so vitally important to his own case should have been lost when the rest were preserved, or not published when their publication was so desirable. It is further worthy of note that although a second edition of Sacchinelli was published as lately as 1895, with Sacchinelli's replies to certain criticisms not to our purpose, not one word of any sort is added to throw light upon this crucial point.

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[1] *Despatches*, III., p. 394. The letter has no date. Nicolas assumes the date to be June 28th; but it seems evidently to have been written on the 26th, the day Sir W. Hamilton wrote the letter it alludes to.

[2] *Nelson at Naples*, p. 24.

In reply to such criticisms it may be answered that if Nelson's last-quoted letter was undated, its tenor also being the same as that of Hamilton's of the same time, Sacchinelli may possibly have overlooked the importance of producing the two. There is, moreover, the alternative supposition that the identical papers sent by Ruffo to Micheroux for the guarantee of the garrisons when they left the castles, and by him never presented and eventually forwarded to Palermo with his *Compendio*, may yet be found in the Archives at Palermo, or may form part of the papers said to have been withdrawn from public access. At any rate, if Ruffo morally connived at the trick, it seems clear that he had no understanding with Hamilton, who wrote in his already-quoted despatch to Lord Grenville, "We contrived to keep everything going on decently, by supporting the King's Vicar General untill we had answers from Their Sicilian Majesties at Palermo." If Ruffo had agreed to embark the republicans on a false understanding, the other side would certainly have made the most of it.

Under the present evidence one can only accept Sacchinelli's statement, and believe that Ruffo was not without misgivings, but that he brushed them aside and let matters proceed. The English, he may have reflected, and Sacchinelli clings to this idea, would now have the responsibility of any further action. Once embarked, the patriots were no longer his affair, and he forthwith appointed a *Te Deum* in the Carmine, and went thither in state, on the 27th, to give at once public emphasis to his own position.

That Ruffo was not prepared to go all lengths in this matter is shown by the fact that he remained on friendly terms with the English and with the Court by whom he had been so signally affronted and betrayed.

When Nelson, having secured the transports, proceeded on the evening of the 28th to arrest the more noted among the patriots, and their formal remonstrance was brought to Ruffo, he sent Micheroux to Nelson to beg him "not to stain his glory," and not to expose the lives of the four illustrious hostages in St. Elmo to an inevitable reprisal. But here, probably, was another coil of treachery within the first, for the hostages came off scot free when Méjean went his dishonoured way. But there is no gleam of virtue about Méjean to tempt the historian to seek attenuation for his vileness. The vindictive queen herself had suggested allowing him the lives of fifty, and even a hundred republicans; the king's instructions to Nelson would have enabled him to save even the most noted in his terms of capitulation. But Méjean was more solicitous for money, and made no serious effort to secure any Neapolitan lives. Worse than this, when his officers had generously disguised many of these unfortunates in French uniform and scattered them among their own ranks as they formed to march out of St. Elmo, Méjean, accompanied by the royal police, went up and down the ranks, pointed them out, and gave them all over to their enemies; nor only those who were disguised, but others, such as Generals Matera and Belpulsi, who, though originally Neapolitan subjects, had long served in the French army and wore the uniform by right. These things raised a storm of indignation among the French officers, and on his return to France, Méjean was subjected to a court-martial. But the proceedings, long drawn out, fell through by the death of Generals Championnet and Joubert, and later by the favour of Murat, and Méjean was left to punish himself at leisure. The accusation against him at Naples was that he preferred money to honour; the same accusation rose against him in other circumstances, and led to his disgrace. He died in obscurity in 1831,[1] and posterity cannot feel sorry for him.

But Ruffo we cannot leave without regret, because he saw what was right and strove hard to get it done, not because it was right, but because it was wise; and ultimately right and wisdom are one. But Ruffo divided them; he could not bring himself to let go all that he had toiled for, and accept disgrace and poverty for the sake of a principle. He cared not a straw for the republicans as such, but neither had he any rancour against them, having sense and insight enough to perceive how few and how harmless they were, provided only they were not persecuted; indeed, he may possibly have underrated their importance because the power of moral ideas constantly escaped him: "I do not look for heroism which is rarely to be found," he wrote to Acton, speaking of his army, and the words show us the man. He was not a hero, and did not much believe in heroism; heroism which leaped to meet Ettore Carafa wherever he went, Ruffo therefore rarely found.

For the king, much as he must have despised him, Ruffo cared far more, cared supremely, as the fountainhead of his own prosperity and wealth. We have seen his views, expressed to Micheroux: let us not be over-nice as to means and details, because in the end the king will certainly reward us handsomely.

And so it came to pass that Ruffo wrote—wrote several times—on June 28th (the day of the seizing of the patriots on the ships), and on July 6th and 11th, to Palermo tendering his resignation, not at all upon the ground of the violated treaty, but, in sad irony, on the plea of fatigue, physical weakness, and "deterioration of his mental

[1] Arch. Stor., XXIV. 4, p. 470, *et seq.*

faculties," so at least we gather from the amiable and ambiguous replies of the queen,[1] who wrote professing her undying gratitude and admiration for all he had done, and for the "profundity and wisdom" of those observations of his which nevertheless she systematically disregarded and showed herself incapable of appreciating; and, while refusing to listen to his proposals of resignation, was writing to Lady Hamilton complaining of his silence, and further remarking, in her suspicious way: "The Cardinal's conduct looks to me very equivocal; we must see actually how he conducts himself; either he will ask leave to resign, *and ask it as one asks who means to obtain and not by way of a mere remark*, or he will bend to whatever he is told *in order to remain at the head of the Government.* I know in each case what to think, and I know which will make me tremble." And again, as late as July 18th: "As for the Cardinal, I don't know how it will end. In me he certainly inspires no confidence whatever, and I believe he is tricking all parties in order to remain in despotic command on the departure of the king."[2] So little did the queen know the man who had served her only too well all these months! She thought he was aiming at supreme power and was at heart, very likely, a Jacobin!

This was the spirit that had revolted the sober but patriotic Caracciolo and driven him to cast in his lot with the republicans; this it was that cut away the ground from under Ruffo's feet and took the nerve out of his resistance. But his cynicism, bred up by the Roman *Curia*, did not revolt; he took the world as he found it. No doubt he knew that adverse winds were blowing from Palermo, fanned by Acton, against him; possibly he knew of the little comedy of his arrest that was imposing upon the English; and when his brother, Francesco Ruffo, was sent to Palermo with the news of the fall of

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[1] Arch. Stor., V. 4, pp. 662–663.

[2] PALUMBO: *Carteggio*, pp. 201 and 101.

FERDINAND AND CAROLINA.

(*From the porcelain tray of the coffee-set presented to Cardinal Ruffo, painted in* 1799.)

[*To face p.* 320.

St. Elmo, probably Ruffo knew the English were told he was sent "as a hostage," while the queen wrote cordially to the cardinal: "I have been talking a great deal with Ciccio [very familiar Neapolitan for Francesco] and heard with admiration of all the labours, sufferings, marches, and truly miraculous operations carried out by your worthy and zealous self which have earned for you my Eternal Gratitude." [1]

Pettigrew, deceived by the English view of Ruffo, and grown lavish of Neapolitan lives, imagines that Ruffo's head was to be taken off "if necessary"; but a cardinal's head was safe enough with Ferdinand. Short of his life, however, Ruffo knew that much that he valued was at stake; he risked it to the very verge of ruin and disgrace, and there he drew back. He did not pretend heroism from others, and our severest judgment on him is passed when we say it was not to be expected of him.

Unheroic as Ruffo's personality is, in the crisis at Naples he stands far above the others, who together shared with him the disposing of events; here at least, as Racioppi puts it, history renders him justice: "he saw, acted and advised as a statesman; but Nelson acted like a pirate, the queen like a tiger, the king like a clown." [2]

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[1] DUMAS: *Documenti*, p. 187.

[2] RACIOPPI: *Storia dei Popoli della Lucania e Basilicata*, II., p. 277.

CHAPTER XVI

CARACCIOLO

Caracciolo; trial, sentence, and execution—Thurn's report—Ill-feeling between Thurn and Caracciolo—Mazzitelli—The "Bourbon executioner"; his "conscience and his honour"—Hamilton uneasy—English treatment of Caracciolo; review of his action, position, character, his feeling—Nelson and Lady Hamilton restorers of happiness to all who deserve it.

WHILE the republicans in the castles were being involved in the net, out of which so many of them were to escape no more, Nelson and his friends and agents left no stone unturned to find and catch Caracciolo, the man whose great experience, capacity, and activity inspired such terror for the future in the king and queen. "——of the wicked rebels the only one who I desire should not go to France," the queen wrote to Ruffo on June 19th, "is the unworthy Caracciolo; this most ungrateful scoundrel knows all the ins and outs of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and might do great harm and even imperil the safety of the king, a thing which alarms me . . . "[1]

And again, when it became known at Palermo that Caracciolo was not among the republicans in the castles, she wrote: " . . . I am very sorry about the flight of Caracciolo, for I believe that such an outlaw[2] on the sea may be dangerous to the sacred person of the king, and therefore I should wish this traitor to be put beyond the power of doing harm . . . "

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[1] Note this, "the *only one*"! We are already at June 19th, and the negotiations for the capitulation are actually in progress. Was not Ruffo justified, under such pressure as he was, in supposing that the rest of the "wicked rebels" might go?

[2] *Forban* is the queen's word, which is not Italian; she meant probably *fuorbandito*, an outlaw—*i.e.* in her mind a reckless man intent on mischief.

Caracciolo, in fact, when there was no more fighting to be done, left the arsenal on the 17th, disguised as a peasant, and lay hid some time while seeking means to escape. It appears that the Duchess of Bagnara, a niece of Ruffo, offered him certain tickets or tokens which would secure him free passage through the invading forces; but not one of the republicans could bring himself to trust the cardinal. Caracciolo preferred to run all other risks, and withdrew to Calvizzano, a village not far from Naples, where lay feudal lands of his mother's family, and a villa, in which his hiding-place is still shown.

It seems probable that here Ruffo honestly tried to save Caracciolo, as he had tried to save the garrisons, but in a furtive way that aroused suspicion of his intentions, natural enough under the circumstances, and possibly warranted still further by Ruffo's personal character, which, since he had now been publicly employed by the king for some seven years at Naples and Caserta, would have made its impression for good or ill on men who were also more or less in public life or moved in circles where Ruffo was known and criticised.

Ruffo, as we have seen, openly and constantly disapproved of the system of treating the republicans as rebels, chiefly because he saw the consequences to which such a policy must lead, and also because he could not take their republicanism quite seriously, much less agree in calling rebellion the movement which had been more forced upon Naples, and of course upon her most capable men, than brought about by any party within the city. But his hands were tied. He did what he dared to do; but however far he might venture in behalf of the rest, Caracciolo was expressly excluded from any possible clemency. It was much, therefore, if Ruffo, through his niece, opened a door for possible flight, although he could not go so far as to show his hand, or if he showed it, it was his misfortune not to be trusted.

Caracciolo, warned that he was betrayed, changed his hiding-place, and lay concealed first in a hut, and then down a well. But there was a price upon his head, and he was discovered by Scipione La Marra, probably on June 25th, and taken to the *granili*. Such is the account of D'Ayala,[1] with which corresponds a notice in the *Diario* for the 25th,[2] probably written in the evening, as the author noted things at intervals as he heard or observed them during the day, and this is the last entry for the day: "Don Francesco Caracciolo has been arrested." Further confirming this probability is a passage in a letter from Hamilton to Ruffo on June 27th[3]: "His Lordship begs me to add that if your Eminence thinks proper to send him Caracciolo and the rest of the other rebels, in accordance with his proposal of yesterday, he will dispose of them." The same day Hamilton wrote, moreover, to Acton: "Caracciolo and twelve others of those infamous rebels will shortly be given into Lord Nelson's hands."[4]

These passages show that on the 26th Nelson already knew that Caracciolo was arrested; on the 27th he renewed to Ruffo a proposal made the day before, that the admiral should be consigned to him.

Ruffo seems to have delayed until, by the arrival of the royal letters from Palermo, Nelson assumed full powers, and the ground was cut from under his feet. It was not till the morning of the 29th that La Marra brought Caracciolo on board the *Foudroyant*.

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[1] D'AYALA: *Vite degli Italiani benemeriti*, p. 139.

[2] *Diario*, June 25th, Arch. Stor. Nap., XXIV. 3, p. 213.

[3] *Rose's Diaries, etc.*, I., p. 237.

[4] MR. BADHAM (*Nelson at Naples*, p. 32) considers that Caracciolo's "starved and hunted condition" points to his *not* having "been some days in one of Ruffo's prisons." Knowing what Ruffo's prisons were, and the manner in which prisoners reached their inhospitable shelter, Caracciolo's condition when brought on board presents no special evidence of his not having been three or four days a prisoner. One may say, indeed, that the prisoners were all hunted and all starved.

Sacchinelli says that Caracciolo was captured, in a village near Naples where he was hiding, by Scipio La Marra, "who conducted him straight to Nelson on board the *Foudroyant*; and in order not to carry him through the head quarters at the Ponte della Maddalena, where the Cardinal was, caused him to be embarked by night at the Granatello"—*i.e.* at Portici.[1]

This statement, gratuitous and circumstantial as it is, reads like an excuse which accuses; it is not supported by any evidence, and rather points to the conclusion drawn above, that Caracciolo was in Ruffo's keeping, and that Ruffo, under pressure, handed him over to Nelson. Sacchinelli, seeking as usual to exonerate Ruffo from charges brought against him eventually of having sacrificed the patriots to the English and the king, endeavours to show that Caracciolo was never in Ruffo's power; and as an apologist not only of Ruffo, but of the Bourbon, is anxious to acquit them of the blame bestowed by public opinion all over Italy and Europe upon the authors of the summary proceedings against Caracciolo.

Nelson seems to have been dominated and possessed by the one idea of making a tremendous example of Caracciolo. The matter had been discussed on board the *Foudroyant*, and the admiral's fate virtually decided by the English admiral and the English ambassador, full two days before he was brought bound before his self-appointed judge. Witness the letter of Hamilton to Acton of June 27th,[2] where he has said that Caracciolo and twelve others will soon be in Nelson's hands: "If I am not mistaken, they will be sent cautiously to Procida to be judged there, and *as they become condemned*[1] they will return here for the execution of their sentence. *Caracciolo will probably be hanged at the fore yard arm of the Minerva, where he will remain exposed from daybreak to sunset*, since such an example is necessary for the future service of His Sicilian Majesty's marine in the heart of which jacobinism has already made such great progress."

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 266.

[2] DUMAS, IV., p. 87.

The point of view and general state of mind of the powers on board the *Foudroyant* are further illustrated by Hamilton's letter of the morning of the 29th to Acton, soon after the prisoners had been brought on board: "Here we have had the spectacle of Caracciolo, pale, with a long beard, half dead, and with downcast eyes, brought in handcuffs on board this vessel, where he is at this moment, together with the son of Cassano, D. Giulio,[2] the priest Pacifico[3] and other infamous traitors. I suppose justice will be immediately executed upon the most guilty. In truth it is a shocking thing, but I who know their ingratitude, and their crimes, have felt it less painful than the numerous other persons present at this spectacle. I believe it to be a good thing that we have the chief culprits on board our ships now that we are just going to attack St. Elmo, because so we shall be able to cut off a head for every cannon ball that the French throw into the city of Naples."

This is the man to whom, in company with the king, the queen, and Acton, Nelson was indebted for his political judgments.

Exactly what passed at the court-martial upon Caracciolo is not known; whether the proceedings were completely

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[1] Author's italics: "*a misura che saranno condannati.*"

[2] The son of Cassano was Gennaro Serra. Don Giulio means, probably, Giuliano Colonna, who shared his fate.

[3] This mention of Pacifico, who was certainly imprisoned in the *granili*, points again to the conclusion that these prisoners, brought on board at one time, came from one place. See, for Pacifico's imprisonment, *Racconti Storici di Gaetano Rodinò*, in Arch. Stor. Nap., VI. 3, p. 500, *et seq.*

GIULIA CARAFA,
DUCHESS OF CASSANO AND MOTHER OF GENNARO SERRA.

[*To face p.* 326.

legal or not seems still open to dispute—dispute upon points of mere technicality which, supposing they could still be adjusted and brought clearly within decided legal limits, do not affect the real situation.

No one who understands the character of the Court at Palermo can doubt that almost any conceivable atrocity Nelson could have ordered or helped to commit at Naples would have had fullest sanction; he could not go too far. The shocking thing is that in Nelson they found a tool to their hand, not only willing, but eager to do their work.

The only authentic account of the trial, at present, is the report of the Conte di Thurn sent to Ruffo on the evening of the 29th and published by Sacchinelli, transcribing from the original document:[1]

"It is my duty to inform your Eminence that I received this morning an order from Admiral Lord Nelson to proceed immediately on board his vessel together with five senior officers. I complied immediately with the said order, and being come on board received a written order to form immediately on board the said vessel a council of war against the Cavaliere Don Francesco Caracciolo, accused as a rebel against the Majesty of our August Master, and to decide upon the punishment adequate to his crime. The order was instantly carried out, and the Council of war being formed in a chamber of the said vessel, I had the culprit[2] brought in. First I caused him to be recognised by all present and by the Judges: I then informed him of the charges, and asked him if he had any reasons to urge in his defence. He replied that he had several, and being given the opportunity to produce them, they turned more or less [*esse si sono raggirate*] upon the fact that though he had served the infamous so-called republic, it had been because he had been obliged thereto by the Government who threatened to have him shot. I then asked him some questions, in answer to which he admitted to having taken up the arms of the so-called republic against those of His Majesty, but always because obliged by force. He admitted having been with the division of gunboats which went out to prevent, from the sea, the entry of His Majesty's troops, but upon this head he urged that he believed them to be insurgents:[1] he confessed having given written orders tending to oppose the arms of His Majesty.

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[1] SACCHINELLI, p. 265.

[2] Note this: Caracciolo is *the culprit* in the eyes of his judge before the trial; in truth he might as well have called him *the condemned*.

"Lastly, asked why he had not attempted to go to Procida, and there, taking up arms for His Majesty, to withdraw from the coercions of the Government, he replied that he had not done it for fear of being ill-received."

After which Thurn reports that the Court, by a majority of votes, condemned the prisoner as guilty of high treason to the punishment of ignominious death.[2]

The sentence, Thurn proceeds to report, was submitted to Nelson and approved by him, "ordering that I should have it carried out at five o'clock of this same day, by hanging him at the fore-yard-arm, and leaving him hanging till sunset, at which hour, having the cord cut, he was to be let fall into the sea.[3]

"At one o'clock I received the above order: at half past one the traitor Francesco Caracciolo was taken on board my ship and put *in Cappella*, and at five, according to the order, the sentence was executed."

Caracciolo had no advocate, there were no witnesses, and, as far as we know, no *verbatim* report of the proceedings.

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[1] In fact the rabble of Ruffo could hardly be called "royal troops." Observe that no special mention is made of the action at Procida, where in fact the enemy's fleet were all under English orders.

[2] DUMAS, IV., p. 111. Hamilton confirms this of the majority of votes, writing to Acton the same day. So that the verdict was not unanimous.

[3] *Despatches*, III., p. 398: see for Nelson's two orders to Count Thurn.

Four of the officers voted for death, and two against, and that is all we know; the balance went against him by one vote.

The speech attributed to Caracciolo at his trial by Lieutenant Parsons in his *Nelsonian Reminiscences* is obviously impossible as it stands, and cannot be taken into account for that reason.

Indeed, Caracciolo, faint and worn as he was, before a tribunal whom he considered his personal enemies and certainly his late opponents in bitter civil war, may well have felt it futile to say anything further. If he used anything like the defence which Parsons attributes to him [1] (excepting the latter part obviously impossible), he spoke like the brave patriot he was, and that every Neapolitan knew him to be; if he said nothing, it was natural enough.

"He seems half dead from fatigue," wrote Hamilton to Acton while the trial was going on; and adds: "He desired to be judged by English officers."

This shows that Caracciolo, although he regarded the English as false friends of his country, bore them no personal grudge for it, and would sooner have trusted his life to their judgment than to that of the court presided over by Thurn.

That the jealousy between Caracciolo, together with other officers of the Neapolitan service, and Thurn, Acton, and others who came from Tuscany and were regarded at Naples as foreigners and adventurers, and as such were especially fondled by the queen—that this jealousy was no new pretext put forward at the last moment by Caracciolo, but was a thing notorious in Naples, is shown by a letter addressed to Caracciolo and printed during the Republic by Andrea Mazzitelli, a distinguished officer in the Neapolitan navy.[1]

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[1] G. S. PARSONS: *Nelsonian Reminiscences. Leaves from Memory's Log.* London, 1843, p. 2. "I am accused," said the prince, "of deserting my king in distress, and leaguing with his enemies. The accusation is so far false, that the king deserted me and all his faithful subjects . . ." etc.

Mazzitelli, who calls Caracciolo "father and master," and acknowledges himself debtor of all that he is to his teacher, addresses him as holding "the first place in the little number of our brave ancient patriots, having always shown devotion and zeal for justice and for the good of our country"; and Mazzitelli goes on to speak of "the intrigues and cabals of an infamous court, and its turbid waters stirred upby a handful of *vagabond and greedy Etruscans* sworn together to lower and darken your glory and your well proven courage." "Tuscan tyrants," he calls them again, and of these the chief were undoubtedly Acton and Thurn. What foundation Mazzitelli had for his assertions is another point. It is clear that there was a gulf fixed between the Neapolitan patriots (taking the word in its strict sense of lovers of their country) and the Tuscan adventurers; and under the queen's way of treating, as Buonaparte told her, "affairs of State as though they were affairs of the heart," jealousies were rife on all sides. Moreover, Mazzitelli's published letter was now of course common property, and we may be sure that the royalist agents in Naples will not have failed to forward copies to Palermo, as they did of the *Monitore*, of the proclamations and other publications of the republicans. It is no wonder that Caracciolo objected to being judged by Thurn.

When the sentence was read to him, he was asked as a matter of form whether he had any request to make. Caracciolo asked for another trial, and to be judged not under the presidency of his personal enemy, nor by officers with whom he had so lately been engaged in deadly civil war; but in vain. He requested that at least he might be shot as a military offender, and not hanged like a malefactor. But Nelson, who, of his own free will and device, had added to the bitter sentence even the final clause condemning the body to be cast into the sea, was deaf to every request. Thurn himself pointed out that it was the custom to allow condemned prisoners twenty-four hours' respite in order to prepare for death and receive spiritual assistance; but although even Sir William Hamilton seconded Thurn, Nelson remained inexorable.[1]

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[1] Quoted by MARESCA: *La Difesa Marittima della Repubblica Napoletana nel 1799*, Arch. Stor. Nap., XI. 4, p. 770.

Nelson, and Nelson alone, could have saved the life of Caracciolo. His influence with the Court at this moment was absolutely unbounded. A generous man or a humane man would have made the attempt; a mere politician would have made it. If Nelson cannot be blamed for his absolute ignorance of the situation, of the movement he called rebellion, and the men he called rebels, and if one cannot even require that an ignorant man be conscious of his ignorance and diffident in matters of which he cannot judge, he must be blamed for his cruel haste to put Caracciolo to the most ignominious death he could devise—not ashamed to follow it up with an indignity to be wreaked upon a lifeless body, and the denial of Christian burial. That the throwing of the body into the sea in Nelson's own mind added a real horror to the sentence, we may guess from his own dying prayer a very few years later, when he begged Captain Hardy not to have his body thrown into the sea.

And allowing even that Caracciolo was a rebel and a traitor, and that the Bourbon king could not be expected to see him in any other light, who obliged Nelson to constitute himself, as Villari puts it, "the Bourbon executioner"? What had an English admiral to do with the trial and punishment of Neapolitan subjects? The wonder, in short, is not that Caracciolo was condemned and executed, but that Nelson lent himself with such fierce eagerness to play the ugly part he played.[2]

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[1] DUMAS, IV., p. 111. Hamilton to Acton, June 29th, 1799.

[2] PASQUALE VILLARI: *Nelson, Caracciolo e la Repubblica Napoletana* (*1799*). Nuova Antologia, 16 Febbraio, 1899.

But Nelson had lost his compass, lost the measure of his place and that of others in the sum of things, and a secret malady of the soul was the seat of the moral blindness that he betrayed in these disastrous and fatal days of his triumph over the Neapolitan patriots.

"All that Lord Nelson thinks and does," wrote Hamilton to Acton after the giving of the sentence upon Caracciolo, "is dictated to him by his conscience, and by his honour, and I believe that in the end his decisions will be acknowledged as the best that could have been taken."[1]

And no doubt Nelson felt himself to be acting completely under the dictates of conscience and honour when he did what both conscience and honour should have forbidden him to do. It only shows how far conscience and honour may be astray in any point if they are not the one right line for every part of conduct, and if they are not guided by the golden rule that should make us endeavour to see our fellow men not only through our own, but as far as possible through their own eyes.

Nelson was not incapable of perceiving that the law does not always achieve justice; it was at this very time that he wrote to the Duke of Clarence, *à propos* of his own disobedience to Lord Keith's orders: "Although a Military tribunal may think me criminal, the world will approve of my conduct"[2]; and again: "My conduct is measured by the Admiralty by *the narrow rule of law*, when I think it should have been done by that of common sense. . . ."[3] If common sense is above the law, how much more is common humanity and the great unwritten law of which all human laws are "but broken lights" and partial reflections?

Meanwhile Hamilton himself was growing uneasy at the English position at Naples, and added to the above letter to Acton: "For the love of God, contrive that the King come, at least on board the *Foudroyant*, and that if possible, his royal standard be run up. . . . The die is cast. Now we must be as firm as we can." Even the night before, after the seizing of the republicans, he had finished his letter with the words: "we are all in mortal haste and anxiety [*siamo tutti in una fretta ed inquietudine mortale*]."

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[1] DUMAS, IV., p. 111.

[2] *Despatches*, III., p. 410. About July 13th, 1799.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 460. Letter to Mr. Davison; about August 23rd, 1799.

While Nelson believed himself to be making a stern political example, Caracciolo was in fact put to death because the king and queen were afraid of him.

In order to justify Nelson in this matter, some English writers have done what they could to take away the character of Caracciolo. The author of the well-known article in *Blackwood's Magazine* went so far as to say: "few men who have passed under the hands of the hangman ever better deserved that fate." J. Cordy Jeaffreson, in *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, devotes a chapter to Caracciolo so full of misstatements, false colouring, and ignorance of the circumstances, besides gratuitously abusive epithets thrown in to help to prejudice the unwary reader, that the book loses its pretension to be regarded as history, and admirers of Nelson can only be sorry to see him fallen into the hands of such an advocate.

Professor Laughton speaks of Caracciolo as "haggard and worn by misery, privation and the sense of guilt." Why attribute to him a sense of guilt which there is no reason to suppose he felt, and which condemns him unheard? The Austrian, Von Helfert, with the kindred scope of excusing his heroine Maria Carolina, resorts to the same inexcusable method, and, taking as usual Caracciolo for his scapegoat, calls him a turncoat, a man without character, who played a wretched double game.

Nelson, though he knew Caracciolo personally to a certain extent, had not the knowledge that Italian literature presents to our generation, and was more excusable when he passed his shallow judgment on him: "This man was fool enough to quit his master when he thought his case desperate"; but even Nelson then added: "yet, in his heart, I believe he is no Jacobin."[1]

Nelson could not distinguish between patriotism and devotion to a king; he was chief actor in a scene he took no trouble to understand—or, more fairly, one should say he had little chance of understanding because he fell a victim from the outset to the deliberate wiles of the queen and her friends, who hedged him in and flattered him and primed him with their ideas till he had room for no others. He appears to have been absolutely under a spell; no other Englishman who mingled in Neapolitan affairs after the Hamiltons were gone saw things from the Bourbon point of view.

Caracciolo did not, in fact, desert his sovereign because he thought to better his fortune. When he had carried out all his instructions, effected the stormy passage to Palermo, and taken the vessels into port at Messina for repairs, he asked leave of absence to go to Naples to look after his own private affairs. Asked through Acton, it was granted through Acton, not without a spice of suspicion in the wording which cannot have failed to offend Caracciolo anew, smarting as he was under the slights recently put upon him at Naples. The personal interview with the king is quite apocryphal.

It is worthy of note that from January 18th to the 22nd, Caracciolo had in custody on board the *Sannita*, at Palermo, the vicar-general Pignatelli, who had fled from Naples. From him, or from others who shared his flight, Caracciolo would certainly have had an account of the burning of the fleet by the joint order of Nelson and the queen, or, as far as he knew, of Nelson alone.

And here may be pointed out another instance of the Court policy of throwing the *odium* of their strongest measures upon the English. Witness the following remarkable passage in a letter from Ruffo to Acton

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[1] Nelson to Earl Spencer, April 26th, 1799.

(April 3rd, 1799): "Your Excellency must remember that the English have become hateful even to the well-disposed [*anche ai buoni*], because they burned our fleet and burned it moreover where it spoiled the bottom [*i fondi*] in the Gulf, and this offence must have produced a certain coldness."[1]

Observe that Ruffo, in April, after the court-martial upon Commodore Campbell and Nelson's open protests, is still completely under the impression that the destruction of the fleet was due to the English. If Ruffo felt the thing so strongly as to be able to speak thus without disguise to Acton, what must not have been the feelings of Caracciolo a couple of months earlier, when the outrage was still hot, as it were, touching him, moreover, far more nearly than it could touch Ruffo?

On February 2nd Caracciolo cast anchor in the harbour of Messina. On the 4th he applied for leave, alluding to the circumstances of his family, and to matters to which, owing to the recent death of some of his nearest of kin, he was obliged to attend, and promising to return eventually to Messina.[2]

The suspicious queen saw here, and Acton affected to see, further proofs of the treachery already suggested to or imagined by her at Naples. Carolina knew that the slight had not been lost upon Caracciolo, and commented upon it to Ruffo later on. "All his rage," she wrote, "was at not having us embarked with him," and so far, perhaps, so true. But she puts her own construction upon Caracciolo's manifest indignation: "to have us at his disposal and at the disposal of his felon and traitor friends."[3]

But the queen was as far from the mark here as later on when she imagined Ruffo to be aiming at supreme power among the Jacobins, supported by the army of the *Santa Fede*!

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[1] Arch. Stor. Nap., VIII. 4, p. 623.

[2] MARESCA: *Ricordi autografi dell' Ammiraglio Francesco Caracciolo*, Arch. Stor. Nap., X. 1, p. 82.

[3] Arch. Stor. Nap., V. 3, p. 557. Queen to Ruffo, May 8th, 1799.

As for the idea that Caracciolo left Palermo with the deliberate intention of taking the side of the Republic, it is not as yet warranted by any evidence, and he is therefore entitled to the belief that he went upon urgent family affairs. Such slight evidence as there is points to his having lived privately at first, and his neutral attitude seems to have raised some suspicion of him, so that he demanded his passports in order to go away. But the republicans were not likely to let him go, and it must have been the more difficult for him to resist their pressure, inasmuch as he was genuinely loved and looked up to by all classes, and is alluded to over and over again by contemporary writers as *il nostro Caracciolo*, which has something of the force of "our own Caracciolo." To confirm this position comes the assertion of General Macdonald,[1] who, after a testimony to Caracciolo's talent and courage, comments on the manner of his death, and adds: "a death with which I have reproached myself all the more bitterly because it was I who *overcame his resistance* in drawing him into our party"; and on the preceding page: "I had succeeded in *persuading* Admiral Caracciolo to take service in the new marine."

The chief note of the queen's accusations against Caracciolo is his ingratitude. If Caracciolo had been one of those mere danglers upon the skirts of royalty who looked obsequiously for crumbs that might fall from royal hands, and lived thereby, there might be some substance in such an accusation. One would suppose him to have been in the king's debt for his rank and his honours, or perhaps for the confidence reposed in him, whatever it was worth.

Born of one of the first noble families of Naples, Caracciolo had won his other rank and honours in honest and most effectual service. Such men are creditors, not debtors, to their country and to their king. Such, moreover, was his passionate love of the sea and its battle and adventure, that he had constructed at his own expense merchant vessels which he armed and fitted out for the defence of his country against the Barbary pirates. As for his "Jacobinism," Marchese Maresca points out a curious trait in all the documents issued by Caracciolo as well as by his pupil and fellow-worker Mazzitelli and a few others—namely, that while using the republican style of dating then in vogue, he signed the year as the Year I. of Neapolitan liberty or the Neapolitan Republic, and not as most of the others did, and as was inscribed upon the coins, the Year VII. of French liberty. It is a trifle, but it tends to show the definite patriotism of the man.

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[1] *Souvenirs du Maréchal Macdonald, Duc de Tarente.* Paris, 1892 [MS. finished in 1826], pp. 70 and 69.

What exact part Lady Hamilton bore in the work initiated at Naples by the arrival of the English fleet can only be a matter of speculation or inference until further documents are brought to light. Her letters of this date to the queen are not at present forthcoming. Certain it is that on that fatal Saturday when Caracciolo was put to death she wrote three letters to the queen, which brought her the following answer from Palermo:

"I have received with infinite gratitude your dear obliging letters, three of Saturday, and one of anterior date, bearing the list of the Jacobins arrested, who form part of the worst we have had. I have seen also the sad end of the crazy Caracciolo. I comprehend all that your excellent heart must have suffered, and that augments my gratitude. I see perfectly what you point out to me, and am penetrated with gratitude for it . . ."

Lady Hamilton, according to her own letter to Mr. Greville and to a letter from Sir William to Lord Grenville,[1] was charged by the queen "to keep up a regular daily correspondence with her Majesty," and, as Lady Hamilton put it, "she gives me the orders the same"—*i.e.* by a messenger every night.

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[1] JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.* Letter to C. Greville, July 19th, Vol. II., p. 109. "Separate and Secret" letter accompanying Hamilton's despatch of July 14th.

One would fain know what especial service Lady Hamilton rendered the queen on that Saturday for which she was so penetrated with gratitude. It is enough to read the above-mentioned letter of Lady Hamilton to Mr. Greville to perceive with what a light heart, with what an utter absence of misgivings or compunction this ignorant adventuress rushed in where angels might have feared to tread. The letter reads like the composition of a heartless and ambitious schoolgirl, with its set phrases and undisguised self-complacency. But when one recollects that the writer was a woman of thirty-five or so, wielding influences of life and death among men who but a few months since had been of her friends and acquaintance, her conscienceless, rough-and-ready meddling makes one shudder. To this woman indeed it seems that all the world was but a stage, the men and women merely players accessory to her own important part.

"Everything goes on well here," she wrote on July 19th, when the executions were in full swing, ". . . Sir William and Lord Nelson with Acton are the King's counsellors, and you may be assured that the future government will be most just and solid. . . .

"But what a glory to our Good King, to our Country, to ourselves, that *we*—our brave fleet, our great Nelson—have had the happiness of restoring the King to his throne, to the Neapolitans their much loved King, and been the instrument of giving a future solid and just government to the Neapolitans!

". . . The guilty are punished and the faithful are rewarded.

". . . I am quite worn out. For I am interpreter to Lord Nelson, the King and the Queen[1]; and altogether feel quite shattered; but as things go well, that keeps me up. . . ."

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[1] The queen was at Palermo.

Lady Morgan, who was at Naples some twenty years after these events, has left it on record that when she was herself too young to understand political matters she "listened with admiration to Lady Hamilton as she described to her the beauties of the shores of Naples, and her own distinguished position, when during the calm of many a moonlight night, she had sat in the English Admiral's ship, on the right of the Hero of the Nile, and sung over the waves of the Mediterranean the national hymn of *Rule Britannia* which was chorussed by the whole ship's crew," while all around in their stifling floating prisons languished the men in the ruling of whose fate Britain was made to play so black a part.

No wonder that Lady Morgan later on "held her memory in utter abhorrence"![1]

About the same time that Lady Hamilton was writing her letter to Mr. Greville, Nelson wrote to her mother at Palermo: "Our dear Lady is also, I can assure you, perfectly well, but has her time so much taken up with excuses from rebels, Jacobins and fools, that she is every day most heartily tired. Our conversation is, as often as we are liberated from these teazers, of you and of your other friends in the house at Palermo; and I hope we shall very soon return to see you. *Till then recollect that we are restoring happiness to the kingdom of Naples, and doing good to millions.*"[2] And the same day, in the naïvest way, he writes to Lord Keith:[3] "—thank God, all goes on well, and I hope this country will be happier than ever; I am sure it is their Majesties' desire to make it so. *The feudal system is fast breaking up*,[4] the entire change is already made in the Capital."

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[1] LADY MORGAN: *Italy*. Paris, 1821. Vol. III., p. 156.

[2] Author's italics.

[3] *Despatches*, III., p. 411. To Lord Keith, July 14th, 1799, and to Earl Spencer, July 13th, 1799, p. 406.

[4] Author's italics.

He has not the faintest idea of the fact that this breaking up of the feudal system, as far at it went, had been the *chef d'œuvre* of the Republic, and fancies it has been achieved in less than three weeks by the arrival of the British fleet. Of course the execution of a score or more of the principal nobility was one way of "fast breaking up" the system, but they were not even executed yet. In truth, it suited the Court very well that the system should not return to its primitive force, and the queen wrote to Ruffo, with hypocritical respect for the promises of the Republic, that they could not return to the former state without gravely offending the unprivileged classes, *because the revolutionary government had so solemnly proclaimed its abolition*, but that rights and privileges should be accorded to all who had suffered on the royal side![1]

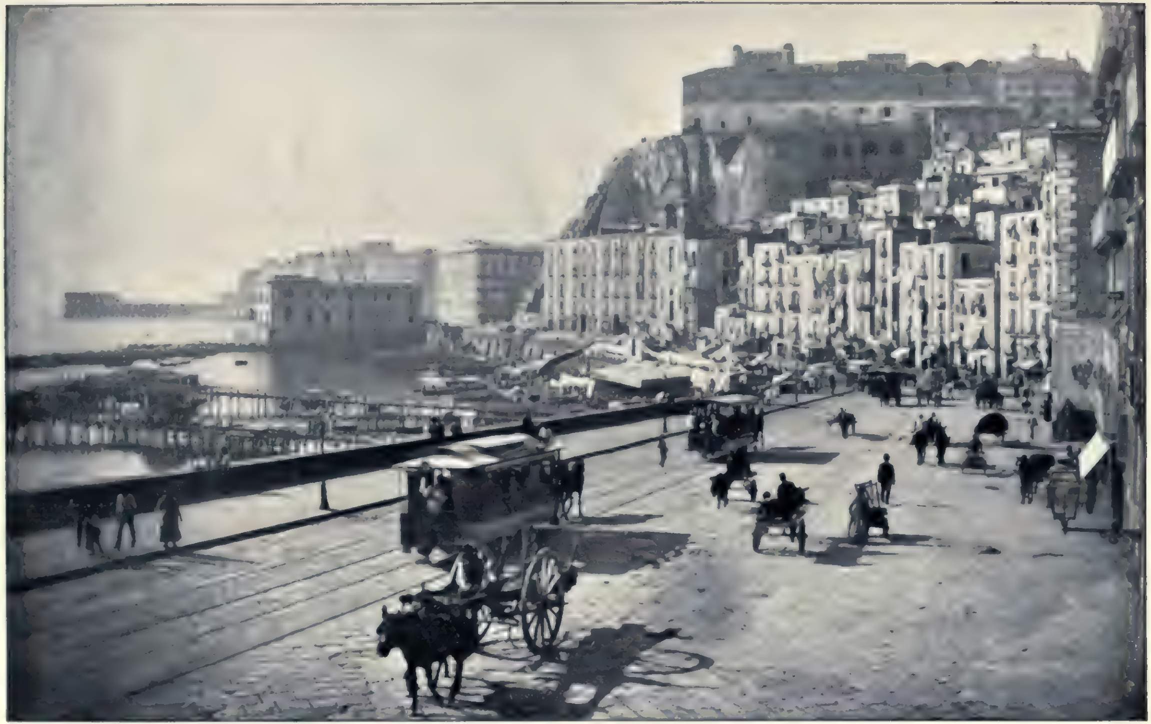
These letters of Lady Hamilton and Nelson read as though the writers fondly thought they had but to appear for everybody to live happy ever afterwards.

On July 8th Ferdinand arrived at Naples and took up his quarters on board the *Foudroyant*, being afraid to go on shore.

The following day, when some of the officers were standing on the deck, fixing their eyes upon something that was drawing rapidly nearer across the waves, they saw a dead body upright from the waist above the water, with open eyes and flying hair, moving swiftly towards the English vessel. The king was informed of the

[1] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 246. Queen to Ruffo, May 8th. And MARESCA: Arch. Stor. Nap., V. 3, p. 559.

And while Nelson was congratulating the Restoration upon this "breaking up of the feudal system," and the queen was taking advantage of the work of the Republic, Giuseppe Albanese was hanged "for having been a member of the government, and noted among the former prisoners of State; for having drawn up proclamations and edicts against the Monarchy, *and for having published the scheme for the abolition of the feudal system and of primogeniture. . . .*" See SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. 253.



SANTA LUCIA AS IT USED TO BE, SHOWING THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA LA CATENA, WHERE CARACCIOLO WAS BURIED.

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extraordinary appearance, and came up to look over the side. For a moment he was seized with terror. "Caracciolo!" he stammered, recognising the features. "What does that dead man want?" In the horrified silence that fell upon the bystanders, a priest's voice alone was heard: "Sire, I think he comes to demand Christian burial." "Let him have it," gasped the king, and turned away; but afterwards he rallied from his fright and laughed, and said that the corpse had come to beg his pardon.[1]

The sailors and fishermen of the coast, who were all greatly attached to Caracciolo, carried his body to the little church of the fisher-folk, Santa Maria la Catena, beside what was then the shore of Santa Lucia, and laid him in his grave with tears.[2]

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[1] COLLETTA: (Ed. Capolago) *Storia del Reame di Napoli*, Vol. II., p. 160. Colletta had the details of this incident from Captain Hardy, who was present. See also CLARKE AND M'ARTHUR, II., p. 89.

[2] The Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie a Catena was founded at the expense of the sailors and fishermen of Santa Lucia in 1576. In 1873 the building was enlarged, and during the work upon the foundations a small gravestone was found with the inscription, "*Francesco Caracciolo, 1799,*" and a skeleton. By order of the architect and in his presence the stone and the skeleton were placed in a small tomb behind the high altar. See *La Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799, Albo pubblicato nella ricorrenza del 1° Centenario della Repubblica Napoletana*, a cura di B. Croce, G. Ceci, M. D'Ayala, S. Di Giacomo. Napoli, 1899, Fasc. 13, p. 53.

The body of Caracciolo, however, does not now rest behind the high altar, but under the left chancel wall just below the altar step, where a marble tablet in the wall marks his tomb, with this inscription:

FRANCESCO CARACCIOLO
AMMIRAGLIO DELLA REPUBBLICA PARTENOPEA
FU DALL' ASTIO D' INGENEROSO NEMICO
IMPESO ALL' ANTENNA IL 29 GIUGNO 1799
I POPOLANI DI S. LUCIA
QUI TUMULARONO L'ONORANDO CADAVERE.

IL MUNICIPIO DI NAPOLI. 1881.

In April, 1899, there was an old verger of seventy-five in this

After the death of Caracciolo and the "weeding out and annihilation" of all the more capable and energetic naval officers, disappeared, as Maresca says,[1] "all that intrepid generation of men whose vigilance had availed to wipe out the reproach of subjection to the Barbary pirates. The pirates now resumed once more their ancient power, and within a few years Tunis alone continually threatened the southern coasts of Italy with fifteen little pirate fleets which almost blocked the ports of the Kingdom of Naples. The Neapolitan ships did not even venture out along the coasts for fear of falling into the hands of the pirates who infested the sea in triumph in sight of the very capital; and the population were obliged to defend themselves as best they could against their incursions. The peninsula of Sorrento, which might have maintained a fleet of more than a hundred vessels, had not so much as one upon the sea; and all the trade of the kingdom languished in consequence, the public distress increased daily, and thirty thousand sailors were reduced to starvation. The sole vessel which attempted to check the audacity of the pirates and took not a few of them, was Portuguese.

"The Captain, who in the spring of 1798 had carried the Neapolitan flag to the terror of the pirates within actual sight of Tunis, was no more."

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church who remembered, and had, in fact, been one of the scholars of the priest Pasquale Argentino, who gave the benediction to the body of Caracciolo. This man helped to lay the bones in their present resting-place. He remembered the *portière* of the *Congrega*, or Fraternity of Santa Maria la Catena, who buried the body when it was brought in from the sea, recalling how he used to be called *Il Pazzariello*, the mad-cap.

[1] MARESCA: *Difesa Marittima, etc.*, Arch. Stor. Nap., XI. 4.

CHAPTER XVII

"*THE GUILTY ARE PUNISHED*"

The executions begin—Massa, Manthonè, Eleonora Pimentel, Serra, Colonna, Natale, Pacifico, Fiani, Genzano, Pagano, Cirillo, Ciaja, Pigliacelli—The populace—The *Bianchi*.

WHILE Captain Foote with the *Seahorse* had been despatched on June 28th to fetch the king from Palermo, immense numbers of prisoners were carried on board the English ships, arrested chiefly by the caprice of the mob, some because of their late public employment, but the more part (as even the very English came in course of time to perceive) either to gratify private grudges or to serve as a demonstration of the loyalty of their captors, who at the same time profited immediately by the sack of their houses.

The great anxiety of the royalist rabble now was to exhibit their loyalty and establish thereby a claim to rewards. Among the papers of Lady Hamilton in the British Museum are many letters from these people, asking her to recommend them to the royal favour, or to find places for their friends. The surest way to the queen's favour was to show zeal in hunting down Jacobins, and neither the English nor the Junta of State were troubled with misgivings as to the justice of the arrests, so that the field for the display of loyalty was ample; and what Nelson had done in the gross, the fawning royalists and the bloodthirsty delirious populace hastened to emulate in detail.

The queen had long marked down a list of the noblest names of the Republic, and kept it against the day ot vengeance; to these she was now busily adding, while at Naples Lady Hamilton made lists of the prisoners, and sent them to her royal friend at Palermo.

There does not seem to be on record one instance of Lady Hamilton's having used her great influence to mitigate the horrors by which she was surrounded, or to obtain pardon or the mitigation of a sentence for one of the unfortunate prisoners: yet she had known many of them personally, and should have known, if it had been in her to know, what manner of men they were.

The public executions began on July 7th, the day before the arrival of the king, on a Sunday, that the good populace might the better profit by the spectacle outside Porta Capuana. On the 13th Padre Belloni was hanged in the same place. He used to preach in the Largo del Palazzo, before the tree of liberty, and with the crucifix in his hand declaimed against the evils of despotic government, enlarging on the blessings of liberty and justice, and affirming that Christ and His saints had always preached brotherhood and equality.

The trials proceeded *ad horas*,[1] and were conducted in the most arbitrary and summary way. Witnesses found it worth their while to give false testimony, and many prisoners, perceiving only too clearly that trial was but a form preliminary to certain condemnation, took no pains to call witnesses or to attempt to plead their own cause to deaf ears.

Conforti has printed many hitherto unpublished documents relative to these trials and executions, found chiefly in the register of the confraternity of the *Bianchi* or Padri Confortatori, whose office it was to comfort the

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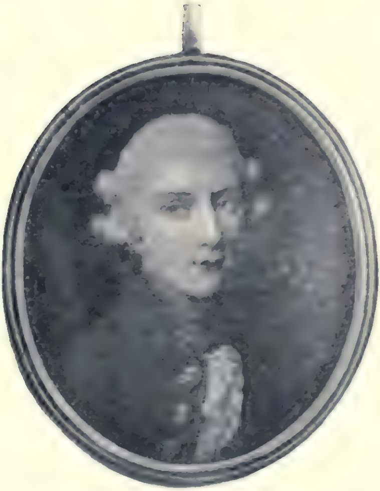
[1] LUIGI CONFORTI: *Napoli nel 1799*, p. 148. See the note, quoted by Conforti, of Lafragola, prosecutor [for the State Junta, where he alludes to the "Supreme Junta of State which proceeds *ad horas* against the prisoners of State *proved guilty* and imprisoned [*liquidati e carcerati*],"—this being previous to trial!



GENNARO SERRA DI CASSANO.
Beheaded, August 20, 1799, in his twenty-fifth year.

(From a miniature in the possession of the Cassano Family.)

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condemned, receiving their confessions, carrying their last messages to friends or family, and disposing them to die in resignation and faith. So that though the Bourbons are said to have carefully destroyed such official records as there were of these State trials, many thoroughly authentic details have nevertheless reached posterity. Thus we know that at the time of the first executions the *Bianchi* made a complaint to the Junta of the indecorous conduct of the hangman, who, in his eagerness to secure his perquisites, immediately stripped the dead bodies absolutely naked, in spite of the fact that according to the law all but those born in Naples were condemned to remain suspended for twenty-four hours.

At the same time the *Bianchi* begged to be allotted a little more time for the exercise of their spiritual offices with the condemned. The Junta promised to take steps for the better observance of decency, but professed themselves unable to grant the demand for the prolonging of the time *in Cappella* (in chapel), as those last solemn and terrible hours were called. The vindictive spirit of the king and queen had communicated itself with wonderful readiness to their servants. There was all the leisure possible, now that the fighting was done, and the republicans loaded with chains in the prisons or on board the English and other ships ; but not another hour could be granted to the condemned. "These summary trials," says De Nicola, "are like those held on the field of battle in sight of the enemy."

Out of one of these letters from the Junta to the *Bianchi*, Conforti reproduces the following passage, which throws light on the way in which these sacrifices to the royal passions were regarded by those who had the disposing of them :

"I have to inform you that the execution must be carried out absolutely at twelve o'clock because afterwards there is to be the drawing at the *Lotto*, and therefore

I beg you to send at once the exhorting Fathers to the prison of the Vicaria." "And thus," comments Conforti, "the good populace would not miss the double diversion of the gallows and the lottery."

The greater part of the republicans who died were virtually condemned before their pretended trial. In the case of some of the military trials the *Bianchi* were in waiting while the court affected to deliberate. "The Bianchi undergo the penance of staying shut up in the Castle [of the Carmine], during the time of the Council," writes De Nicola, "and they fast all the time too, because the confraternity, having no more funds, no longer supplies them with their dinner."[1] By the middle of October they began to complain of the intolerable expenses they were put to for the continual executions. By the 13th they had spent seven hundred ducats on carriages and in subsidies to the poor of the bereaved families. But "they complained still more of the way in which they were treated, of the impertinences they received in the Castle, and of the small respect shewn to them; besides the great inconvenience and the danger that their health may suffer, assisting such unfortunates, who are kept bound down to the ground, full of dirt and sores, in such an infamous place that it is not possible to celebrate the Holy Sacrament there. One of the Superiors said that they have almost a mind to give up that work."[2]

The condemned officers were allowed no more than an hour and a half or so in which to prepare for death. It was in bitter comment on this ugly haste that General Massa, condemned officially late in the afternoon and led out to die on the terrace of the Carmine at sunset on August 14th, said to the executioner: "Make haste, for I have no time to lose!"

Some days afterwards, when details of what had passed at the trial began to be known, De Nicola noted in his

[1] *Diario* for October 27th.

[2] *Ibid*,, October 13th.

diary that Massa had said, that what he deplored was that he had sacrificed so many by making that capitulation, since it was he that made it, but that he had trusted the word of five Powers, which he never could have supposed would fail him. "I," said he, "had powder, cannon-balls, cannon, men were not lacking—who was to prevent my holding out in the Castle? At the worst, I could have left this world by blowing up the Castle, but I should not have died condemned as a Jacobin."[1]

Public opinion, noted De Nicola, took it ill that the capitulation was not observed, because it was said, however true it may be that one does not capitulate with rebels, they had the forts in their hands, they could have held out and have done damage to the city, and they surrendered by capitulating with the Vicar-General Ruffo and with the Russian and Turkish generals who signed the treaty. If this then be not observed, it is a breach of universal right. "This," adds the diarist, "is the common talk, which gives rise to some anxiety."[2]

Manthonè, it was said, asked his judges whether the king's capitulation, made by his vicar and generals, was to be observed. Being answered No, he replied: "Then I shall always maintain him to be a tyrant," and he would say no more.

Meanwhile, on August 3rd, Diomede Marinelli wrote in his journal: "Many rebels detained upon the ships and included in the capitulation,[3] have been landed and taken to the Castles, and among the rest Don Domenico Cirillo and Don Mario Pagano."

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[1] The truth of De Nicola's impressions and of his information generally is confirmed at times in a really remarkable way. In the present connection observe Micheroux's report of Massa's words to him on June 19th (*Compendio*, p. 456): ". . . he began to tell me that he would have surrendered the Castle from the beginning if the French had consented; that the garrison had no lack of arms, nor provisions, nor means of defence, while at the worst there were all the last resorts of desperation."

[2] *Diario*, August 14th, 17th, 18th, etc.

[3] Note the general public impression that the capitulation had not been *annulled*, but *violated*.

Until this time Pagano had been unable to persuade himself that the capitulation, however infringed hitherto, could be violated altogether. Rodinò, who was with him on board the *Audace* early in July, tells how they stood one day together on the deck discussing the possibility of a complete violation of the treaty, and how Pagano, in his placid rectitude of mind, could scarcely be shaken, even then, in his confidence in human faith and uprightness. His face clouded for an instant as the appalling doubt appeared to him; but he banished it, and said cheerfully that they would go to Toulon, and that there, as he could do nothing else to help his companions, he would set up a fencing-school and share his gains with his fellow-exiles.[1]

Pagano used to practise fencing by way of counterbalance in an otherwise too sedentary life, and had become a great adept in the art, to the extreme disdain of De Nicola, who noted this fact,[2] and evidently thought Pagano very undignified and not a little mad. But the lesser man of the law, to judge him by his diary, which is all that survives of his life here, must have been prim and conservative to the last degree—a man whose dignity perhaps required all the support he could give it, a true enemy of new-fangled notions, but a good man, sober and humane. Pagano, in his cultured leisure, wrote poetry and plays, which he used to have acted in the private theatre of his villa; wherefore De Nicola says that he had a very high opinion of himself, and aimed at being the Voltaire of Italy.

Every day during that July and the early part of August, on those hot summer afternoons, boats plied to and fro among the ships, and fetched away those of the prisoners who were to appear before the Junta, until, out of some fifteen hundred who were crowded upon the transports, only about five hundred were left, and, as Croce says: "It appeared to the Junta that the rest, the refuse, as it were, of the rebels, might depart for France."[1] Each one of this remnant was made to sign what was curiously called an *obbliganza penes acta*, whereby on the one hand the judge, and on the other the prisoner, renounced any possible advantages of a trial, the prisoner accepting the condition of an exile, and swearing, under pain of death, never more to set foot within the kingdom. After so many weeks of terror the unfortunate prisoners began to breathe. Among those who signed the *obbliganza* was Eleonora Pimentel. Next day, however, an officer of the Junta reappeared, declaring that ten of the prisoners, whose names he gave, would not be allowed to sail. In vain they all protested that the acts were signed and the contract made; the defenceless had no rights. The official insisted that it had been a mistake, and that these ten names had been found in the royal list; and the unhappy ten were carried on shore. Eleonora was not one of them. The ceremony of signing the *obbliganza* was repeated, and the prisoners were assured that no more "mistakes" of the kind would occur. In spite of the twice-signed compact, the official, after two days, appeared again, and this time it was Eleonora Pimentel who was taken away. At last, on August 12th, the remnant was allowed to sail for France.

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[1] GAETANO RODINÒ: *Racconti Storici ad Aristide suo Figlio*, Arch. Stor. Nap., VI. 4, p. 629.

[2] *Diario*, October 29th.

Eleonora Pimentel was brought before the infamous Speciale, already held in terror and abhorrence for his doings at Ischia and Procida. There is no account of the trial, but she was condemned to death on August 17th, together with Gennaro Serra (with whom she had had the argument about the cavalry), with Giuliano Colonna, with the Bishop of Vico Equense, the two bankers

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[1] BENEDETTO CROCE: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 69, *et seq.*

Domenico and Antonio Piatti (father and son), Nicola Pacifico, and several others.

Eleonora, who was of noble birth, and whose husband, Pasquale Tria de Solis, had been a Neapolitan officer and noble, demanded to be beheaded rather than hanged; but in these matters the Junta was extremely punctilious, and since by birth, although naturalised, she was Portuguese, her request was denied.

A certain Matthew Wade, whose letters to Lady Hamilton throw an ugly light on her character and his own, wrote to her at this time: "—the great question is, who is to be hanged, and who is to be beheaded. Few or none dispute that they don't merit death, but to prolong the moment. . . ."[1] A joke very worthy of one of the paladins of Ferdinand in its grinning callousness, and worthy of her to whom, sure of sympathy, it was confided with others of the same sort.

But let the reader bear in mind that the privilege was no mere matter of honour, and that hanging was not the decent and comparatively humane operation it is now in English prisons. The present writer has heard, from an eye-witness, a description of the hanging of Agesilao Milano, the soldier who attempted to shoot Ferdinand II. at a review in 1857. The gallows resembled those in the prints of the last century—a tall, upright "tree" with one arm, from which the sufferer was suspended. To reach this there was a long ladder, and at the execution the hangman, having bound the arms of his prisoner, blindfolded him and adjusted the rope round his neck, and then preceded him up the ladder, leading the prisoner by the rope, closely followed by the *tirapiedi* (literally, *pull-feet*), his assistant.

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[1] ALFRED MORRISON: *Hamilton and Nelson Papers*, Vol. II., p. 68. See also passages quoted from these letters by F. P. BADHAM: *Nelson at Naples*, p. 48; notably this: "*I have here your friend Monsignore Gambone, and as he has some propriety, I have put two miserable fellows in the same prison to share his meals.*" Was the man born who could have ventured to write so to Eleonora Pimentel? Monsignor Gambone was Bishop of Capri.

On arriving near the top, the hangman scrambled up on to the cross-beam and made fast the rope; then, at a sign from him, the *tirapiedi* suddenly pushed the prisoner off the ladder, adroitly catching him by the feet as he fell, and swinging with him into space. At the same time the hangman from above scrambled down and seated himself astraddle on the shoulders of the victim, and the three swung to and fro in sight of an immense multitude, jamming, struggling, and pulling till life was gone.

To this horrible death Eleonora Pimentel went forth serenely on August 20th, only asking for a cup of coffee before going, saying to her fellow sufferers and to those they were leaving behind: "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!"

For the execution of August 20th, comprising as it did eight persons whose fate, for various reasons, aroused an intense excitement in the populace, the *Bianchi* had petitioned that it might take place within the walls of the Carmine, "representing that the sufferers, obliged to die in public, died in despair because of the insults of the populace."[1]

But petitions of this kind were never listened to, and the execution took place in the Mercato, the large, squalid piazza before the Church of the Carmine, where, notwithstanding the broiling heat, the concourse of people was enormous. The whole great square was surrounded by regular troops and *Sanfedisti*, besides two regiments of cavalry, and was commanded by the guns of the Carmine, within whose walls other troops in reserve stood under arms in case of any tumult.[2]

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[1] *Diario*, August 19th.

[2] This display of force was but to ensure the carrying out of the execution. When once the victims were despatched, scarcely a soldier was left to preserve order in the piazza. Thus it came about that horrible outrages were perpetrated upon those dead bodies which were left hanging for twenty-four hours to be the scorn and sport of the vile populace. The worst instance was that of Nicola Fiani, a captain of cavalry. We have it from more than

Giuliano Colonna and Gennaro Serra were the first, and were beheaded. When Serra came out, blindfolded, from the guard-room of the Carmine, whence the prisoners issued one by one with the *Bianchi* as their turn came, and heard the cries of the mob all eager for the show, he said bitterly: "I have always desired their welfare, and they are rejoicing at my death!" "A good young fellow," Marinelli wrote in his journal, "of good sense, beloved by all, and full of literary culture though so young."

The rest were hanged. Among them was Michele Natale, Bishop of Vico, on whose shoulders the hangman performed all sorts of antics, saying he might never again have the good luck to ride a bishop.

"The bishop of Vico was perforce a jacobin," wrote Marinelli, "because he had been persecuted." The good old priest, Nicola Pacifico, who followed, had also "suffered many years' imprisonment as a pretended traitor. He was seventy-three, white-haired, and so fat that he could hardly move. When the French came, and let him out

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one diary of the time, and from the register of the *Bianchi*, that on August 29th the hangman stripped all the four who were hanged that day, so that three went to their nameless grave in St. Alessio al Lavinaio without even a shirt; and the body of Fiani, not a citizen, remained hanging naked in sight of the idle crowd. The *lazzari* began insulting the dead body, pushing, pulling, jeering. The fierce game grew upon them; they cut and slashed at it with knives, and finished by leaving nothing hanging but the bones, while they went about the lower quarters of the town carrying the flesh on the points of their knives. The liver was roasted in the Mercato beside the gallows, and eaten "by the vile mob of the *sanfedisti*," and a *lazzaro* who refused to eat of it was killed by the rest.

Against such horrors no voice was raised until the *Bianchi* appealed to the Junta, requesting that the hangman might be "constrained to observe silence and use charity in that appalling function; he having dared to throw up his cap and excite the people to indiscreet cries and to inhuman delight." The bodies were thenceforth buried immediately, but the outrage was not punished, because, it was declared, the good populace acted in a spirit of loyalty.—SANSONE: *Avvenimenti*, p. CLXXXVII.

of prison, he served in the national guard in spite of his years. He was all fire for liberty." He was an antiquary and a poet, learned in mathematics and botany. It was said that Cardinal Ruffo offered to save him on the usual condition that he should cry, "Viva il Re!" in token that he renounced his principles; "but," says Marinelli, "he never stooped to deny himself and his own sentiments." All honour to the brave old patriot!

Eleonora's turn came last. As she came out of the guard-house the crowd tried in vain to make her cry, "Viva il Re!" but the *Bianchi* by signs imposed something of silence. She was dressed in mourning, in a gown that clung close about her feet. She mounted the ladder without faltering, saluting as best she could her friends and companions—her fellow soldiers—who she knew were there dead around her. "As she fell," wrote De Nicola, "the shouts of the populace went up to the very stars," and were heard at the monastery of the Santi Apostoli, about a mile away.

The body hung there all day and until the next evening, and the people made ribald songs upon the woman who had done her utmost for their welfare.[1] She was buried in Santa Maria di Costantinopoli.

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[1] B. CROCE: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 73.

'A signora donna Lionora,
Che cantava 'ncopp 'o triato,
Mo abballa 'mmiezzo 'o Mercato.
Viva, viva u papa santo,
C'ha mannato i cannuncini,
Pe' scaccià li giacubini!
Viva 'a forca e Masto Donato;*
Sant' Antonio sia priato!

My lady madam Leonora,
Who used to sing on the stage of the theatre,
Is dancing now in the middle of the Mercato.
Hurrah, hurrah for the holy pope!
He sent us his little cannons,
To drive away the jacobins!
Hurrah for the gallows and Mastro Donato!
Glory be to Sant' Antonio!

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* Generic name for the hangman.

Another of the many victims was Filippo Marini, the only son of the Marchese Genzano, a lad of twenty; his imputed crime had been the cutting off the head of a plaster statue of Carlo III.[1]

Settembrini has given us his father's recollection of Filippo Marini, a fellow prisoner, carried from the *granili* at Naples to the island of Santo Stefano. "A fine young fellow, half naked, but always merry, always singing and dancing. There came a sailor bringing things from Naples to many of the prisoners, and to him he said that his mother the Marchesa had given him a trunk full of things for him, but the Marchese had made him leave it behind and had given him a good beating, and that he had fled, and could give him nothing but a packet of powder and a pair of new shoes which the Marchesa had consigned to him after shutting the trunk, and he had put them in his pocket. The lad frowned at first, and then he smiled, powdered his hair, put on his new shoes and began dancing a minuet. A few days afterwards poor Filippetto was called to Naples and executed."[2]

When he came to the scaffold on October 1st, before laying his head on the block he kissed the executioner on the forehead in a transport of Christian charity, and the great crowd, touched to the core, forgot for once to cry, "Viva il Re!" "The execution of that poor child of Genzano touched all the gazing populace, who far from uttering their usual shouts, grew dumb and were seen to weep, and heard to curse him whoever had the fault."[3]

The executions went on regularly every few days from the beginning of July to the middle of the following March until the number of those hanged or beheaded in Naples and the islands reached one hundred and twenty. Only two or three of them were men of the populace; all the rest were nobles, officers, lawyers, doctors, ecclesiastics, professors, and men of science and letters; the very cream and flower of Neapolitan culture.

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[1] Pasquale Batistessa, who was hanged at Ischia, was also accused of having cut off the head of this same statue. And yet De Nicola expressly records on February 9th, that it was *the populace* who "broke the statue in pieces with a thousand insults, and threw it upon the ground crying *Viva la Libertà!*—the same populace who twenty days before cried in those very streets *Viva il Re!*"

[2] L. SETTEMBRINI: *Ricordanze della mia Vita*, I., p. 5.

[3] *Diario*, October 2nd.

October 29th saw the execution of Mario Pagano, Domenico Cirillo, Ignazio Ciaja, and Giorgio Pigliacelli. "For the death of men like these the whole city has suffered," wrote Marinelli in his journal. When Pagano was asked by his judge what he had to say in his defence, he replied "that he believed it was useless to make any defence; that his life, because of the continual malignity of men and the tyranny of the government, was hateful to him, and he hoped for peace after death."

"Never," says Botta the historian, "did a more learned philosopher nor a more benevolent philanthropist set himself to better our human race and to console the earth. . . . He died as he had lived, placid, innocent and pure. From one extreme of Italy to the other he was mourned with bitter tears by his disciples, who as master and father—and more as a father than as a master—had looked up to him. . . . No worse thing can be said of our age than this, that a Mario Pagano died upon the gallows."

Words like these would apply to Cirillo, known in scientific circles all over Europe, and at Naples more honourably still among the poor and suffering who never appealed to him in vain, and whose cause was his foremost thought and care as long as he served the republican Government.

The letter he wrote to Lady Hamilton from on board the vessel where he lay a prisoner, asking her to intercede for his pardon with the king, has been published by Jeaffreson,[1] who gives a private note of Nelson's on the subject: "Dominico Cirillo, who had been the king's physician, might have been saved, but that he chose to play the fool, and lie; denying that he had ever made any speeches against the government, and [saying] that he only took care of the poor in the hospitals."

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[1] JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, Vol. II., p. 105.

Cirillo, in fact, had done his utmost to keep clear of any share in the Government, but had not succeeded in altogether standing aloof; his letter is quite truthful, and shows him the charitable, peace-loving man that he was, averse to public strife, and with no unfriendly sentiment towards the king, Nelson, or the Hamiltons—a thoroughly good man, politically quite harmless, with perhaps only barely the courage of his decided opinions. His letter, Croce says, is not the letter of a hero. In fact, the idea that he was to be hanged can then have crossed his mind only as the remotest possibility, or he would not have talked of his valuable scientific observations and so forth. It is probable that when the alternative of life or death was actually presented to him, an unsuspected gulf revealed itself between him and the side that offered pardon, not free, but conditional, and he stepped back in indignation, and, as Nelson puts it, *chose to play the fool.* After all, nothing short of proof reveals the brevet mark of heroism. The decorous physician, not by any means indifferent to a precise elegance of dress, and remarkable for his courtly and distinguished manners no less than for his scientific acquirements and his eminent benevolence and goodness, was not a man to court martyrdom; no doubt he would fain have lived if he could, but not at such a price. There are sacrifices at which life itself is too dear, and it is evident that Cirillo, ruled by the quiet, unsuspected strength of his upright conscience, went to his death by deliberate choice. Even the way in which he met his fate is quaintly characteristic of him. While Pagano went to the gallows barefooted, ragged, and with two inches of unshaven beard, Cirillo "insisted on shaving and on dressing neatly, with new shoes, French socks, and a dark coat; and on his head he put a little white cap with a large bow." He was none the less a hero for that large bow of his, and "proceeded with intrepidity and presence of mind,"[1] one of the monks who records his last moments calling him "a most obstinate patriot."

Italian writers agree in saying that Cirillo refused to accept a pardon at the expense of his honour. The only pardons granted by the Bourbon were to a few weak men who stooped to buy them, when under sentence of death, by betraying a plan of escape formed by their fellow prisoners. These were the only lives the royal mercy preserved to their country; to grant a real free pardon was far beyond the scope of those mean, vindictive minds.

Ciaja had more than once been imprisoned for his liberal opinions, if not for his literary tastes alone, in 1792, and again later on from 1794 to 1798. He was the only poet of true poetic genius produced by Naples in his century. It is said that when the garrison of Castel Nuovo were proposing either to fight their way to Capua or to blow up the castle and perish in one common ruin, Ciaja it was who used all his eloquence to plead the cause of the old and infirm, of the women and the children, who were there under the protection of himself and every other man of the garrison who could fight. He was thirty-five when he perished on the gallows.

Pigliacelli had been Minister of Justice and Police under the Republic: "a man," says De Nicola, "who did not deserve such an end, because he was of proved integrity, learned in the law, and there is reason to believe that he never was a traitor"—*i.e.* never of decidedly republican opinions.

The case of Gregorio Mancini affords a notorious instance of the arbitrariness of the so-called trials of State. Coco relates how Mancini at his trial was sentenced to fifteen years' exile. He was bidding farewell to his wife and children, when he was recalled by Speciale and sent to the gallows.[1] "A good young fellow," wrote Marinelli, who knew him well, "extremely scrupulous, and of a handsome figure. His crime was that he had published under the monarchy a book on feudal law and brought it out again under the democratic government."

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[1] *Diurnali* of Marinelli, MS., quoted by FORTUNATO in *I Napoletani del 1799*, p. 37. See also V. SPINAZZOLA: *Gli Avvenimenti del 1799, etc.*, p. 137, *et seq.*

Michelangelo Novi was also condemned to exile, and was already embarked and on the point of sailing, when an order came from Palermo condemning him to life-long imprisonment in a dungeon of the Favignana. "In other times," says Coco, "it used to be said that the laws condemned and kings granted pardon: in Naples they acquitted in the name of the law, and condemned in the name of the king."

Exactly how Coco himself escaped with only a sentence of exile is still an enigma. As early as the month of May, after his name had appeared in the *Monitore* as of him who shared with Luisa Sanfelice the glory of having revealed the conspiracy of the Baccher, the king wrote to Ruffo that he wished both to be arrested as soon as Ruffo should have it in his power so to do.[2] For Luisa Sanfelice he was implacable, but Coco went into exile. D'Ayala, in his account of Coco, prefixed to the *Saggio Storico*,[3] says it was "by good luck and still more by money and by pious subterfuges [*pietosi rigiri*]," that his sentence was, comparatively, so light.

In September De Nicola has already begun to comment on the corruption of the Junta, on the accumulating evidence that the king is ill-advised, and that his fears and suspicions are purposely augmented and worked upon by interested persons; on the iniquity of the sentences passed by the Junta, and other matters which time and his honest mind somewhat slowly revealed to him. Witness this of September 14th: ". . . terror is being spread throughout the kingdom of Naples, while the Emperor and the Grand Duke of Tuscany have used clemency, and granted a general pardon: let posterity judge!" and again on the 24th: "When will there be an end of so much bloodshed, of which one cannot hear without shuddering! In all the history of revolutions there is no example of the sacrifice of so many victims. Oh God! how ill-advised is the king! How can he return in the midst of a people of malcontents become such from over severity? The State Junta is a junta of Butchers. His Majesty is deceived, because if it were represented to him how necessary it is to restore peace to this unhappy kingdom he would certainly do it; the following fact is proof"; and he recounts how Mons. Ludovici, Inspector for Avellino and Benevento, had represented to the king that if he were to carry out his instructions, and arrest all persons who had belonged either to the municipalities or the National Guard, all the good people would have been prosecuted and the bad left free, because the choice had always fallen on the most respectable citizens, and the National Guard were chosen from among the more quiet sort for the defence of the common weal. The king accordingly ordered that they should "not be molested, but that their conduct should be watched."

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[1] V. COCO: *Saggio Storico*, p. 176.

[2] DUMAS, IV., p. 241.

[3] Edition of 1861. The *Saggio Storico* was written in 1800, and published the following year.

"But what are we to expect," he cries one day, hearing of the imprisonment and imminent danger of Pirelli—"this excellent man, of whose attachment to our religion and to the king there can be no doubt—what are we to expect of a Junta which does not know one man from another, and is all ferocity?"

And again: "The public cannot forget the tragic death of that boy Genzano, and even the ferocious populace said that the king would have pardoned him if he had been in Naples; they already begin to abhor the rigour of the Junta. Part of the public says worse things of this Junta and its subalterns. Innocent men, if they wish to escape, have to agree upon the sums to be paid down. Some say that the family of Ercole d'Agnese paid out the sum of two thousand ducats in cash to save his life; but they were stolen, and he, already dead, was hung upon the gallows."[1]

Every now and then come letters from Palermo urging the Junta to greater haste in despatching the trials of State. "I know not," comments De Nicola, "how the trials that are bringing multitudes of people to death can be so much hurried."

By October 9th the diarist notes that at the last execution there was no great crowd, nor yet the usual applause. The very mob was getting a little tired of these horrible spectacles. He comments, on the 17th, on the fact that the Duchesses of Cassano and Montemiletto (Popoli) have come off with only seven years of exile, and writes a note: "It is said that their suit cost them thirty thousand ducats, and it is added that this is now an open mine, of salvation for the accused and of wealth for the Junta." But he adds that he cannot vouch for the truth of these things. Nor can posterity in detail. But in general it is certain that where the express revenge of the Court did not interfere beyond all hope, money worked miracles with the Junta. De Nicola himself, by November, knows more about it, and tells us of three men with money who have been acquitted, while one, Magliano, "whose poverty did not allow him to help himself," was condemned, "it being most certain that whoever has money to spend finds it stand him in very good stead."

Most interesting is the note of this sober royalist upon the conduct of the populace from first to last—the populace, so dear to the heart of Maria Carolina, whose loyalty so impressed Captain Troubridge.

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[1] D'Agnese, on being condemned, took opium in order to escape the disgrace of dying on the gallows, and was half dead when they hanged him.

"What pains me is to see this murderous and tipsy populace arrogating to themselves the merit of having alone been faithful to the king, and with its songs libelling every class; they sing for example,—

> Who betrayed your Majesty?
> Monks and priests and cavaliers
> Would have had you prisoner,"[1]—

and such-like. They look with an evil eye on all well to do people, and almost say that it is they who have restored the kingdom to the king; while we, who have been in the midst of this appalling catastrophe, know that those very same men who went about crying *Viva il Re* cried *Viva la Libertà* around Championnet when he went to the archbishop's palace. Those same men who go about singing the above-mentioned songs, went about singing the *Marseillaise* and the so-called *Carmagnole*. Those same men who ran to cut down the trees of liberty, came together to celebrate the planting of them. Those same men who are boasting themselves to be so attached to their sovereign, deafened our ears when they bawled in the streets *The flight of the Tyrant*, *The new song on Carolina*, *The Liberty of monks and priests* and such like wickedness which made me shudder, and God knows with what a heart I bore such things. I remember that morning when I found them selling all over Naples that infamous proclamation called *The Liberty of Monks*; I had like to have burst out in rage against those rascals that were selling it with such delight. Now they are the faithful, we are the traitors, after we have been robbed[2] and oppressed by the French, and then sacked by the populace, who just as they sacked the house of Rocca and others, so they sacked the Royal Palace when the French came in."[1]

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[1] Maiestà chi t'ha tradute?
Muonece, prievete e cavaliere
Te volevano prigioniere.

[2] *Assassinati;* in common Neapolitan speech *assassinare* refers to the purse rather than to the person. *Assassino di ladro!* is common abuse for one who asks too long a price.

Reflecting on the tendency of the arrests and executions to strike all the best and most conspicuous citizens, our diarist remarks: "It seems as though a man were to be punished for having had a good reputation; because many were named [*i.e.* to public places] precisely because of the good public opinion that they enjoyed. If they do not make the king understand this truth, and one or two others, all Naples will be blackened and infected. Up to to-day there have been thirty-eight executions, God knows how many more there will be if they go on like this."

The king, he thinks, is not coming, as is constantly reported, having among other things "sent for his hunting-nets," which he has heard have been restored as part of the sack of the palace.

On October 21st De Nicola gives another list of men condemned to the scaffold and the gallows; among the former Don Onofrio Colace, whose death "awoke the compassion of the whole city, because it would be impossible to find a man of greater kindness, more upright at heart, of greater integrity or more attached to the king." His crime was that he had signed the sentence of death upon certain insurgents at Torre del Greco who had sacked the Camaldoli there, murdered two of the monks, stolen the church plate, and driven away the rest of the monks.

"It is impossible for a humane and sensitive heart to bear up in the midst of this butchery, especially when one sees men condemned who do not deserve to die, and one begins to doubt the integrity of the Junta. May God forgive those scoundrels of the *Sala patriottica* who made opposition to the Deputation that they wanted to

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[1] *Diario*, October 12th.

CARLO MUSCARI, COMMANDER OF A LEGION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.
Hanged, March 6, 1800.

[*To face p.* 362.

send to Palermo when Macdonald left Naples with the French army. I have learned for certain what I am about to say.[1] Giuseppe Abbamonte proposed to send a deputation to Palermo to recall the king, demanding a universal pardon; this he proposed on demonstrating the impossibility of maintaining such a Republic as they imagined without force, without foreign help, without money, without the provinces. Cirillo, Pagano, and one or two others supported him, and possibly the whole legislative council would have come round; but when it came to the ears of the *Sala patriottica*, of those wicked, stupid and overheated patriots, they bitterly opposed it, threatening to massacre the whole Council, so that it came to nothing . . . God will have disposed otherwise in order to punish our sins. . . . I tremble when I reflect that the blood of so many just men who have perished and are perishing will call down fresh scourges upon my unhappy country."[2]

These are the words of a man who would certainly, in those days, have repudiated the name of patriot; of a man who thought no harm of the king, and had no sympathy whatever with the republicans as such. He betrays over and over again his conviction that the king is the mere tool of those about him, kept in ignorance or misinformed.

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[1] *Diario*, October 21st. This passage has the greater weight because the writer is careful to distinguish, as a rule, between mere hearsay and things which he knows to be true.

[2] It is most characteristic of the queen, that, having through some of her own private channels received a quite different account of this incident, she accepted and passed on to Ruffo the slander against Cirillo:

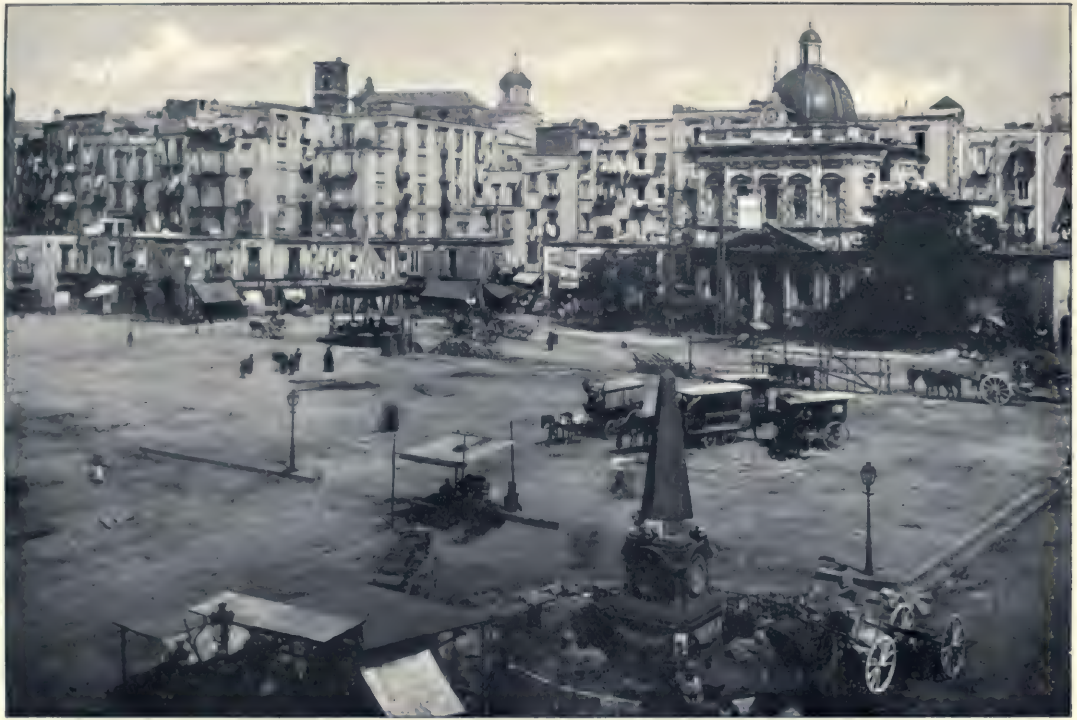
"Cirillo," she wrote, "spoke rabidly against the proposal for pardon."—*Arch. Stor. Nap.*, VIII., pp. 568, 569.

If Cirillo had been her own father, this woman would not have known him nor believed in him.

This passage is interesting and important as showing the power of the ultra republicans who were not in the government; it incidentally shows the probable truth of Caracciolo's assertion that threats were used [at this very time] to induce him to take the direction of the marine.

It is very natural, he remarks, that the king does not come; indeed, his coming is impossible in the midst of massacres and the discontent of every class of people.

"Truly if the sentences of death continue, he certainly will not come among a Nobility that has been rendered disaffected [*disgustata*] by every possible means"; and again in November: "The execution of the prisoners of State has become a matter of such indifference, that it no longer makes any impression: it does not serve as an example to the people, nor has the ignominy that used to belong to this punishment any part in the present executions. I wish this could be pointed out to the king, but by whom?"



THE PIAZZA DEL MERCATO, WHERE MOST OF THE EXECUTIONS OF 1799–1800 TOOK PLACE.

[*To face p.* 364.

CHAPTER XVIII

INSATIABLE REVENGE

Carafa at Pescara; capitulation; treachery; sent a prisoner to Naples; barbarous treatment; execution—Capitulation of Baia—Treachery—Marchese Mauri—Pasquale Battistessa—Colace and Nelson's edict—Trial of Luisa Sanfelice; reprieve—Old Vincenzo Baccher—Execution of Luisa Sanfelice.

WHILE these things were going on in Naples, the gallant Ettore Carafa was still holding Pescara against the encamped masses of Pronio, unaware that Naples had fallen, and counting on republican reinforcements from Lanciano, on a further force which his brother Carlo was raising in Rome, and on the arrival of French troops by sea from Ancona. But time passed, and the promised and expected help did not come. For ten days the republicans made constant sorties. These sorties were always preceded by two field-guns, each drawn by four horses, Carafa's carriage horses, and mounted by his grooms; these were followed by some hundred soldiers, who made havoc among the besiegers; and behind these always a number of women and peasants sallied out and brought back fruit and vegetables and whatever fresh thing they could lay hands on: on one occasion they brought in a whole cherry-tree torn up by the roots and laden with fruit.

Pronio at last assured Carafa that further protraction of the siege was useless, because the whole kingdom was now once more under the royal authority; that Aquila and Civitella del Tronto had surrendered, and the Republic was no more.

Carafa, always hoping for his reinforcements, and by no means trusting his adversary, asked for fifteen days' truce in order that he might despatch one of his officers, together with one of Pronio's, to ascertain the true state of things at Naples.

Finoia, the body-servant of Carafa, who afterwards wrote an account of the siege, speaks of Pronio as a man who had been fourteen years in prison for various homicides, committed, however, in brawls, not for malice or robbery; he describes him as rough and common, but of a good heart. As we have seen already, Eleonora Pimentel also spoke well of him in the *Monitore*, and commended his humanity towards his prisoners. During the armistice he daily sent Carafa presents of snow for his table, with which the officers may have cooled the vinegar and water they were now reduced to drink instead of wine. Pronio's most trusted subordinates—who, however, were only partly under his control—were some of his ancient prison companions.

During the truce, unfortunately, however, the people outside the walls fraternised with those within, and unknown, it is said, to Pronio, a conspiracy was organised to kill Carafa and hand over the fortress to the king's partisans—a large sum of money to be the reward of success. The real mover of the plot appears to have been a certain Lieutenant Pietro Severino,[1] whom Carafa had appointed commandant of the fortress; but this man concealed his treachery so well that although the plot was several times discovered by Carafa, and one ringleader shot each time, Severino remained unsuspected.

Meanwhile the fifteen days elapsed and the messengers never returned. Hostilities were therefore resumed, although Pronio repeatedly assured Carafa it was useless. To keep up the spirits of the people in the town the duke used to give balls in the palace of the Marchese del Vasto, where he had his quarters. One evening, when the dancers were dancing an English *contre danse*, a cannon-ball entered the ball-room by one window, passed straight down between the two rows of dancers and through the opposite wall. The ladies fell fainting on every side, but Carafa "gave courage to all, and the dance began again."

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[1] Finoia calls him lieutenant. Carafa, in his reports, calls him captain, and had probably promoted him in a provisional way.

Towards the end of July, however, provisions began to run short, and the little garrison, alert night and day, was wearied out. Then Carafa learned through his agents in Naples that the Republic had fallen, and that the republican reinforcements from Lanciano had disbanded. Carlo Carafa, meanwhile, hearing that all was over, fled for his life, and the French troops delayed continually.

Carafa therefore at last consented to capitulate, on condition that the garrison should march out with all their property and arms and with military honours. The duke himself and his officers were to embark on six fishing-smacks (*paranzelle*) that belonged to the Pescarese fishermen and lay in the river mouth, each of which was to be armed with a small cannon, and were then to set sail to join the French who lay at Ancona. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers remained free to enlist under Pronio, or to retire to their homes under a safe-conduct from the brigand leader. All the ample ammunition, arms, artillery, etc., were to be delivered over to Pronio.

On the appointed morning the treacherous Severino asked Carafa's leave to let into Pescara a few Pescaresi who belonged to Pronio's troops, on condition that they were to be unarmed, and the unsuspecting Carafa consented. Severino admitted about fifty persons, and to twenty of them who were in his confidence he gave pistols, with instructions to fire upon the duke when he passed to leave the town.

Carafa was busy burning all the papers, making inventories, and setting all in readiness to be consigned to Pronio's troops at the appointed hour, when he received an invitation from Pronio to dine with him at Francavilla. He excused himself on account of his engagement to consign the fortress. Meanwhile one of his officers, a certain Captain Ginevra, who was devoted to him, heard of the plot, and told him of it, urging him most earnestly to go to Francavilla to Pronio, and disconcert thus the expectations and treacherous plans of Severino and his accomplices. Other officers undertook to attend to the due consignment of the fortress, and Carafa consented and rode away with two of his officers and a strong escort to Francavilla. It seems that Severino, determined to earn in some way the reward of loyalty, now gave leave to his conspirators to open the door of the central magazine, which contained a great quantity of arms and ammunition, and let them rob what they chose, with the idea that thus the inventories would be proved false and the capitulation therefore not valid. The sentinel was overpowered, and the whole magazine given up to the pillage of the mob. Then began disputes, a pistol was fired, the powder took fire, and the whole magazine blew up with a frightful explosion, and killed nearly five hundred of the crowd who were gathered in its neighbourhood. The powder was no great quantity, but the place was full of bombs, grenades, and cartridges, which continued to explode at intervals for some two hours. This accident led to a general flight from Pescara; and here fresh disasters followed. The city, surrounded by high fortifications, had but one gate, and here in the frightful stampede of the inhabitants, who did not know what had happened, many more were killed. The little republican garrison, suspecting treachery, also fled, but they were overwhelmed by the armed masses outside, and all but sixty of them were killed. Finoia himself, Carafa's servant, who tells the story, had the good luck to be one of the first to escape, and got to Chieti; and there eventually he learned from such of the victims as recovered in the hospital how the disaster had come about.

When all danger of further explosion had ceased, the masses of Pronio burst into the city, furious at the supposed treachery of the republicans, and with this excuse betook themselves to a general sack, first of the palace where Carafa had lodged, then of those where the other republican officers had been, and finally broke into all the military magazines and stole everything they could carry away, leaving only the powder and the cannon.

Meanwhile Pronio at Francavilla was entertaining his guests with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, when the sound of the explosion brought them all to their feet with drawn swords. Suspecting, or pretending to suspect, treachery, as was natural, Pronio required Carafa to give up his sword and remain as his hostage until the matter could be examined into.[1] Carafa could only protest his complete innocence, give up his sword, and remain a prisoner.

That Pronio really subsequently ascertained the facts and was not privy to a plot which led his gallant enemy into a trap seems doubtful. Finoia asserts that it was so, but goes on to say that Pronio now discovered that a band of republicans had united near Pescara with the intention of liberating their leader, for which reason he dispatched Carafa under a strong escort to Naples, writing at the same time both to Naples and to Palermo a full account of the matter, and that he "desired to respect the capitulation." But he received answer from Palermo that "the king did not capitulate with his subjects."

This story, which seems to have persuaded Finoia, does not convince one in all its details. If Pronio had not meant all along to take advantage of the capitulation in order to secure the person of Carafa, the strong guard that carried him safely to Naples might with equal success have escorted him on board the little vessels which were to take him and his officers to Ancona. It is odd, moreover, that a band of republicans should have collected to liberate a man who was not supposed to be a prisoner—near Pescara, too, now the centre of thousands of Pronio's armed hordes, whence all the republicans had fled, those of Lanciano having disbanded weeks before.

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[1] The pretext for suspicion may have been agreed upon beforehand, or may have been really accidental, but none the less welcome.

It looks as though Pronio, warned by the events of Naples, meant to keep on the safe side of royal favour, and not set free such a man as Carafa, fit match as he was to Caracciolo, and held in almost equal terror by the Court. Ferdinand's letter of August 16th from Palermo to Ruffo points rather to the same conclusion. "When Pronio took Pescara," wrote the king, "he sent an adjutant to inform me of it, saying that he had in his power, strongly guarded, the celebrated Conte di Ruvo, to whom he had promised his life, a thing he had no power to do. I sent back the adjutant immediately with an order in reply, to send the said Ruvo here under his utmost responsibility, life for life."[1] Not a band of republicans, therefore, but a peremptory letter from the king decided Pronio to send Carafa to Naples.

What makes one still further inclined to suspect that Pronio was not without complicity in laying a trap for Carafa is that Captain Ginevra heard of Severino's plot *from an officer who had been one of the republican garrison of Civitella del Tronto, but on the surrender of the fortress had joined Pronio.* Such a man may have been anxious to prove his loyalty. He may have known of a real plot and have honestly warned Ginevra, who was a staunch and dear friend of Carafa. But it is at least equally likely, under the circumstances, that an excuse was wanted to decoy Carafa to Francavilla, seeing that he had declined Pronio's invitation, and that it would not have been easy to arrest him in the middle of his own officers and men.

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[1] DUMAS, IV., p. 260.

Pronio, no doubt, had something generous in his composition, and wished well to his gallant opponent; but he was fighting for royal favour and rewards, and it is incredible that he ever seriously meant to let slip so uncompromising a republican as Carafa. Pronio, within a year, received an annual pension of two thousand ducats.[1]

Carafa, meanwhile, went to meet his fate. On September 2nd he was condemned to be beheaded in the Piazza del Mercato, and the sentence was carried out on the 4th. The confirmation of the sentence, meanwhile, was only signed at Palermo on September 16th, a fact which proves once more how little show of legality there was in the pretended trials.

Together with the manuscript of Finoia[2] there is a note by the Principe di Belmonte, who was collecting materials from persons who had known Carafa or had been engaged in the notable events of 1799. Carafa, notes the prince, "was kept in a barbarous way in the prisons of the Carmine, and when the fathers of the *Bianchi* entered the prison to comfort him according to the custom, besides the irons upon his hands and feet, such as are put upon condemned prisoners, he had an iron collar round his neck fixed to the wall." The Marchese Maresca, in publishing this note, observes that it is not improbable that the Principe di Belmonte had this detail from the lips of his uncle, Monsignor Silvestro Granito, who was a member of the confraternity of the *Bianchi* in 1799, and was present, in the exercise of his mission of compassion, also at the execution of the Baccher.

Confirmation of this abominable act of cruelty and spite comes to us from another MS., the diary of Marinelli for September 4th: "He was kept with an iron collar round his neck for many days, which prevented him from lying down and sleeping," so that the collar was literally "fixed to the wall."[1]

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[1] SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. CCLVIII.

[2] Published by MARESCA: Arch. Stor. Nap., X. 2.

At this execution there were the usual precautions of armed patrols along the streets, of soldiers drawn up all round the square, and of cannon pointing along the ways that opened upon the dreary Piazza del Mercato.

Carafa appeared in the torn and war-stained uniform of a French colonel, with a beard of a month's neglected growth, and mounted the scaffold with a firm step, looking round upon the silent crowd with a smile of high disdain while the sentence was read aloud. The executioner approached to assist him to undress, but Carafa motioned him away in disgust. The man then directed him to lie upon his face, but he refused, and lay down flat upon his back with unbandaged eyes, that he might, as ever, look death in the face without flinching. "Tell thy queen," he said scornfully to the executioner, "that Ettore Carafa knew how to die!"[2] And as the man hesitated and stared, taken aback at the unconventional and lofty demeanour of his victim, Carafa cried out imperiously, "Strike, *per Dio!*" and the blow fell that set his noble spirit free.

When they told Ferdinand, he laughed, and said in his *lazzarone* dialect: "*U duchino 'a fatt' u guappo fin' all' ultemo!*" ("The young duke has played the bravo to the very last!")[3]

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[1] *Diurnali of Marinelli*, quoted by CONFORTI: *Napoli nel 1799, etc.*, p. 164.

[2] Note this touch of evidence that the patriots saw, not Ferdinand's, but the queen's, hand in these executions. Carafa knew them both very well.

[3] R. CARAFA D'ANDRIA: *Ettore Carafa, etc.*, p. 68. The *guappo* is the swaggering, dare-devil pattern and leader of young roughs among the lowest Neapolitan populace. In Ferdinand's vocabulary and in his ideas this word may well have done duty for *hero*.

(Oh, rabbit-hearted, grinning Ferdinand! never, first or last, in all thy long ignoble life, didst thou "play the bravo"!)

Carafa was buried in the Church of the Carmine Maggiore.

Lady Morgan, who was intimate with the Carafa family during her visit to Naples in 1820, records how his gay courage on the scaffold was still recalled with tears by his friends, and adds that she judges of his virtues and talents by those of the rest of his family.[1]

In the same way in which it was pretended, after the event, that Ruffo had had no power to conclude the capitulation with the castles of Naples, and that Pronio's capitulation with Ettore Carafa was cancelled as soon as the king had profited by his own side of the bargain, so the capitulation of the Castle of Baia was used, whether with premeditated treachery or not, we cannot say, to secure the fortress to the king, and imprison the persons who surrendered to the Conte di Thurn and obtained his written safe-conduct.[2]

Foremost among these was the Marchese Mauri, commandant of the fortress. In the fine commemorative collection of notices and documents published in 1899 at Naples[3] is a touching series of twenty-four letters, now in the possession of his family, written by Mauri from prison to his young wife. He shows himself astonished at the things of which he is accused, and for some time apprehends nothing worse than exile, and tells his wife what clothes to prepare for his journey. He hears that five witnesses have sworn to false evidence against him, and urges his wife to procure others, observing reasonably enough that if five false witnesses have been found to swear to a lie, surely it cannot be difficult to find others who will swear to the truth. He clings also to his safe-conduct from Thurn, and implores his wife to spend liberally among the secretaries and venal subalterns of the Junta. "Everything may be done," he says, "for gold."

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[1] LADY MORGAN: *Italy*, Vol. III., p. 156, note.

[2] SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. CXCIX.

[3] *La Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799. Albo, etc.*, Fasc. 12 and 13.

But his was one of those cases predetermined by the king, in which bribery was of no avail. Thurn, it was said by the Junta, could not "concede papers granting impunity," and "compacts made with rebels were not to be maintained." Mauri was therefore beheaded.

One who came out of the Castle of Baia on the same conditions of personal safety was Pasquale Battistessa, an extremely energetic republican. He was immediately arrested, because, it was said, "an individual who is not one of the garrison cannot enjoy the action of military laws," and was thrown into the dungeons of the Castle of Ischia. Lest he should by any means escape, old Vincenzo Baccher made instance that he should be put in chains, and compiled a complicated accusation against him which brought him to the gallows. In vain Battistessa appealed to a general pardon given out by Ruffo, and to the safe-conduct of the Conte di Thurn. Speciale "explored the mind of the king" on the subject, and reported the reply "that the edict of Ruffo and the safe-conduct could not profit that traitor, because the king makes no treaties with his subjects, nor can any one capitulate without his permission."[1]

Others, among whom was Onofrio Colace, gave themselves up voluntarily, in response to Nelson's edict, which held out the promise of the king's clemency.[2] The trial of Colace was another instance of the scandalous disregard of the most elementary forms, or even pretences, of justice. To avoid complications and be able to proceed in a more summary way, the Sicilian code, rather than the Neapolitan, was supposed to be followed. Under this code, if there

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[1] SANSONE, p. 161.

[2] See Appendix for this edict.

CARLO MAURI, MARCHESE DI POLVICA, COMMANDANT OF THE FORTRESS OF BAIA.
Beheaded, December 14, 1799, at the age of twenty-seven.

(From a miniature in the possession of his descendants.)

[*To face p.* 374.

was but one dissentient voice among the judges, sentence of death could not be pronounced; and yet we read occasionally—notably in the case of Luisa Sanfelice—that, "in order not to disagree," two of the judges who were contrary to the death-sentence nevertheless signed the condemnation.

In the case of Colace the evidence against the prisoner was so doubtful that one of the judges was for setting him at liberty, another for sparing his life; yet he was condemned. "After the sentence was passed," De Nicola tells us, "he wrote a memorial all with his own hand, imploring the king's clemency, also on the ground that he had presented himself on the word of the admiral Nelson, who admitted to the king's clemency all who, having held office, should spontaneously present themselves; the advocates of the prisoners alleged the same thing, but the prosecutor said that he had another despatch which said that no attention was to be paid to the promise made by Nelson."[1]

Kings, in fact, neither kept promises nor showed clemency; such was Ferdinand's ideal of royal power.[2]

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[1] *Diario*, October 22nd.

[2] There is an anecdote told by Nisco which shows how this trait of the Bourbon mind was ineradicably characteristic of the race. One day, in 1844, the old Duke of Sperlinga, a courtier of the ancient type, came to the house of Pasquale Mancini, "and told him that he had been present at an ugly scene: the duke was standing at a window with the king and the little prince to see the people in the palace square crowding round the band at the moment of changing the guard, and the boy asked his father: 'What can the king do with all these people?' and Ferdinand II. replied: 'He has the right to have all their heads cut off; but out of respect for our holy religion, he does not have it done,' and so saying, with his thumb he rubbed the sign of the Cross on the child's forehead. And the honest Sicilian duke added in comment: 'With such maxims our young prince will become a tyrant, and even my lands of Sperlinga, the only property on the island that respected the French on the day of the famous Vespers, will finish by rising in revolt against their king."—NICCOLA NISCO: *Francesco II., Re*. Naples, 1887.

Before the long list of other names which must go unrecorded, the writer is fain to echo the cry of Coco: "Would that I were able to render to the names of all that honour which they deserve!" But in a sketch like the present there is no room for what would be an excess of detail.

An amnesty was signed at Palermo long before the executions came to an end, but its publication was continually withheld and delayed, while the insatiable vengeance of the Court kept "reaching forth long arms and plucking offenders from the mass" for sacrifice.

Among the many condemned by express order of the king was the unfortunate Luisa Sanfelice. This poor thing, as we know, had committed no crime, the advocates at her trial most justly observing that there is no law by which to condemn a person for revealing a conspiracy to that Government under which he happens to be living. The very judges could not agree, for once, to condemn an innocent person, and although sentence of death was passed by the votes of the servile majority, and the victim was accordingly put *in Cappella*, her advocates prevailed with the dissenting member of the Junta to urge an irregularity in the proceedings, and to raise a doubt as to whether this case came under a certain recent royal despatch or not. Under this pretext Luisa Sanfelice was reprieved, having already tasted once the bitterness of death. This was September 15th, 1799. But on the 28th, in reply to a representation from the Junta, came the inexorable royal despatch from Palermo, insisting on the execution of the condemned; and on the 29th Luisa and her fellow victims were once more put *in Cappella* in the Carmine.

The poor creature, in an agony of terror, had but one more chance of reprieve, suggested to her very likely by her courageous and energetic mother, who was going boldly from one judge to another, with home truths and a woman's futile threats. When the *Bianchi* came to her for their pious office, she confided to them that she had reason to believe herself *enceinte*. Thus, by an ancient and common custom, the execution was delayed once more. Doctors and wise women were sent by the Junta to ascertain if the thing were true, and they charitably agreed in confirming her assertion. The whole city, knowing how guiltless the poor thing was of any political sentiments, and how it was but an accident which had made her instrumental in revealing the conspiracy of the Baccher, was horrified and shocked at her condemnation and at the prospect of the sentence being actually carried out.

During the months which followed, writers of the diaries which have come down to us made notes from time to time reflecting current popular gossip as to the fate of *La Molina* or *La Sanfelice*, as they call her, using sometimes her maiden, sometimes her married, name. Now it is a report that the supposed expectations have come to nothing, and that there is about to be an execution; then a rumour that the king has granted a pardon. The rumours are confirmed, contradicted; people are in suspense.

The poor creature, meanwhile, was shut up with several other ladies in the prison of the Vicaria, and they shared her terror every time that doctors were sent to report upon her case, knowing very well that it was but a desperate pretence.

In May, 1800, a general amnesty was at last proclaimed, to which, however, there were not a few specified exceptions; but the gallows and the scaffold in the Mercato were at last taken down, and good people began to breathe and to persuade themselves that the other executions would never take place.

Of course, meanwhile, the expected child should have been born not later than March or April. July passed, and still nothing had taken place, and the thing lay dormant. There was, moreover, an antique custom by which a criminal who had been face to face with death *in Cappella*, and had been for whatever reason reprieved, was accorded his life by royal clemency—that fiction which deluded the faith and hope of so many during this fatal year! The unhappy Luisa had already twice gone through those twenty-four hours of mortal anguish, and it was felt to be monstrous and inhuman to persecute her any further.

In the meantime, high in royal favour were the survivors of the family Baccher and all who had had a hand in their conspiracy against the Republic; so much so that all kinds of people, at a loss to prove their loyalty, and so to establish a claim on the royal gratitude and bounty (fed by the confiscated property of the republicans) actually paid large sums for the privilege of entering their names, long after the event, in the roll of the conspirators.

The vengeance of the king and queen, glutted by so many nobler victims, might possibly now have gone to sleep; but old Vincenzo Baccher, father of the two young men whom the republicans had so futilely shot in Castel Nuovo on June 13th, could not rest without an offering to his own special vengeance. Those who had called the hasty council of war and pronounced the cruel sentence which stained the Republic with a useless act of ferocity at her last hour, and those who had had it executed had all met a worse fate to satisfy the vengeance and appease the fears of the Crown. But the old man, who had denounced and relentlessly pursued some of the other victims,[1] wanted also the blood of the woman for love of whom his son had endangered the success of the conspiracy, and who had been the cause—the helpless, hapless cause—of his and his brother's death. He saw that Luisa Sanfelice was going to escape, and forthwith went himself to Palermo to weep and

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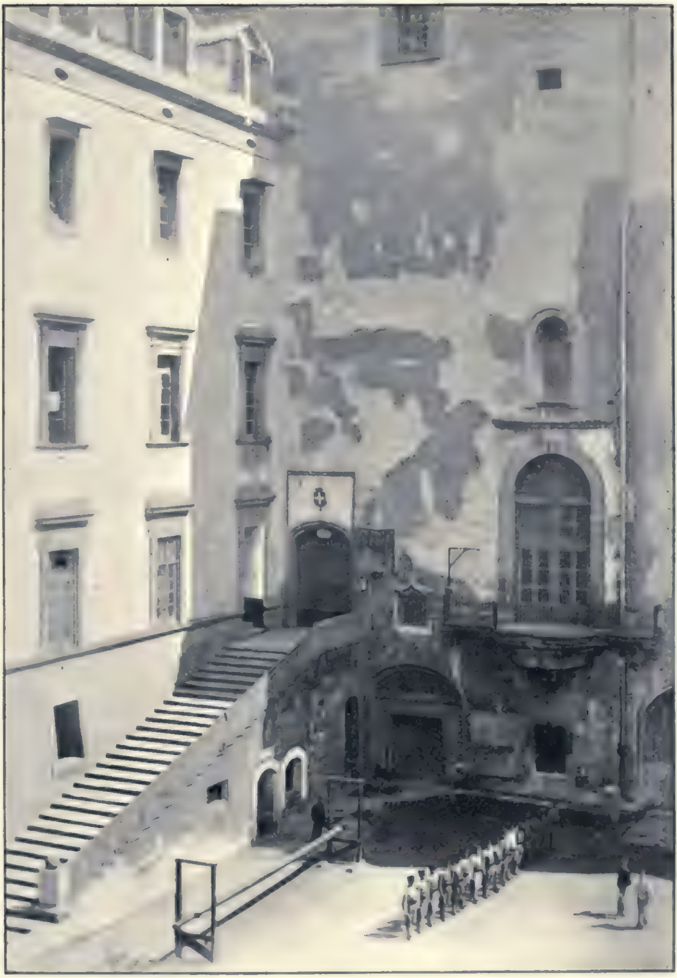
[1] See SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. 158, *et seq.*, for many documents showing the activity of this fierce, hard old royalist in hunting down all concerned.



ANGLE OF THE COURT OF CASTEL NUOVO, WHERE THE BACCHER AND DELLA ROSSA BROTHERS WERE SHOT, JUNE 13, 1799.

[*To face p.* 378.

complain before the king, working upon his vanity by showing him how all Naples knew of the trick by which this victim was eluding justice, while the king alone was in the dark.

Accordingly, on July 31st, 1800, the poor thing was taken to Palermo, that the matter of the pregnancy might be put beyond a doubt by Sicilian physicians. The subterfuge, of course, could be maintained no longer, and after remaining twenty-five days at Palermo, she was once more embarked, on August 28th, and sent back to Naples to be executed.

Meanwhile, on the 26th, the hereditary Princess Maria Clementina gave birth to an heir to the throne, and when next morning the king came to see the infant, and asked, according to the ancient custom, if the princess had any favour to ask of him, she begged the life of Luisa Sanfelice. But although it was customary that the king on these occasions should grant three requests to his daughter-in-law, his face clouded directly; he threw down the baby on its mother's pillows, saying, "Anything but that," and left the room in anger.

The same vessel, the *Tartaro*, which next day bore back Luisa Sanfelice in chains to meet her inexorable fate, brought to Naples the news of the birth of the heir-presumptive and the orders for a week's public rejoicings and illuminations.

The Neapolitans are always only too ready to rejoice, but the news that nearly a year after the passing of the sentence it was actually to be carried out filled the city with horror. "Everyone pitied her," says a manuscript of the time, "considering her circumstances, and her death, as it were, in cold blood." [1]

The death of Luisa Sanfelice, on September 11th, 1800, brought the long list of victims to a close. In that list probably the two executions that made the profoundest impression were the first and the last—that of Caracciolo and that of Luisa Sanfelice ; and for the same reasons—because of the cold element of personal revenge conspicuous in both, and the abrupt contrast between the well-known character of the victims and their fate, so notoriously undeserved.

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[1] B. Croce: *Studii Storici, etc.*, p. 201. This little volume contains the most recent thoroughly authentic and careful account of this most unhappy woman.

CHURCH OF THE CARMINE, WHERE ETTORE CARAFA WAS BURIED.

[*To face p.* 380.

CHAPTER XIX

CONCLUSION

Review of the state of the kingdom after the restoration—Views of Troubridge, Sir Arthur Paget, Major-General Paget—Reports of provincial inspectors—State of the political prisoners—The Court inexcusable—Rewards and pensions—The lesson unlearned—'99 a watchword for new generations of patriots.

"WE are restoring happiness to the kingdom of Naples, and doing good to millions"[1]: such was Nelson's description of the work initiated at Naples in June, 1799, by himself and the Hamiltons, inspired by the Court. Let us glance briefly at the quality of the "happiness" restored, at the extent of the "good" done, and it will be enough.

After spending a month on board the *Foudroyant* in the bay, receiving the surrender of St. Elmo, Gaeta, and Capua, and sanctioning the initiation of the executions, the king, without having dared to set foot on shore, sailed back to Palermo on Nelson's ship, together with Acton and the Hamiltons, to keep the festival of Santa Rosalia.

In Naples, according to a letter written by the queen at the end of August to the Emperor, they left in prison eight thousand "convicted rabid jacobins," and more than as many still at liberty in the city.[2]

The first hint of the real state of matters as left by the king, when the *fête* of Santa Rosalia called him to Palermo, is contained in a letter from Troubridge to Nelson[1]: "I dread, my Lord," said he, "all the feasting etc. at Palermo. I am sure your health will be hurt. If so, all their saints will be damned by the navy. The king would be better employed digesting a good government: everything gives way to their pleasures. The money spent at Palermo gives discontent here; fifty thousand people are unemployed, trade discouraged, manufactures at a stand. It is the interest of many here to keep the king away;—they all dread reform:—their villainies are so deeply rooted, that if some method is not taken to dig them out, this government cannot hold together. Out of twenty millions of ducats, collected as the revenue, only thirteen millions reach the treasury; and the king pays four ducats where he should pay one. He is surrounded by thieves; and none of them have honour or honesty enough to tell him the real and true state of things."

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[1] He repeats the same sentiment to Earl Spencer, July 13th, 1799.—*Despatches*, Vol. III., p. 409.

[2] HELFERT: *Fabrizio Ruffo, etc.*, p. 588.

And again in another letter:

"There are upwards of forty thousand families who have relations confined. If some act of oblivion is not passed, there will be no end of persecution; for the people of this country have no idea of anything but revenge, and to gain a point would swear ten thousand false oaths. Constant efforts are made to get a man taken up, in order to rob him. The confiscated property does not reach the king's treasury—All thieves! It is selling for nothing. His own people, whom he employs, are buying it up, and the vagabonds pocket the whole. I should not be surprised to hear that they brought a bill of expenses against him for the sale."

It did not take Troubridge very long to see these things: yet Nelson had gone out of his way to deliver Naples back into the hands of these people and of the government whose mismanagement bred and fostered them; and by his means the nobler minority, struggling painfully against this overwhelming force of corruption and oppression, had been thrust down again under the heel of the worthless king and cruel queen, and the very powers of darkness once more let loose upon the unhappy country for which hundreds had died and were to die, as it seemed, in vain. And Nelson, blinded by his faith in "the great order and object to down—down with the damned French villains!" with "his blood boiling at the name of Frenchman," could without a misgiving take credit to himself and to the Hamiltons for "doing good to millions!" Well might Troubridge, upon whom light gradually dawned, write a little later from Malta to his friend at Palermo: "*I curse the day I ever served the Neapolitan government.*" Alas! how many had cause to curse that day, and none more than those to whom, as to the gallant Troubridge, the name of Nelson was dear!

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[1] Given by Southey in his *Life of Nelson*.

Of Nelson's contemporaries and fellow countrymen who had occasion to look into matters at Naples in those days it is difficult to find one who was long deceived as to the real position of things or the real character of the people in power.

Mr. Paget, who was named to succeed Sir William Hamilton as British Ambassador at the Court of the Two Sicilies, had scarcely been a week at Naples, on his way to Palermo, before he began to have a pretty clear general opinion of the state of the kingdom, which a year's residence in Palermo did not lead him to modify for the better. He was detained at Naples by being unable to find a vessel of any sort in which to make the passage; this was probably due to the active meddling of the queen and Lady Hamilton, as must also have been the fact that he could not get a house.[1] From Naples he wrote to Lord Grenville on March 25th, 1800:

"From what I can collect there does not seem to exist a shadow of anything like order or regularity in any individual department in the State. I have seen and conversed with the persons at the head of them all. They all complain of the situation of Affairs, and agree upon the positive and imperious necessity of the King's return here. They frequently petition to that effect, but I understand that the King is surrounded by a parcel of timid Sicilians who do not fail to represent the danger of such a step. I fear that the Junta here[1] is composed, with one or two exceptions, of a corrupt, bad set of men. Law and Justice are neither practised nor understood."

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[1] SIR AUG. B. PAGET: *The Paget Papers, etc.*, Vol. I., p. 190, *et seq.*

Paget, the cursed Paget, as the queen called him, was a fortnight at Palermo before he could present his letters of credence, Lady Hamilton having worked upon old Sir William to regard his recall as an insult, and to show discourtesy to his successor. "It is not to be told the pains that were taken by Lady Hamilton to set the King and Queen and the whole Court against me even before I arrived. I was represented as a Jacobin and a coxcomb, a person sent to bully and to carry them bon gré mal gré back to Naples, and it is enough to know the character of people here to be sure that all this Jargon had its effect."

Paget already perceived the character of the Court and its surroundings; he was not a man to be swayed by "Jargon," and his appearance introduced a new and very uncomfortable element among the clique at Court, who had hitherto had everything their own way. On May 13th he wrote to Lord Grenville:

"Every department of the State, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, has assumed the most untoward appearance. Instead of Religion there is an excess of bigotry, corruption has succeeded to justice, and the fact of calling the assistance of Foreign Troops in itself proves what the state of the Army must be, and I will further venture to say there is not a thinking man in the Country who would not gratuitously subscribe to this statement."

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[1] *I.e.* the Commission which carried on the Government at Naples.

And again:

"I really don't know whether any good is to be done with the present generation, so corrupt and so insensible to all principles of honour and morality do I think it. A total reformation upon the largest and most comprehensive scale ought to take place."

He says that the laws, from perversion, have become execrable, and should be revised; but there is not a man in the kingdom who combines sufficient honesty and talent. In truth, there had been such, but they had either perished on the gallows, or were languishing in exile or in prison: the Bourbons were not favourable to honesty and talent.

The military, Paget says, are in a deplorable state, and religion calls for reform. Finally, he avows that he is of opinion that nothing useful or good can be effected but by "the introduction and direct interference of foreigners." Paget does not specify to what foreigners the work of regeneration should have been confided, and no doubt had his own views. But if an Englishman, after a couple of months' study of the Court and the state of the country, and with some knowledge of their latter history, came to these conclusions, where was the great crime of the patriots, justified as they were by an infinitely closer knowledge and experience, and thrust into action by no choice of their own?

As time went on Paget perceived against what a solid wall of obstinate resistance he was battering, and began to be able to measure the distance between the king's promises and their performance. He began also, by slower degrees, to peer into the depths of Acton's duplicity, which he at first honestly took to be the dotage of a man tried by shocks and past his work, not able to fathom a policy that regarded absolutely nothing but the safety of his own and his master's skin. He found it not so easy as he had at first imagined to persuade the king to go back to Naples, and in fact was never able to persuade him, and began not to wonder at his reluctance to trust himself in Naples. "I do not exaggerate," he wrote in July, "when I say that the greater part of his Nobility is disaffected, and the people, under pretence of hatred to Jacobinism, are ready and even panting for the moment to commit the most horrible excesses." This might be a quotation from the *Diario* of De Nicola, so true is it to the time.

After a year's fruitless sojourn at Palermo, Paget wrote to Lord Hawkesbury:[1]

"When, my Lord, I look around me and reflect upon the persons employed in the different departments of this Government, I do not understand how the thing goes on at all. The fact is that General Acton will not employ people who are not blindly devoted to him, and he has certainly brought himself to think that this is a well-governed State. I always return to a position I formerly made. There is neither Army, Navy, Commerce, Justice, Agriculture, Religion or Roads in these Kingdoms. And as long as General Acton remains at the head of affairs I despair of seeing any change for the better in them. He will listen to none but those who flatter him. At the same time there is not a Man in these Kingdoms fit to hold his situation. . . ."

When Acton assured him of the "vigour" with which the aggressive proposals of the French were to be met, and Paget drily observed that "he saw no preparations to correspond," he was met by the characteristic answer in excuse "that it would be impolitic to create an alarm among the People."

Even Acton, however, occasionally told the truth, and that with great *naïveté*. The Russian representative, Italinsky, was sent to Paris to try to smooth matters and avert the descent of the French, and Acton writes to Paget to say he was told, "a King should be settled to this Nation in both Sicilyes but never the present Family. The same is read to Micheroux in Alquier's instructions. This is the worst Blow to us, as against a Republic we could find help and a kind of standing resolution, *but the changing of the King for another will disarm immediately the few that were well-disposed.*"[1] From Acton could anything well be more tremendously severe!

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[1] *Paget Papers*, Vol. I., p. 322

Paget, after more than a year, can only lament the situation of Ferdinand, but says he is indebted to himself for it: "He has had near two years to put his country into a state of defence, and during that time not an improvement of any sort whatever, either in his Army, Navy or Fortresses has been made." Paget does not go so far as to say the king would have been successful, but he says very truly that he might have made a good fight, and thus won the admiration and goodwill of the troops; "and this would have been the case had General Acton, who had the whole resources at his disposal, acted with the same degree of spirit that Gallo has done at Paris."[2]

A letter of much later date, from Major-General the Hon. Edward Paget, written from Milazzo in 1807, shows how the corrupt tree continued to bear its corrupt fruit: ". . . we are kept completely in the dark with respect to the state of the War, and instead of real Intelligence are only now and then answered with the most wonderful fabrications from Palermo. It makes one's Heart sick to see such a country as this might be so lost and sunk by oppression and bad Government. It is necessary to see it to believe it, but you have already witnessed it, and will therefore agree with me that *if Satan himself had appeared as a Deliverer, instead of Bonaparte, there*

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[1] *Paget Papers*, Vol. I., pp. 336, 337.

[2] Note this unprejudiced testimony to the capacity and patriotism of Gallo.

would have been no wonder at his being received with open Arms."[1]

While the Bourbon policy was busily tearing up the wheat in Naples and carefully fostering the tares, while the best men went to the gallows, and all that betrayed a gleam of mental activity and capacity were driven into exile or shut up in prison, in the provinces began to flourish, under the sanction of a transparent political mask, that system of brigandage which held its ground for some seventy years—longer, in fact, than the incapable and corrupting Bourbon dynasty held theirs.

We have followed in more or less detail the march of the army of the Holy Faith up to the gates of Naples, and have seen how the "Calabrese," whose marked character gave name and tone to all, became the terror of the city for many months. Long after the army had done its work as far as Naples and the restoration of the king were concerned, the disastrous effects of its passage maintained all the provinces in arms and full of unspeakable disorder. In July of 1799 these lawless and redoubtable masses began gradually to crumble away, and those who were not lured on to share the enterprise against Rome began to make their way southward towards their homes in large armed bands that set the scanty forces of the provincial governments at complete defiance. They stole everything that took their fancy, massacred when they met with opposition, disarming the soldiers who resisted them, appropriating their ammunition, and this even in such a town as Salerno, always with the pretence that their victims were Jacobins. In Sala, in the same province, a certain Michele De Donato armed an independent *Santa Fede* of his own for mere purposes of robbery and assassination, and actually drove away the governor and his lieutenant and other ministers of justice, and a number of the better sort of citizens, and remained in power with the entire town at his mere discretion.

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[1] *Paget Papers*, Vol. II., p. 289. Letter to Sir Arthur Paget. Author's italics.

And this is no solitary instance. To remedy the crying evil, royal inspectors were sent into the several provinces, and their reports, one more dreadful than another, are now before us, exhumed from the dust of the archives of State, and published by Conforti, Sansone, and others.[1] In Salerno and Terra di Lavoro "reigns a horrible anarchy; the laws are not obeyed, the Magistrate is not recognised; order and public peace are banished. . . ."

From Castelluccio Mammone and five hundred armed robbers spread desolation far and near. Finally, the inspector sums up, "that in this Province there is not a town or village whose peace is not disturbed by formidable bands of ill-conditioned persons who commit with impunity robberies and murders that are inhuman." From many little towns the governors report that "among the good citizens not one is secure of his life, and they are obliged to fly from their homes because of the many murders committed by evil-intentioned persons."

One of the chief alleged grievances are the taxes which no one wishes to pay. Certain it is that exemption from various taxes was one of the inducements offered by Ruffo, with full royal sanction, to enlist in the great marauding army; but by the autumn it seems that the king no longer found it convenient to keep his bargain, and tax-payers and exactors came to blows all over the country in consequence.[2]

[1] LUIGI CONFORTI: *La Repubblica Napoletana e l'Anarchia Regia, etc.*, Chap. X. SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, p. 139, *et seq.*

[2] In May, 1800, Mr. Paget, writing to Lord Grenville, comments on the state of insubordination of the provinces, especially of Calabria and Abruzzo, and says the cause "may be attributed to Cardinal Ruffo," who promised exemption from taxes, and other immunities, etc., etc., evidently under the impression that Ruffo had acted on his own responsibility. How characteristic of that paltry Court to lay all the blame on the man who had served them so well!—*Paget Papers*, Vol. I., p. 216.

About Gaeta the peasants were afraid to go out to the fields to work, and the very bishop wrote that he was not safe upon his rounds.

The Governor of Isernia wrote to the king that it was impossible to keep down the disorders. In vain the populace were commanded or exhorted to give up their arms; the law had lost its only hold upon them, that supported by regular force. Some fifty scoundrels, he wrote, went armed night and day about the city and the neighbourhood, shooting, threatening, beating, wounding, assassinating, devastating gardens, burning, imprisoning as they pleased, and keeping all honest people in such a state of terror that the royal tribunal found itself unable to proceed against them for their crimes.

The same story is repeated in a hundred different forms by governors and inspectors from every side. In Abruzzo, it was said, the "masses" believed that the lives and property of the king's subjects were at their disposal. It was perhaps to these scourges of the country that Acton referred when he assured Paget that "in Abruzzo alone they had thirty thousand *armed mass*" by way of being prepared to meet a new French invasion; but in fact they were only armed because the royal Government was not strong enough to disarm them. Indeed, it was natural, after the licence of all that terrible spring and summer, that the peasants were afraid to lay down their arms, lest accounts should be called for and a reckoning made which they were not disposed to pay. For want of force the Government was obliged tacitly to relinquish most of its pretensions, to let crimes go unpunished, to leave the masses armed, and to be content with such taxes as it could get.

At the end of August the Marchese della Valva, inspector for Basilicata, wrote thus to the king:

"From the enquiries made in various places . . . I have ascertained that in nearly every town there has been robbery and pillage, and in many fire also. The baser sort have taken the pretext of jacobinism in order to rob the property of others, and to wreak vengeance upon the better sort who were formerly their oppressors. . . ."

After a long description of the disorders, the complaints and accusations, the arbitrary imprisonments and so forth, in which he shows how the reputed Jacobins are always those who have something worth stealing, and the royalists those who have stolen it or want to steal it, he concludes:

"From what I have had the honour to report, the sublime intelligence of your Majesty can well see that to remove the anarchy, and to reduce the people to obedience to the laws, and to respect for the magistrates, we need force. This cannot be formed in the province where they are all either traitors, authors of tumults, or guilty of robbery, murder and pillage."

The king, who had made inquisition into thousands of cases of pretended Jacobinism, and had pursued those whom he considered his personal enemies with unrelenting cruelty and pretended "rigour of the law," was indifferent to all the bloodshed and anarchy in the kingdom, and in the beginning of 1800 granted a general pardon of all the crimes committed by those who had taken part in the army of the *Santa Fede*, making exception of "treason against God and the king," poisoning, forging, and one or two misdemeanours trivial in comparison with the mass of flagrant crimes which thus received the royal sanction.

Before another year passed, the complaints, in Abruzzo at least, were not so much against the "baser sort" as against the representatives of the king and the laws, governors, judges, tax-collectors, and so on. The old abuses were already in full swing: justice was not administered according to the laws, but with a view to illicit gains; the gravest crimes of rich men went unpunished, while lesser men were persecuted for small offences. The ushers of the tribunals would summon hundreds of pretended witnesses to trials that were always going on, in order to extort from them fees for exemption from appearing. The provinces swarmed with usurers, who flourished on the utter misery of the tormented people. The tax-collectors exacted far in excess of the prescribed sums, and cleared, even off those ruined families, their own iniquitous profit of six and seven per cent. Besides these, there were the exactors of customs duties, who had established a right to their own personal entertainment while on their rounds, and of course prolonged the rounds in consequence, and, instead of collecting duties for the treasury, filled their pockets with the bribes of people who preferred to pay a small sum to the collector and be let off paying a larger one to the Government. And the very inspector who makes this last report says that the people are not so much averse to the taxes as absolutely unable to pay them from sheer misery and ruin, many being absolutely naked, and many starving.

Such was the result of the policy of the queen and Acton, followed by the king; the immediate creation and legacy of the *Santa Fede*; the work of the Bourbon-Austrian Court—of the Church, their ready and willing tool; and, it must be added, of Nelson and the Hamiltons, "the mainsprings of the machine."

Misery increased daily in the provinces, and no means were found for alleviating the widespread distress. Even more horrible was the condition of the prisoners of State, shut up in foul dungeons in Naples, Ischia, and many parts of the provinces, without so much as a plank between them and the damp earth, without rags to cover them withal, decimated by starvation and disease.

Sansone, in his *Avvenimenti*, has published extracts from petitions made by the prisoners in various parts of the kingdom, or by prison governors on their behalf and in the name of common humanity. The unhappy prisoners over and over again venture to point out to the king, or to his minister, that they are imprisoned for "supposed jacobinism," for "pretended political crimes"; that their sentence was not death, but that they are dying by slow starvation, more horrible than execution on the gallows. Their homes have been pillaged, their property sequestered, their families reduced to ruin, and the State allowance to prisoners is constantly withheld. Many prisoners found themselves far from their native places and out of reach of friends and family, and the prison authorities, sure of impunity and even tacit approval, appropriated the funds due to the prisoners, and grew rich on the extreme misery of the many whom they robbed in this way.

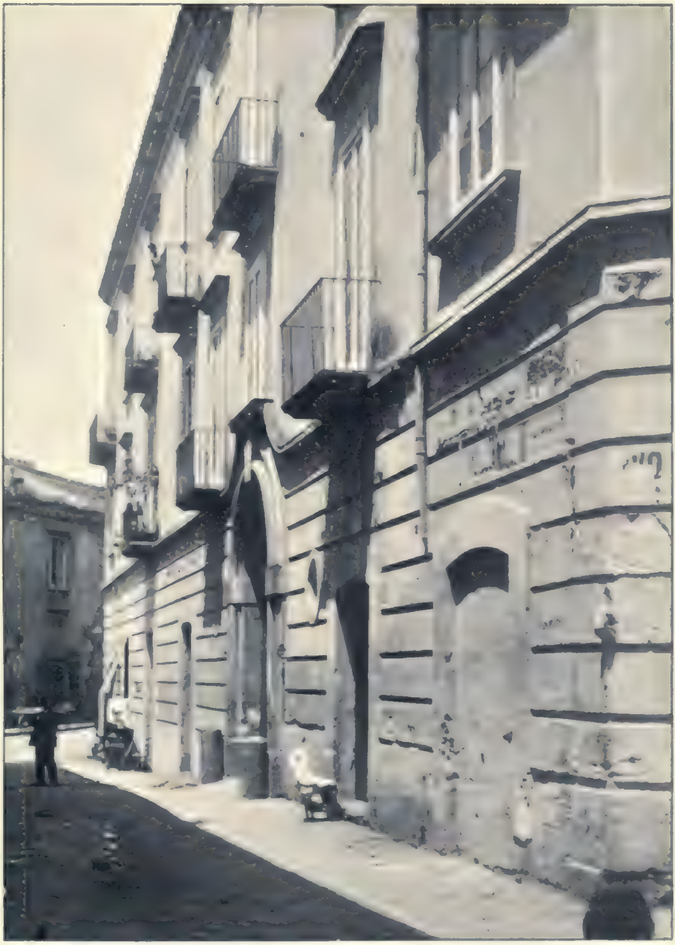
In November, 1800, there were among other prisoners in Castel St. Elmo thirty soldiers, prisoners of State, represented by the governor as completely naked and perishing of cold, owing to the culpable negligence of the finance department. After more than two months the complaints are still being repeated, and fall upon deaf ears, or receive the reply that there are no funds for the purpose.

On January 12th, 1801, the commandant, General de Gambs, wrote that seven of the soldiers in St. Elmo had urgent need of medical assistance, but that, being completely naked, it was not possible to remove them to a hospital until clothes could be supplied. The general begged that the administration of the confiscated property would immediately provide at any rate such garments as were absolutely indispensable. It was two months since these men's pitiable and shameful condition had begun to wring complaints and remonstrances from superiors by no means over-humane. All this time they, and hundreds of others in like case, and guilty of no particular misdemeanour, had lain naked and starving and full of disease upon the bare and filthy ground in their prisons, exposed to the winter's cold, reduced as they were already by upwards of a year's confinement. Their petitions lie piled in the dusty archives of State, a living record to the eternal shame of the Bourbon.

History already stands aghast at the executions that for more than a year had been cutting off the noblest lives in Naples, at the sentences of exile which sent Neapolitans by hundreds to beg and starve in other lands ; but if we could recall the life of those days, and if it were possible to weigh suffering in a balance, and measure it in its length and breadth and depth, we might find that the palm of those who are martyrs in deed but not in will belongs to these all but nameless, humble soldiers of their country's cause, who died by painful inches, without, so far as we know, any consoling or uplifting conviction, any sense of victory in defeat, or other joys that may soothe or sweeten the pangs of martyrdom.

One should naturally conclude, in excuse of the Court that was responsible for these things, that the country was bankrupt and the administration at its wits' end to lay hands upon a little ready money. But it was not so. Side by side in the archives of State lie the unheard, repeated petitions of starving and dying men and the documents of grants of lands, of sums of money, of titles, of pensions great and small, to Nelson, Troubridge, Ruffo, Micheroux, Thurn, Pronio, La Marra, Baccher, Sciarpa, De Cesari, Fra Diavolo, and an innumerable host of minor worthies who had distinguished themselves in the royal service, or put in a claim for rewards on the ground of loyalty, or because of loss sustained in the cause of the restoration.

All the munificence of the royal gratitude was supplied by the confiscated property of the patriots, and the recipients vied with one another in specifying what they wanted, whose lands would suit them best, and so forth. Ruffo, for himself and his heirs, received an annual pension of fifteen thousand ducats, to be drawn from any feudal lands of that value which he might select. Before the end of 1799 Ruffo made his choice, among others, of certain lands adjoining the abbey lands of Santa Sofia of Benevento, which he had accepted some years before as a gift from the king, drawing down thereby upon himself a severe remonstrance from the pope, to which



HOUSE OF DOMENICO CIRILLO.

(Built by Liborio Cirillo in 1728.)

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he paid no attention. Among the scores of priests who came in for a share in the spoils, we find Sacchinelli, with a pension of two hundred ducats a year.

The Conte di Thurn, who presided over the court-martial which found Caracciolo guilty and condemned him, and Scipione La Marra, his captor, received each an annual pension of three thousand ducats. To La Marra, in addition, were awarded the house and beautiful botanical garden of Domenico Cirillo, where the valuable scientific collections of several generations of Cirillo had been devastated by the mob. Besides these more conspicuous rewards, a great number of small pensions were granted to widows, orphans, and others in humble life who had lost the valid arms of their family in the royal cause.[1]

Nor were these all. When the *Foudroyant* brought the triumphant victors back to Palermo to celebrate feast after feast at enormous expense, the queen had no lack of gold chains, diamonds, jewels, and rich dresses wherewith to overwhelm the ready and successful instruments of her desires. "The value of the presents sent at this time by the Queen to the Hamiltons," writes Jeaffreson,[2] "was computed at six thousand pounds." Nelson and the Hamiltons, at one of the absurd and extravagant festivals given on this occasion, were crowned by Ferdinand with laurel wreaths sparkling with diamonds. "If I have fag'd," wrote Lady Hamilton, anticipating her return to Palermo, "I am more than repaid."

It must have been a pleasant prospect, thinks Mr. Jeaffreson, in full sympathy with his heroine, "to get away from the capital, where so much ghastly work had been, and was still being done, for the sake of order and good government, and to forget all about criminal informations, and trials, and executions, and stern sentences, and teazing supplicants, in the elegant gaieties and delicious repasts of the *fêtes*, and balls, and concerts, with which the friends of order and good government would soon be shewing their gratitude to Heaven and the British Navy at Palermo."

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[1] For pensions, etc., see SANSONE: *Avvenimenti, etc.*, Chap. XIII

[2] J. C. JEAFFRESON: *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, Vol. II., pp. 120, 116, etc.

Alas! Heaven and the British Navy were in very bad company, for once; and the less it is whitewashed for the sake of posterity, the better for all three!

All the party of the restoration were dividing the spoil, and as long as it lasted, revelled in wealth and what is called pleasure. A little later on the queen found means to go to Vienna with her daughters and suite, although even Acton remonstrated at the great and useless expense: the Court were never without money for their own purposes. Were not Naples and Sicily the "patrimony" of their family?[1]

And yet even this view of their rights and of their position (of duties, of responsibilities, it is idle to speak in connection with the Bourbon-Austrian Court) does not justify their policy, fully as stupid as it was monstrous and inhuman.

Within two years, Pepe says,[2]—and Pepe was always in the thick of the struggle between his country and the Bourbon—"the misdeeds committed by the Government in 1799, so far from taming the spirit of the patriots, had invigorated it and increased their number to such a degree that few indeed were the citizens of the well-to-do classes who were not open enemies of the government."

After 1799 the Bourbon dynasty visibly degenerated. To use the expressive words of a recent writer: "It lost

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[1] The queen, on this occasion, gave banquets at Florence, and on her way to Ancona made a point of passing by Montevarchi in order to pay special honour to the famous Sandrina Mari, the heroine of the *Viva Maria*, the Tuscan *Santa Fede* of '99. At Ancona she was profuse of the usual royal presents: snuff-boxes in gold and diamonds, jewels, etc., to all who courted her; watches, chains, rings and money; she gave, moreover, a florin each to all the Austrian soldiers then in garrison at Ancona. See PIERFILIPPO COVONI: *Cronachette Storiche sugli ultimi Due Anni del Secolo Passato in Firenze.* Firenze, 1892.

[2] PEPE: *Memorie, etc.*, p. 109.

THE LION OF '99.

(*From the base of the column in the Piazza dei Martiri at Naples.*)

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all educative vigour; it had no faith in the moral world; it lingered sixty years between terrors and subterfuges; between revolutions and repressions, neither educating nor enlightening, following only the impulses of the populace whose worst tendencies it thought it good policy to support, and whose religious prejudices—a religion that was merely external—were equalled by its own, whose language was its own language."[1]

Acton and the king, who took his cue from Acton, attributed to Maria Carolina all the disasters to which Neapolitans refer by the brief date '99, and her active influence in affairs waned visibly from that time, so that after her return from Vienna, M. Alquier wrote of her to Talleyrand in 1802: ". . . It is very certain that the queen now enjoys no credit whatever, and that she is completely outside all public affairs. Her turbulent activity is reduced to wretched intrigues and to the direction of an extensive *espionnage*, which has been at all times the occupation dearest to her heart. The queen has spies even at Paris, among the Neapolitan exiles, and the information they send her about that pack of idiots and ne'er-do-weels excites the effervescence of her brain and causes her the most lively terror."[2]

But although her husband and her accomplice blamed the queen, they by no means repudiated her policy, if policy it can be called. Distrust and contempt for the nation remained at the bottom of their long misgovernment, and neither they nor their successors learned one single lesson in the misfortunes and disasters which became the hard but effectual school of a new generation of patriots. The axe was laid to the root of the Bourbon tree at Naples when '99 became the watchword of men whose political faith was sealed with the blood of the Neapolitan republicans.

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[1] RAFFAELE DE CESARE: *Una Famiglia di Patriotti, Ricordi di Due Rivoluzioni in Calabria.* Roma, 1889. Preface.

[2] *Jeunesse de la Reine Marie Amélie*, p. 231.

APPENDIX.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S DESPATCH TO LORD GRENVILLE, FROM WHICH EXTRACTS HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE FOREGOING PAGES.

On Board the Foudroyant,
Bay of Naples *July 14th*
1799.

My Lord

Since my last Dispatch to your Lordship through the Channel of Lord St. Vincent of the 21st of June I have been chiefly at sea with Lord Nelson and have not had any opportunity of informing your Lordship of what is passing in the Two Sicilies.

By the means of the King's Messenger Mr. Sylvester who joined us here, and is returning with Lord Nelson's Dispatches to England I have the singular satisfaction of acquainting your Lordship of the infinite Services the presence of His Majesty's Fleet under the command of Lord Nelson, has render'd to Their Sicilian Majesties, by placing Them again, (as I may almost say) on Their Throne of Naples.

The rapid successes of the Austrians and Russians in the north of Italy, affording a fair prospect of its being soon deliver'd from the Hord of Robbers with which it has been infested for some years passed, obliged the french Directory to withdraw most of their Troops from Naples and Rome to reinforce their army in the north of Italy having left only weak Garrizons in the fortresses of Naples, Capua and Gaeta as in the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome. Profiting of this circumstance Cardinal Ruffo's army from Calabria having been joined by about five hundred Russians and eighty Turks, taken out of some Russian frigates and a Turkish vessel that arrived at Brindisi from Corfu, was encouraged to push on towards this Capital and having also been joined by many parties of Royalists on their March carried all before them, and actually got with the assistance of the Lazaroni and Royalists possession of this capital on the 13th of last month. The french having retired into the Castle of St. Elmo and The Jacobins into the Castle Nuovo and the Castle del Ovo and into that of the Carmine, where they were besieged by Cardinal Ruffo's Army. Lord Nelson after his return to Palermo and having disembarked The Hereditary Prince and the Sicilian Troops, as mention'd in my last, proceeded with His squadron to Maritimo on the Coast of Sicily towards Malta to look after the french Fleet, but having had certain advice that Lord Vincent's Fleet had been very considerably reinforced and that the french Brest Fleet had been seen steering a different course from that of Sicily, His Lordship return'd to Palermo the 19th of June. Their Sicilian Majesties having received allarming accounts from Naples that the Calabrese army after their Entry into Naples was plundering the houses of that city, and setting them on fire under the pretence of their belonging to Jacobins, and that Cardinal Ruffo [elated with his unexpected successes, was taking upon Himself a power, far beyond the positive Instructions of His Sovereign, and] was actually treating with His Sicilian Majesty's Subjects in arms, and in open Rebellion against Him, earnestly entreated of Lord Nelson that He wou'd go immediately with His Majesty's whole squadron to Naples, [and prevent if possible the Cardinal from taking any steps or coming to any terms with the Rebells, that might be dishonorable to their Sicilian Majesties and hurtfull to their future Government] and to assist in the reduction of the french Garrizons in the Castle of St. Elmo, Capua and Gaëta, and in bringing the Jacobin Rebells to Justice. Lord Nelson readily undertook to go and do all that was possible for the service of Their Sic^{n} Majesties, having had, as His Lord^{p} said, full instructions so to do from the King our Royal Master and Their Majesties' most sincere and faithful Ally. The King of Naples entreated me also to accompany Lord Nelson, as having been so many years acquainted with Naples, and particularly as Lord Nelson was not accustom'd to the language of the Army according on the 20th of June we set sail from Palermo with the whole of the Squadron, Nineteen Sail of the

Line, including the Portugheze ships, and were four days on our passage to the Bay of Naples. We received from the Governor of Procita just before We got into this Bay a copy of a most shamefull Treaty that Cardinal Ruffo had made with the french and His Sicilian Majesty's Rebellious Subjects, who were by that Treaty to march out of the Castles of Naples with all their property and the full honors of War, and at their option either to return to Their own homes or be transported to Toulon at His Sicilian Majesty's expence;[1]—as a copy of this Treaty is inclosed your Lordship will see that had not His Majesty's Fleet arriv'd in time, and the Treaty been carried into execution, all the Chiefs of the Rebellion wou'd have escaped and others wou'd have remained unmolested in the Kingdom to propogate at their leisure the same pernicious Maxims that have brought this Kingdom to the brink of destruction, and the Honor of Their Sicilian Majesties wou'd have remain'd for ever sullied by so unwarranted a Stretch of Power of cardinal Ruffo, Their Vicar General, whose ambitious views were certainly to favor the Nobles, put himself at their head, re-establish the feudal system and oppress the People, which is Diametrically opposite to Their Sicilian Majesties' intentions, who wish to make the Nobles feel their indignation for their late Treachery, ingratitude and disloyalty, and to cherish and reward the people by whose Loyalty and bravery (and with the aid of Their good allies) The Kingdom of Naples had been so speedily recover'd.

When we anchor'd in this Bay the 24th of June The Capitulation of the Castles had in some measure taken place. Fourteen large Polacks or Transport vessels had taken on board out of the Castles the most conspicuous and Criminal of the Neapolitan Rebells, that had chosen to go to Toulon, the others had already been permitted with their property to return to their own Homes in this Kingdom and Hostages selected from the first Royalist nobility of Naples had been sent into the Castle of St. Elmo, that commands the City of Naples where a french Garrizon and the flag of the french Republic was to remain untill the news of the safe arrival of the Neapolitan Rebells [always called Patriots by the Cardinal] at Toulon, and who were agreable to the Cardinal's Treaty to have been convoy'd by a British Mann'd Force.

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[1] Observe the truth here: Ruffo *has made* the treaty, but the rebels are "to march" or "to return to Their homes"—have not yet, therefore, left the castles.

Lord Nelson on our first Interview with Cardinal Ruffo told His Eminency without any reserve, in what an infamous light he view'd the Treaty, and how disgracefull it wou'd be to their Sicilian Majesties, whose opinion and Intentions we both knew were directly contrary to such a Treaty (Capitulation), which if carried into execution wou'd dishonour Their Majesties for ever. [The Cardinal persisted in the support of what was done as His Eminency said to prevent the Capital from becoming a heap of Stones.]

There was no time to be lost, for the Transport Vessels were on the point of sailing for Toulon, when Lord Nelson order'd all the boats of His Squadron to be mann'd and armed and to bring those Vessels with all the Rebells on board directly under the sterns of His ships, and there they remain, having taken out and secured on board of His Majesty's ships, the most guilty chiefs of the Rebellion. Lord Nelson assured the Cardinal at the same time that He did not mean to do any act contrary to His Eminency's Treaty, but as that Treaty cou'd not be valid until it had been ratified by His Sicilian Majesty His Lordship's meaning, was only to secure His Majesty's Rebellious subjects untill His Majesty's further pleasure shou'd be known. Admiral Caracciolo The Chief of the Rebels of His Sicilian Majesty's Marine, not having been comprized in the Cardinal's Treaty, but having been taken endeavoring to make his escape by land, was by Lord Nelson's orders tried on board the Foudroyant by a Court Martial composed entirely of Neapolitan Marine officers was condemn'd and hung up at the yard arm of the Neapolitan Frigate The Minerva [the very same Ship he had with the gunboats of the Neapolitan Republic under his command fired upon near Procita] at five o'clock in the evening of the same day, where he hung untill the setting of the sun, to the great satisfaction of His Sic^{n} Majesty's loyal subjects, thousands of whom came off in boats with loud applause of so speedy an act of Justice for this happen'd the day after the King's Squadron came to Naples. His body was afterwards thrown into the sea. We found on our arrival into this Bay a general discontent of the People and of His Sicilian Majesty's most loyal subjects of the higher class, complaining of the rapine and plunder committed daily at Naples by the Calabrese and of the evident partiality shewn by the Cardinal to the Jacobine party, whilst the Royalists and loyal people were brow beaten and denied access to His Eminency at his head Quarters at the Ponte Maddalena in the suburbs of Naples; not that they accused him of being a Traitor but that His Eminency was surrounded by Jacobins and venal evil counsellors—in short your Lordship can have no conception of the Anarchy and confusion at Naples. Lord Nelson by sending immediately a Garrison of British Marines into the Castle del Ovo and another of sailors under the Command of Capt. Hood of the Zealous into the Castle Nuovo immediately restored Tranquillity to the distracted Capital, and that such of His Sic^{n} Majesty's Rebel Subjects who according to the Cardinal's Treaty might escape with impunity might not do so, Lord Nelson published at Naples a printed notification, a copy of which is enclosed, and which the Cardinal had declined publishing.

The Cardinal finding soon that the whole Confidence of the People was withdrawn from him and reposed entirely on Lord Nelson, and His Majesty's Fleet, endeavour'd to throw the whole weight of affairs on His Lordship and by that means cause inevitable confusion; but We contrived to keep everything going on decently, by supporting the King's Vicar General untill we had answers from Their Sicilian Majesties at Palermo, to whom we had painted exactly the state of affairs, and the confusion at Naples, preventing at the same time His Eminency from doing any essential mischief,[1] and recommending to their Majesties in the strongest manner to show themselves in the Bay of Naples as soon as possible by which means, and by that alone, all wou'd be calm'd and the Cardinal's dangerous power die of a Natural death.

By the return of the Vessel that carried our Letters to Palermo, Lord Nelson received a Letter from the King of Naples in His Majesty's own hand writing in which He thanked His Lordship for having saved His Honor, approved of all that had been done and sent Letters with full powers to appoint a New Government and even to arrest the Cardinal and send Him to Palermo in a British ship if Lord Nelson shou'd think it necessary to come to that extremity. His Majesty acquainted us also that He was coming Himself directly with General Acton and the Prince Castel Cicala into the Bay of Naples according to our advice. His Sicilian Majesty embarked the 3rd instant on board the Sirene one of his own Frigates accompanied by The King's Frigate The Sea Horse but having a numerous convoy by bringing with Him from Sicily one Thousand four Hundred Infantry, and six Hundred Cavalry, and meeting with Calms His Majesty did not arrive in this Bay untill the 11th instant in the afternoon, and wou'd not suffer His Royal Standard to be hoisted untill He got on board the Foudroyant, when it went up to the Main Mast head and was immediately saluted by the King's whole Fleet and by the Castles at Naples in our power, which, with the multitude of boats covering the Sea and Surrounding the Ship all full of loyal Subjects calling the King their Father, was such a sight as never can be forgotten, at the same time Captain Troubridge and Captain Holwell that Lord Nelson had detached with all the Marines of the Fleet the five hundred Russians and some Portugheze Artillery men were keeping up a heavy fire of Mortars and battering Cannon against the Castle of St. Elmo, into which strong Fortress the only remaining french had taken refuge in number about eight Hundred, and the only Castle at Naples on which the french Republican Flag was flying. The next morning at day break Captain Troubridge unexpectedly open'd a new masked Battery within less than two hundred yards of the walls of the Castle which in two hours obliged the french to hang out a flag of Truce and about eleven o'clock yesterday morning His Sicilian Majesty had the compleat satisfaction of seeing from this ship His own Flag Triumphant on the Castle of St. Elmo. Inclosed is a printed Copy of the Capitulation and which as your Lordship will observe is a compleat contrast to the Cardinal's Capitulation with the Castle del Ovo, and the Castle Nuovo.

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[1] This passage exonerates Ruffo from any complicity with the Hamiltons and Nelson in deceiving the republicans, whatever his private misgivings on the matter may have been.

As His Sicilian Majesty Himself writes to the King by this Messenger it is not necessary for me to say anything of the Gratitude expressed daily by Their Sicilian Majesties, Their Royal Family and Their Loyal Subjects for the signal services that have been render'd to them by the King's Fleet under the Comand of the Incomparable Lord Nelson, and particularly for the last, which as to all appearances has seated Them again on Their Throne of Naples. Nothing remains to compleat the business but the reduction of Capua and Gaëta in which Fortresses there are small french Garrizons. To-morrow a proper force goes to Capua under the Comand of Captains Troubridge and Holwell who expressed to Lord Nelson a desire of being so employ'd, and as Gaëta is closely pressed both by sea and land all our business in this Quarter will probably be compleated, and satisfactorily, in a few days; in the meantime His Sicilian Majesty holds His Councils with His Ministers on board the Foudroyant for the police and better Government of this Capital and Kingdom. Your Lordship may well conceive the labours that Lord Nelson and I must have undergone in the space of time between the arrival of the King and the Cardinal His Vicar General's having declined all business.

I have thus given your Lord^p as well as I can recollect the substance of what has happen'd during the seventeen days that we have been at an anchor in This Bay. I have the honor etc—

[FROM THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.]
Sicily, Vol. 12, No. 22.

NELSON'S PROCLAMATION ISSUED AT NAPLES.

FOUDROYANT, NAPLES BAY.
29th June, 1799.

Horatio, Lord Nelson, Admiral of the British Fleet, in the Bay of Naples, gives notice to all those who have served as Officers Civil or Military, in the service of the infamous Neapolitan Republic that, if, in the space of twenty-four hours for those who are in the City of Naples, and forty-eight hours for those who are within five miles of it, they do not give themselves up to the clemency of the King, to the Officer commanding the Castles Uovo and Nuovo, that Lord Nelson will consider them still as in rebellion, and enemies of His Sicilian Majesty.

NELSON.

Translation of the above published at Naples, from a copy in the State Paper Office:

A BORDO IL FULMINANTE,
29 *Giugno*, 1799.

Orazio, Lord Nelson, Ammiraglio della Flotta Britannica nella Rada di Napoli, dà notizia a tutti quelli che hanno servito da officiali nel Militare, e nelle cariche civili l'infame sedicente Repubblica Napoletana, che se si ritrovano nel Circuito della Città di Napoli, debbano in termine di 24 ore, presentarsi ai Comandanti del Castello Nuovo, o del Castello dell' Ovo, fidandosi alla clemenza di S. M. Siciliana, e se si ritrovano nelle vicinanze di detta Città fino alla distanza di cinque miglia, debbano egualmente presentarsi ai detti Comandanti, ma in termine di 48 ore; altrimenti saranno considerati dal sudetto Ammiraglio Lord Nelson come ribelli, ed inimici della prefata M. S. Siciliana.[1]

Separate and Secret.

ON BOARD THE FOUDROYANT.
BAY OF NAPLES, *July 14th*, 1799.

MY LORD,

As Lady Hamilton was very particularly requested by the Queen of Naples to accompany me and Lord Nelson on this Expedition, and was charged by Her Majesty with many important commissions at Naples, and to keep up a regular daily correspondence with Her Majesty, I have found the Queen's letters to Lady Hamilton so very interesting, doing so much honour to the Queen's understanding and Heart, and throwing such clear light on the present situation of affairs at Naples, that I have prevail'd on my wife to allow me to entrust to your Lordship the most interesting of Her Majesty's Letters, but not without a solemn promise from me that they should be restored to Her by your Lordship on our arrival in England, of which I now see a new prospect, as we mean to profit of the first ship that Lord Nelson sends downwards, after that Their Sicilian Majesties shall have been happily reinstated on Their Throne of Naples having had, as your Lordship knows, in my pocket, for more than two years, The King's gracious permission to return home for a short time to look after my private concerns.

Your Lordship will receive this packet from the hand of Lieutenant Parkinson charged with Lord Nelson's Dispatches to Lord Spencer, as I do not wish this letter to be consider'd as official and the Queen's Letters are entrusted only to your Lordship's well-known discretion.

The Queen's Letters inclosed are Twelve, Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 7,

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[1] NICOLAS: *Dispatches*, III., p. 396.

10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 21 and 22. Your Lordship will surely admire the just remarks of Her Majesty, written in Her own hand, opposite the articles of Cardinal Ruffo's infamous Capitulation with the Neapolitan Rebels, and inclosed in N. 5.

I have the honour to be, My Lord
Your Lordship's
most obedient and most
humble servant
WM. HAMILTON.

LORD GRENVILLE.

Translation now in the State Paper Office of the text of the capitulation; and of the comments written by the queen upon each article in the margin, published by PALUMBO: *Carteggio, etc.*, p. 76, *et seq.*

THE QUEEN'S NOTES.	ARTICLE 1.
To capitulate with one's own Rebel subjects without force without hope of succour even by sea with people who after the clemency used by their King and Father in promising them pardon, have fought desperately and now come to terms for nothing but fear I find that to Capitulate with Rebels is to disgrace oneself either they should be attacked with all our forces or let alone until a better opportunity.	The Castles Nuovo and of Ovo, shall be delivered up to the respective Commanding officers of the Troops of H.M. the King of the Two Sicilies, and of his allies the King of England, the Emperor of all the Russias and the Ottoman Porte together with all their Artillery, ammunition, stores and Provisions. Inventories of the whole shall be taken, by Commissioners to be appointed for this Purpose after the signature of the present capitulation.
	ARTICLE 2.
This is real insolence the Rebels speak with their Sovereign on equal terms and with an air of having the advantage of him.	The Troops serving in the Garrisons, shall remain in the Forts untill the Vessels herein-after mentioned [be] allotted to convey such parts of them as may wish to be removed to Toulon, shall be ready to receive them, and they shall not evacuate the same until the moment of embarkation.
	ARTICLE 3.
This is so infamous and absurd a thing that I can scarcely bear to	The Garrisons shall be allowed the Honours of War and shall march

speak in honour of what of the standard of the Rebellion. This is so absurd that I don't know how anyone could conceive it much more sign it.	out, with Arms and Baggage, Drums beating, Colours flying, Matches lighted, with two pieces of Cannon each, and shall ground their Arms on the Beach.
As much as to say that the Traitors are not to suffer even a slight punishment nor deprivation for so grave a crime.	ARTICLE 4. The Persons and Property of every Individual within the Two Castles shall be respected and guaranteed.
This article makes one ask what the troops have come for if the felons are to be allowed to stay or go without being molested encouraging them to begin again with plans better laid another time and stimulate the disaffected in Sicily to do the same seeing there is nothing to lose and all to gain.	ARTICLE 5. Every Individual shall be at Liberty to embark on Board Cartels which shall be provided to transport them to Toulon, or to remain at Naples unmolested together with their Families.
If two sexes are named expressly it shows that they know that there are traitors of both sexes the clause proves the fact.	ARTICLE 6. The Terms of the present Capitulation extend to all Persons of both sexes at Present within the Castles.
The same principle continues of full liberty and security for the felon Rebels so that they may resume their wickedness with better success.	ARTICLE 7. The same Conditions shall hold good with respect to the Prisoners taken from the Republican Troops by the Troops of H.M. The King of the Two Sicilies and those of his allies during the siege[1] of the said Castles.
The absurdity of giving Hostages as though we were the conquered and the traitors to be dependent on a handful of Frenchmen and wait for orders renders Naples a vile French garrison the British Fleet must therefore proceed as it would	ARTICLE 8. The Archbishop of Palermo, Mess$^{rs.}$ Micheroux and Dillon and the Bishop of Avellino detained in the said Castles shall be sent to the Commandant of the Castle of St. Elmo, where they shall remain as Hostages until Accounts shall be

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[1] In the Italian it runs : *in the divers combats that took place before the blockade of the Castles.*

at Toulon Brest Rochefort and insist on obedience.

I should hope that no one has left [the Castles] but all [the rebels] be forced to give them their liberty with their arms in their hands for their honour and the good of the Kingdom and City.

This now is the very extreme of baseness and vileness they don't demand the approval of their own Sovereign against whose orders and instructions they act diametrically opposite and they demand the approval of the Rebels of a little number of Frenchmen that proves the cowardice [*viltà*] of the Rebels and the inconceivable Treachery stupidity or unintelligence [*non intelligenza*] of those who signed.

This is such an infamous treaty that if by a miracle of Providence some event does not happen to break it or destroy it I count myself dishonoured and I believe that at the cost of dying of malaria of fatigue of a shot from the Rebels the King on one side and the Prince on the other ought immediately to arm the Provinces march against the rebel City and die under its ruins if they resist but not remain vile slaves of the Scoundrelly French and their infamous Mimics the Rebels.

Such are my sentiments this infamous Capitulation if carried out afflicts me far more than the loss of the Kingdom and will have far worse consequences.

received from Toulon of the arrival of the Prisoners[1] who may be sent there according to the Terms of this capitulation.

ARTICLE 9.

All other Hostages, and State Prisoners confined in the said Castles shall be set at Liberty immediately after the signature of the present Capitulation.

ARTICLE 10.

The Articles of this Capitulation shall not be carried into execution until they shall have been approved by the Commandant of the Castle of St. Elmo.

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[1] In the Italian it is: *Individuals*. This word *Prisoners* is a curious slip, and shows how this present translation was written after the violation of the terms.

There is scarcely a stop from beginning to end of the queen's notes, written in Italian and in many places incoherent from the vehement hurry and passion which drove the pen ; but it is very clear that what really fills her mind is intense indignation at the bare idea that the republicans should be allowed to escape the punishment she is burning to inflict. Observe how triumphantly she pounces on the reference to two sexes.

One wonders whether Lord Grenville agreed with Sir William Hamilton in thinking that the queen's communications to Lady Hamilton "did honour to her understanding and her heart."

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Anno VI., Fasc. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Racconti Storici di Gaetano Rodinò ad Aristide suo Figlio*, per cura di B. Maresca.

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[1] This valuable publication is a perennial source of documentary information for students of Neapolitan history. See the general index, Part I., embracing Vols. I.—XX. [1876-1895]; and Part II., embracing Vols. XXI.—XXV. [1896-1900], compiled by Marchese Maresca, and published by the Società di Storia Patria in Naples.

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Anno XXIV., Fasc. 4. *Gli Avvenimenti di Napoli dal 13 Giugno 1799 narrati dal Cav. Micheroux:* "Compendio dei Fatti accaduti in Napoli dall' arrivo delle Truppe di S. M. e de' suoi alleati sino alla Resa di Sant' Elmo." B. Maresca.

Anno XXIV., Fasc. 4. *Documenti dell' Archivio di Guerra Francese. I Lazzari—Il miracolo di S. Gennaro—Méjan.* E. Bertaux.

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